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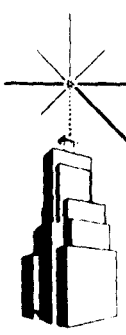

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The LION'S ROAR

Published by M-G-M... Column No. 198

The greatest star of the screen!

Here it is summer and we've just seen a quick put-together of a musical that is going to be ready in the Fall. We like it so much that we can't wait to tell you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

"It's Always Fair Weather," mark our words, will be considered the best musical ever made, not only by M-G-M, but by anybody. This is a tall statement, but you can measure the height of it yourself when you see it.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's always rare entertainment when those three happy letters (M-G-M) get together behind a sparkling, spanking-big extravaganza in CinemaScope and Eastman color.

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It's even balmier and breezier when favorites like Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Cyd Charisse get together with a couple of great new stars like Broadway's Dolores Gray and Dancing's Michael Kidd.

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Racing from laugh to laugh and from kiss to kiss under the high-spirited direction of versatile Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, the story's a joy from Lion's Roar to a happy ending.

★ ★ ★

Kelly, Dailey and Kidd play three buddies who vow on V-J Day to meet again in ten years. They do—with results that are hilarious, consequences that are romantic, and song-and-dance sequences that are breath-taking!

★ ★ ★ ★

Story and screen play bring new credit to Betty Comden and Adolph Green—who provided such fun in two other Arthur Freed productions for M-G-M, "Singing In the Rain" and "The Bandwagon".

★ ★ ★ ★

Among the seven songs, gay and here-to-stay, "Baby, You Knock Me Out" and "I Love Me" top our list. Kelly's sensational in a riotous roller-skate routine. Dailey's dazzling at a penthouse frolic. Cyd's a slit-skirted gem in a he-man gym. A bow to Andre Previn for the music!

★ ★ ★ ★

Which brings us to the dream-debut of Dolores Gray! She doesn't so much sing a song like "Thanks, But No Thanks" as send it rocking to Rhythm's roots! Michael Kidd, dance director of "Seven Brides", shows that he can act too!

★ ★ ★

Things-To-Come tip! You and yours ought to get together for "It's Always Fair Weather!"

—Leo

Collier's

JULY 22, 1955

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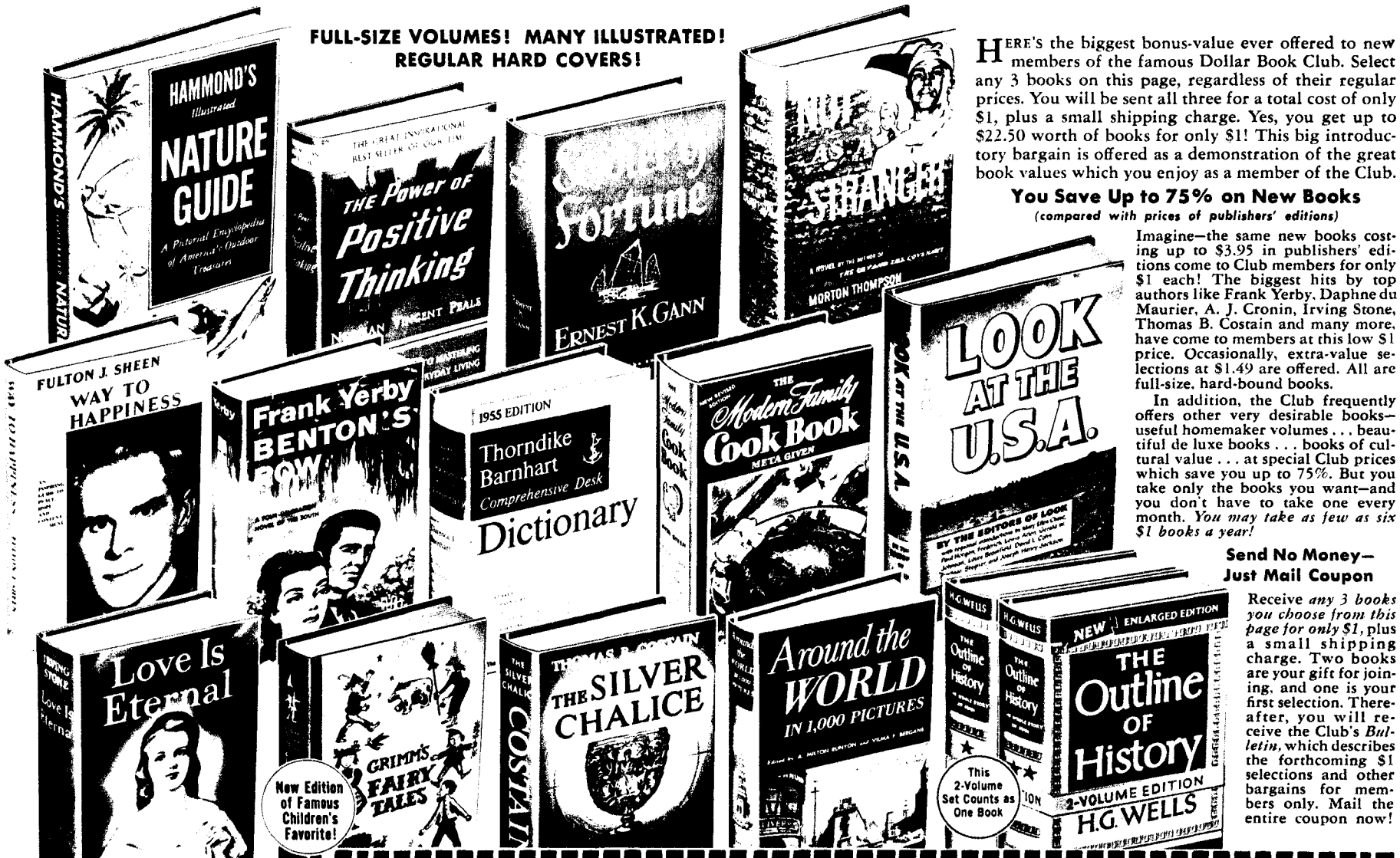

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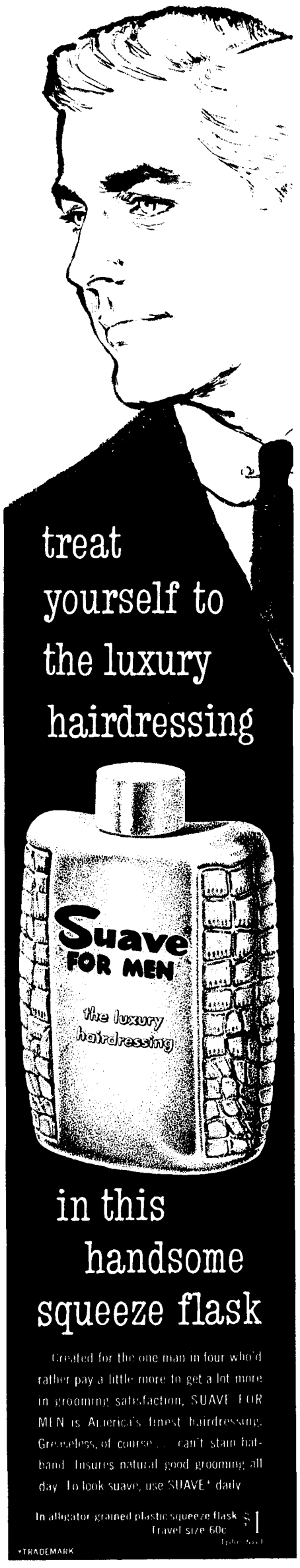
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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE expressman has taken away the larger impedimenta, the milkman and the newspaper deliverymen have been furloughed, the police have been alerted, and once again I am off to California, where I heard they have struck gold. In recent years I have thought I detected a tendency among young Californians to take for granted that I first appeared on their scene as hostler for the original 20-mule borax team, or hitch. Just as the undergraduate element at Princeton, where I live, seems disposed to attribute some of my frailties to the hazards of the flying wedge. Well, I did see Jim Thorpe play, but all I can remember about it was that it was a cold day; and as to California, by the time I first hit the place the citizens had stopped speaking Spanish and even jokes about the Native Sons (of Iowa) had begun to wear a little thin.

To put it one roundabout way, if I had had a son or a daughter born the year I first went to Hollywood the child would this year be eligible to vote. But if I had had a son or a daughter that year there would have been certain complications, since I was a rather wide-eyed bachelor at the time. So let us pin down the date as 1934, or twenty-one years ago, and have done with these too-vital though mythical statistics.

Poor dear Paramount was the studio that gave me my first job out there, and it follows as the night the day that I've never worked at Paramount since. The man in New York who was in charge of hiring writers had previously been Adolph Zukor's dentist, which I suppose was as good a qualification as any for being a story editor. You may question that, but I can defend Mr. Zukor's appointment on the ground that dentists have magazines in their offices, which is a lot closer to literature than some other story editors of those days ever got. And Zukor's ex-dentist was a combination of Ellery Sedgwick, Thornton Wilder and William Dean Howells as compared with a good many of the producers of 1934. The only examination some of them could have passed was the one test: Who you related to and how close?

I was not getting enough money to upset the Paramount budget, so I repeated the familiar writers' experience in Hollywood: they paid me, but paid no attention to me, until one day on a semisocial visit to a producer's office I noticed an English saddle and said something about its being a Whippy, showing off my knowledge of expensive tack. I was thereupon, and with no further questions, assigned to write a cavalry picture for Richard Arlen and Carole Lombard.

It happens that I do know a few things about the cavalry and horses, but I must have volunteered that information too, because I was suddenly taken off the picture. When I was a kid I learned to ride with Troop C, Pennsylvania State Constabulary, and I guess I must have shot off my face about the difference between, say, taps and a tapadero, thus automatically disqualifying myself for a picture about the boys with the yellow hat cords.

I played a lot of golf that summer. Bought a set of clubs and a bag from Olin Dutra, and I still have the bag.

Mount Wilson was in the neighborhood; there was the UCLA and the USC, and Loyola and Pomona and Whittier and Occidental and Cal Tech. And yet I never took advantage of these splendid opportunities to improve the mind. I chose instead to do my sociological field work at the Brown Derby (a Herbert K. Somborn Enterprise), at Al Levey's across the way, at the Coconut Grove, the Vendome, and at several other places that I forget or may just want to forget. Gus Arnheim was playing at the Grove, a pleasant little man who reminded me of Will Hays because Gus and Will both wore extremely high collars. Arnheim had three darling little blondes called the Downey Sisters and I used to dance past them and wish I had all three of them to dangle on my watch chain. My, they were cute! They may even have been sisters.

I don't suppose there's ever been anything quite like the Grove. They still had tea dances then, and they were always jammed with the college crowd and a sprinkling of movie people. At night, of course, there were movie stars. On your way downstairs you passed a large oil painting, a portrait, I think, of Stewart Edward White that looked like Fred Astaire. (It may have been Roy Chapman Andrews, but it still looked like Fred Astaire.) Every night there seemed to be large engagement parties and the kids generally were built and tanned like bathing-suit models, and generally well behaved, a fact which I am glad to be able to report to their children as of 1955. Every night as the last number was to be played, half the band would leave the bandstand and sneak up to a balcony where they would play long-belled trumpets to signal the end of the party. And half the crowd would drive out to Santa Monica to dance to the music of Jimmy Greer.

The chic restaurant that year was the Vendome, the nearest thing Los Angeles had to the Colony in New York, and a sort of predecessor of Romanoff's, where the food and beverages were expensive and good, and where the women could show off their I. Magnin garments. And, of course, the men could show off their women. One day I was having lunch with Mr. Benchley and in came a party consisting of Dolores Del Rio, Mrs. John Lodge, Mrs. Lewis Milestone and the then Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart. "Hate to think what the Colony looks like today," said Mr. Benchley. And for good measure they were joined by Marlene Dietrich in a white sharkskin suit and two tables away was Zita Johann. It would have been a safe bet that as of that moment the Vendome contained more beautiful women than any other room in the world. And there I sat eating kosher frankfurters with Mr. Benchley.

If I seem to be writing about my trip before I take it, don't forget I've taken it many times. I remember one trip when I was accidentally the traveling companion of a New York

AL HIRSCHFELD

Gus Arnheim was playing at the Coconut Grove and the three cute Downey Sisters sang with the band

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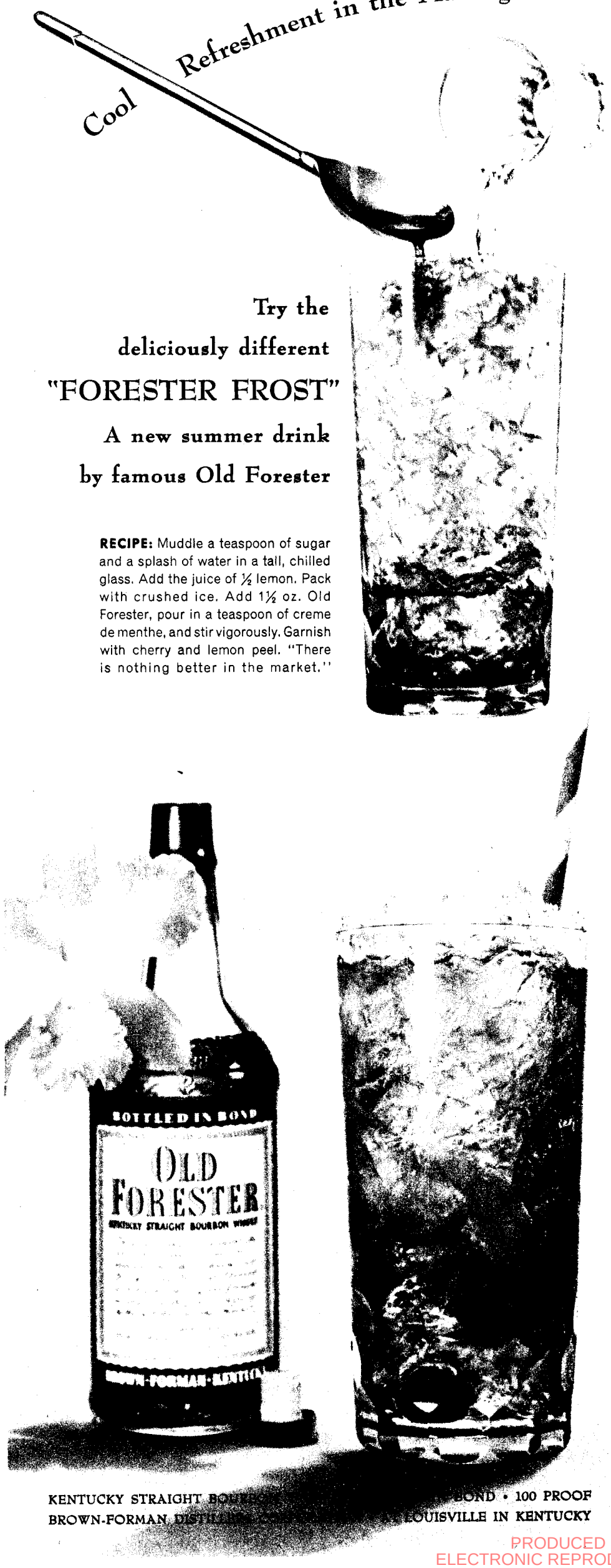
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gossip columnist. At several stops along the way the columnist noticed a gentleman walking a pair of dogs and he said to me: "Isn't that Reginald Van Debenture?" (I made up that name.)

"Uh-huh," I said.

"That's darn' nice of him, walking his wife's dogs."

"I don't think it's his wife," I said, with the caution of a man who knows something of the libel laws.

"How do *you* know? *You* don't know them," said the columnist. So he ran a little line in his column about Van Debenture and Mrs. Van walking their dogs. I have always wanted to ask the real ex-Mrs. Van Debenture whether she used the item when she got that big property settlement.

The Santa Fe used to show how you stood with the line by offering you a mess of Rocky Mountain brook trout. A dining-room steward named Lombardi (pretty sure that was his name) would tell you at lunch that for dinner he had a great treat for you. But when I inquired of other travelers whether they had enjoyed the Rocky Mountain special on the Santa Fe, and found that they all had, I realized that I had not been singled out for special consideration. The trip's trout treatment was tripe.

Since I am going to be working on the Fox lot in Hollywood I probably ought to be riding to Chicago on the Twentieth Century, but as a matter of fact I am taking the Broadway Limited, or the Broadway, as we seasoned travelers call it. I once cost the Pennsy a great deal of money and my conscience still pinks me. As a callboy (a legitimate railroad term, no matter what a callgirl has come to mean) I tied up the whole Sunbury Division by failing to rout out a bunch of crews, and ever since then I have tried to help the Pennsy whenever possible. A lifetime of paying for a youthful mistake. It might be argued that I also owe Paramount a lot of money for the work I didn't do in the summer of '34, but there is a nice distinction. You see, on the Paramount lot I was being underpaid. Still, I did meet Toby Wing.

★ ★ ★

I FORGOT TO MENTION in the preceding remarks on Hollywood 1934 that another arrival in the movie factories that year was the Legion of Decency. Our more or less simultaneous appearances on the screen scene (certainly playing around with words this issue) was merely coincidental. Indeed, in the one case, *purely* coincidental. And here we are again, the L. of D. and I, proving, if nothing else, the hardihood of Hollywood.

The most sensible statement I have seen concerning the position of the producers contains the following remarks: "Most producers welcome and seek guidance from the Legion of Decency. They are not unmindful of their responsibility to the public. *But to satisfy everyone with an inflexible point of view is quite impossible.* (Italics mine.)

"As an example, let me point out that six years ago the W.C.T.U. threatened to boycott nationally any motion picture that contained scenes of characters drinking alcoholic beverages. And today the Legion of Decency inexorably gives an 'objectionable in part' classification to any motion picture which recognizes the permissibility of divorce. The W.C.T.U. apparently had no interest in the 'divorce problem' so long as motion pictures eliminated 'pleasure drinking.' On the other hand, I do not believe that the Legion of Decency gives an 'objectionable' classification to a film because of 'pleasure drinking' or the presence of alcoholic beverages.

"American films endeavor to reflect the times in which we live. . . .

"It is true that the Code and the Legion of Decency may not always see eye to eye on what is to be considered 'objectionable,' but this is similarly true of the distinguished members of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The man who signed that statement is Darryl F. Zanuck, who has taken some kidding in this department on a couple of occasions, but he has certainly stated the producers' case honestly and temperately and, I believe, effectively. The right of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to rule that a certain picture is what is known in the Church as an "occasion of sin" cannot be questioned; and I don't even think the Church is wrong in invoking the boycott. In a way this comes under the Infallibility of the Pope, a Church law that says that the Pope cannot err *"on a matter of faith or morals."* By the same token the W.C.T.U. is within its rights in urging its members to boycott pictures that show Pop having a glass of beer. It then comes down to a question of how much the producers are willing to risk the boycotts, which, incidentally, are the only weapons the Church and the W.C.T.U. have. Without the boycott it is quite conceivable that the Church, the W.C.T.U., or, for that matter, the Eddie Fisher Fan Club could be ridiculed and attacked by a movie producer.

If I had an answer to the problem I'd have come up with it in 1934. I didn't have an answer then, and don't you rely too much on any ready answer you get twenty-one years later. ▲▲▲

Darryl F. Zanuck has stated the producers' case very well indeed

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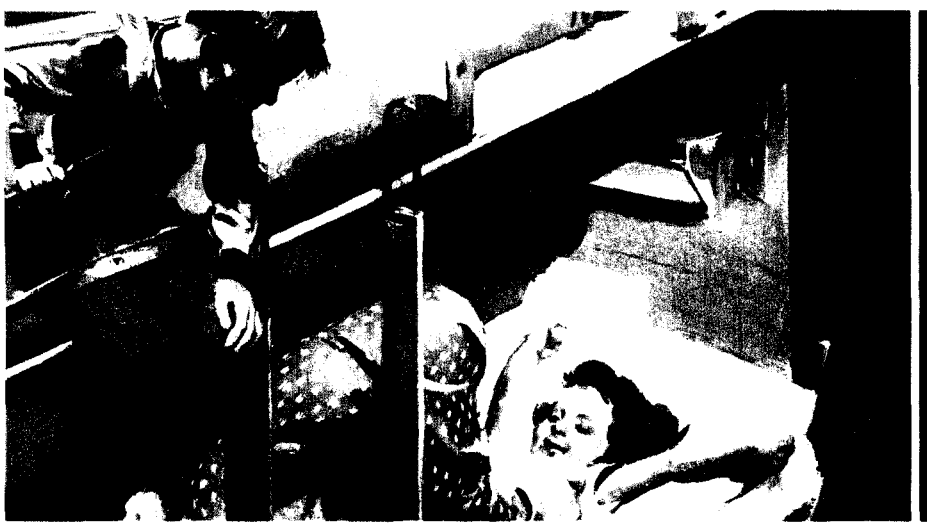

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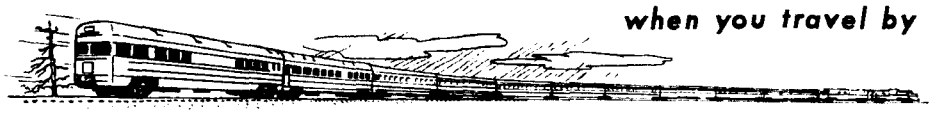

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At last he accepted isolation, not thinking of women, drinking or rescue

Something to Share

By GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

WHEN the tanker blew up, he had somehow survived and eventually he drifted to the little island. He lay on the sand for a long time, aware only that life was still in him. Then he felt hunger, and it brought fear for that life and forced him to his feet. He staggered along the narrow beach and saw fruit trees and ran to the edge of the shallow lagoon and saw fish, but it was not until he found the small fresh-water spring that fear for his life left him. He drank his fill.

Then, for the first time, he heard the silence and he felt fear once more, a strange new fear, deeper than any he had ever known, and he cupped his hands around his mouth and cried out against it, but the jungle around him stifled the sound. He ran back to the beach and called again, but the sky and the sea absorbed his cry in their emptiness. There was no answer. There was no echo. There was nothing but the silence of the island.

He looked around frantically, then ran along the curve of the beach, searching for a sign that someone else had survived. He ran in panic, and when he came upon his own scuffed footmarks in the sand, he kept on running beside them, refusing to accept that they were his own. At last he forced himself to stop. The mockery of his footsteps was suddenly unbearable to him and he looked up and saw the bluff mounding upward above the lagoon and he scrambled to its top. There was nothing to see but the island and the empty sea and the empty sky and his own footprints on the sand below.

Someone must have seen the smoke of the tanker, he thought desperately. Someone will come. Someone must come!

He went to the jungle below and hurriedly gathered fruit and brought it to the bluff. Then he gathered dry branches and built a signal pyre. He sat between the heap of fruit and the heap of dry branches and waited. He counted the matches in his waterproof case. There were twenty-three. He stared at the horizon and waited.

BUT the days passed and no one came. He sat on the bluff hardly daring to sleep when night came down on the sea, hardly daring to move when the darkness lifted. His heap of fruit rotted and he went hungry rather than risk moments in the screening jungle to gather more, but hunger at last drove him and he gathered his fruit frantically and ran back to the bluff. The sea and the sky were empty. They were always empty. He never saw so much as smoke on the horizon.

No one is coming, he thought angrily. No one is even trying to find me. To hell with them! To hell with all of them! I never needed them before, and I'll never need them again!

Anger freed him of his fear. Anger ripped at the thin tendrils that bound him to the world outside, and he looked at the small lush island with a sudden welling of relief in his tight throat.

I have everything I need here! he thought. Everything! Now I hope that they never come! . . .

There was nothing in the outside world to draw him. He had followed the sea all his life. His fun had been the drinking and the fights and the quick flash-loves in the hell-ports of the world. He had made friends that mattered little and enemies that mattered less—and sailed on. If he ever had a family, they were no more vivid nor real now than the faces of people he had passed on a hundred crowded streets. There was nothing to draw him back, and he felt relief in the freedom of knowing it.

He had food and he could make a shelter. He had the sea and the sun and the gentle breeze. Sleep was his for the taking; indolence was his; peace was his. The island would keep him alive. For the first time in his life, he could enjoy his own living. For the first time, he was completely free. He lifted his voice and sang. But when he paused and listened, there was no echo. The sky and the sea absorbed his song, as it had absorbed his cry, and he was alone.

He built his shelter and ate his food and lay for long hours on the sand, feeling the sun and the gentle warm breeze on his face. He missed liquor during those first few months, and he finally managed to ferment a brew that was not a bad imitation of beer, but after drinking himself insensible a few times, he stopped making it.

For a while, too, he missed women, and once when the urge was a burning torment in him, he lay down with his face pressed against the sand and wept.

At last, in defeat, he accepted his isolation. He lived. He did not think of women. He did not think of drinking. A few times he tried talking aloud, but he abandoned it because talking, too, was something to share.

As the years went by, he thought of little that did not have to do with the island and the immediate

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moment. Even the signal pyres, which he rebuilt carefully after each heavy rain, became a pattern of habit. It was not hard to live on the island. There was just enough effort in securing food to keep him interested. And when he found a hollow piece of coral and discovered that he could produce pure, flutelike tones by blowing through it, his acceptance of the island was complete.

He spent long hours sitting in a niche in the rocks watching the bright fish swimming below him in the water while he blew pure, clear notes on his flute. He watched the fish, the life going on beneath him in the clear waters—the battle for survival, the pursuit and mating, the pursuit and destruction, the birth and death—and as he watched, he played his flute because the sound of it pleased him and it did not disturb the fish.

It was a long time before he became aware that the notes had any pattern or melody. They were just sounds, at first, as the fish were just fish. But gradually the sounds began to form a pattern, to become a song. The rhythm of the water was in it, its calm and its storms and its shifting colors. The fish that lived and died beneath him were its melody. It was bright at times and joyful. Contentment was in it. But anger was in it too, and violence and death. And always, at its end, one clear, plaintive note lingered on, infinitely sad, irresistibly urgent—a seeking note, an eternal question mark.

He watched the fish and played his song, changing its pattern as the pattern beneath him changed. Only the last note never changed.

Then one night, in the heavy darkness when the sky and the sea became one, he thought he saw lights blinking on the horizon. For the first time in many years, restlessness grew in him once more, and once more he heard the sound of the silence and became aware that he was alone. He rebuilt the signal pyres, mounding them high, as tall as himself, and then he lighted them. But when the fires' glare died down to cold ashes, the blinking lights were still there, and they were stars. He raised his face to the endless horizon then and shouted and shouted, until the swelling cords in his throat stilled his voice.

"They can't hear me!" he sobbed. "No one will ever hear me!"

He did not build his pyres after that. He seldom raised his eyes to the empty horizon.

THEN one day he came from the jungle to the beach and saw a large proa inside the lagoon, almost ready to land. In it were four men, dark and bushy-haired. He ran to the edge of the water, shouting and waving his arms, laughing and crying.

The men stopped paddling and stared at him, and then they turned to one another and chattered shrilly. Then one of them stooped and picked up a fish spear, poised it for a moment and flung it.

He saw the spear coming but he was too surprised to move, and the barbed head transfixed the fleshy part of his arm near the shoulder. He looked at the red-dripping barb, and then at the long shaft, feeling no pain yet. Then pain, fear and anger swept over him simultaneously, and he gripped the spear and jerked the barb from the wound and flung it toward the proa. He turned and fled into the jungle.

He stopped once in his flight and packed moss against the wound and wrapped it with a vine to stop the bleeding. Then he circled and climbed the bluff overlooking the lagoon. The proa was still there. One man stood guard over it, fish spear in hand. The other three were gone. He could see the proa clearly. There was little food in it; the water gourds lay on their sides, empty and discarded.

He saw it and understood. The natives had been on a long voyage and had run low on food and water, and had come to the island to replenish their stores. But armed with fish spears, they were not hunting for food in the jungle.

He sensed the hunt, the men searching the shadows for him. He turned and ran once more. He was no longer frightened. They were four and they were armed. But the jungle was thick and he knew every foot of it. The advantages were all his. He had seen this happen time and again in the lagoon. The weakest, smallest fish could survive by lying motionless in a familiar, hidden crevice in the coral.

THERE were any number of hiding spots that had taken him years to discover. The natives might hunt him for a while, but at last they would give up and load their proa with fruit and water, and leave on their interrupted journey. They would go. They would never come back. No one might ever again come to the island . . .

Slowly the urge to run left him. Abruptly he sat down at the base of a tree and stared at the shafted sunlight that touched the jungle around him, the rich jungle that had sustained him and could go on sustaining him in peace and contentment for the rest of his life.

They'll go away, he thought. No one else might ever come again.

He felt the strange urge stir strong and hot in him once more, the urge that was greater than the need for drink or the need for a woman, the urge that had made him light the signal pyres and raise his voice to the empty horizon. He felt the urge that made him a part, yet different, from the life in the lagoon.

No one might ever hear me again, he thought. *Not ever . . .*

He drew the hollow coral flute from his tapa-cloth sash and stared at it. Then he raised it slowly to his lips and blew the first note.

He heard the first note of his song of the lagoon, a note that was more than the gentle stirring of life within the lagoon—it was his interpretation of that stirring.

They will hear me, he thought. Someone will hear me.

He played, and once when there was a hush, like the hush that comes before the hurricane, he heard the rustling of the jungle leaves near him, but he did not open his eyes. He played it all, to the end, and it was all a bit different, as it had always been a bit different each time he played it. Only the last long plaintive note was always the same, lingering on, sad, irresistibly urgent, soaring infinitely toward the eternal question.

The hissing of the fish spear through the air blended with the note and became one with it and ended with it.

But he had been heard.

—GEORGES CAROUSSO

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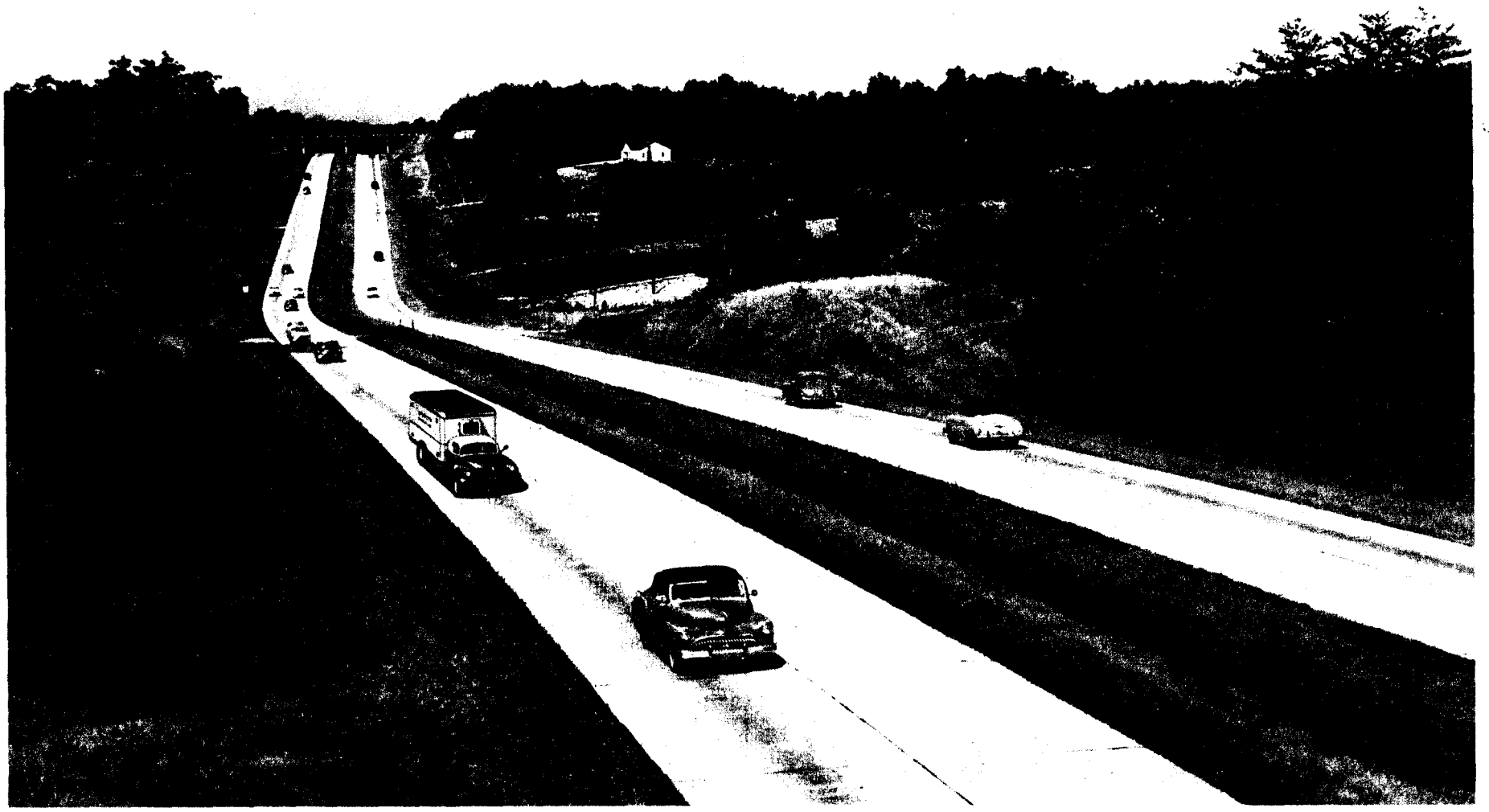

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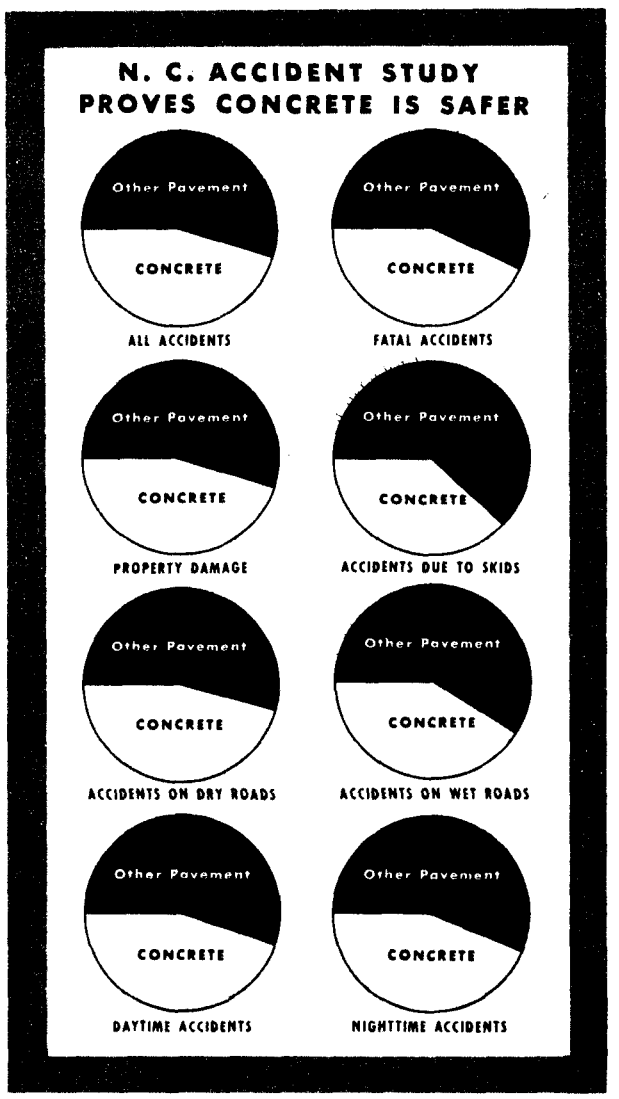

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Nothing further to report at this time on that recommendation of the California State Senate committee that "parents with children" should wait 18 months before getting final separation papers. Maybe the smog in the committee room got too heavy about then, says Miss Phyllis Lockley, of Glendale, because the gentlemen went on to urge that "childless parents" should win their final papers in less than a year.

★ ★ ★

There are magazines for do-it-yourself addicts. There are magazines for young mothers, for antiques hunters. Others are aimed at homemakers and some at hunters, at anglers. Some are edited for guys who want to know how-to-be-a-big-shot. All this from a gentleman in Columbia, South Carolina, who red-faces us with: "What I like about Collier's is that it's aimed at people who just like to read."

★ ★ ★

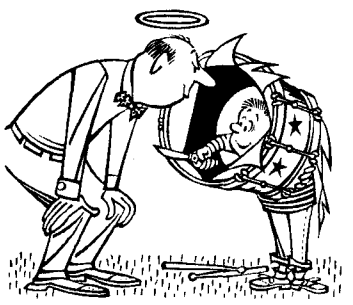
Indefatigable researchers in Abilene, Kansas, have found that bus seats in the Midwest are often two inches wider than they are on the Atlantic seaboard. "And this," says the report in conclusion, "is not just because Midwesterners carry more things in their pockets, either."

★ ★ ★

By the time this information reaches you, there may be a pretty serious situation in Kinston, North Carolina. After much patient perseverance, a gentleman taught his dog to fetch his morning newspaper when it is tossed on the front porch by the delivery boy. The pooch never fails. Neither does he fail to rush to every other front porch in the neighborhood and fetch the papers left there. Courts may have to decide, says Mr. Peter Mollischer, whether this constitutes any interference with the freedom of the press.

★ ★ ★

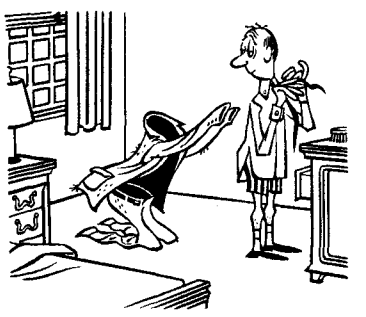
In Toledo, Ohio, a friendly lady bought the kid next door a drum. The kid, aged five, went to work on that drum with untiring vigor. Not to be



IRWIN CAPLAN

outdone in kindness, says Mr. Jule Miessine, the lady's husband gave the boy a nice jackknife saying: "I wonder what's in that drum to make all that noise?" All quiet again on the Maumee.

An item about the latest male apparel has just arrived from Mr. Joe Kernochs. He found it in a Minneapolis, Minnesota, newspaper. It says among other things: "Make Your Next Suit a Year-Around-Suit." Mr. Kernochs says he beat that advice to it



by three years. "But," he adds, "this three-years-around job I'm wearing is hollering for help, and its voice is getting weaker and weaker."

★ ★ ★

In Duncan (the Buckle on the Oil Belt), Oklahoma, there's a young lady who, according to Mrs. E. B. Thomasson, is stepping out on her overseas GI boy friend. When taken to task for her behavior, more in sorrow than in anger the young lady says she's merely "subletting her heart till her man comes home." Next time you hear that quote it probably will be on the Hit Parade.

★ ★ ★

We're told by a Chicago gentleman named O. Colombo that a large group of learned ladies and gentlemen have been pondering for some time on the sex of a cigar-store Indian recently purchased at an auction. Only thing the group has agreed upon, says Mr. Colombo, is that it is pretty difficult today to find anyone who gives a darn.

★ ★ ★

First, Mrs. Max Hill bought a washing machine in Rivera, California. Dealer had no delivery truck so, second, Mrs. Hill engaged a moving company to haul it to her house. Arriving home some hours later, Mrs. Hill found no washing machine but there was a note pinned to the door: "Didn't bring washer. Couldn't find place." Mrs. Hill submits this to our What's-the-Matter-with-America editor.

★ ★ ★

This West Coast candidate for something-probably-unnecessary decided to give the electorate something new to think about. So, says Mr. J. McCurdie, of Salem, Oregon, he announced that he'd not accept a penny from anybody or any organization; that he'd pay all his campaign expenses out of his own pocket. His defeat was terrific. Instead of thinking of what he had said, the voters thought of what his opponent said: "Where did he get it?" ▲▲▲

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LETTERS

Gobel with daughter Leslie, one

What's Gobel Got?

EDITOR: Why are you Americans all crazy about George Gobel (Child Guidance—And All like That, May 13th)? I was in the United States last winter and watched him on television.

I couldn't see a thing in him, and I wonder why he is so popular and highly paid. Give me Bob Hope any old time. . . .

DOLORES GILBERT, London, England.

Children in Jail

EDITOR: As one who has worked successfully for years to prevent juvenile delinquency, I read Jail Is No Place for Children in Trouble (May 27th) with considerable interest. . . . Society will be better served if we save these juvenile delinquents from themselves by confining them as sick people, rather than imprisoning them for punishment. . . . Agencies, fully staffed with teams of sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists, should be set up in every city to care for these cases. The cost should be shared by federal, state, county and city governments. Therein lies our hope.

MIKE SULLIVAN,
President Emeritus and Founder,
Middletown Youth League,
Middletown, N.Y.

Breath of Life

EDITOR: Whatever possessed you to publish such an article as Breath of Life (May 13th)? Had I read that dissertation a month ago, I would have held no hope that my first baby could be born normal and healthy. Fortunately, she's perfect. Didn't you think about the psychological effect on expectant mothers?

MRS. EARL T. SHAFFER, Savannah, Ga.

. . . On behalf of United Cerebral Palsy, may I extend our sincere thanks for the publication of Breath of Life. . . .

Mr. Ratcliff succeeded admirably in explaining an important phase of the problem of cerebral palsy, that of anoxia. His exciting article . . . described a very promising approach to one of the many possible causes of CP, and showed the role that our organization plays in trying to further and finance such studies. . . .

JACK HAUSMAN, President, United
Cerebral Palsy, New York, N.Y.

Good Old Days?

EDITOR: After reading Automation—Friend or Foe? (Collier's Comment, May 13th), I could not resist writing a letter for you to pass on to the gloom-and-disaster boys. I am forty-nine years of age, and in the comparatively short space of years since I was young practically all the appliances and conveniences that are so taken for granted today have come into being. . . .

I vacuum my house in minutes, turn on my mixer and my electric range, switch on my disposal unit, and while I do this, my automatic washer is going like mad, washing, rinsing and spinning the clothes. Good old days, phooey! And double phooey! . . .

MRS. GARA H. LYON,
Anchorage, Alaska

Cubbing

EDITOR: I have read The Cub Scout Who Didn't (June 10th) with delight mingled with deepest sympathy and understanding, since I have just finished my term of cubbing. I am still in one piece, although my hair is sprinkled with gray (much too early), my hands tremble and my stomach lurches at the sight of groups of small boys in blue and gold. Mrs. Carrick has truly been there! . . .

MRS. EUNICE BROOK ATKINSON,
Blytheville, Ark.

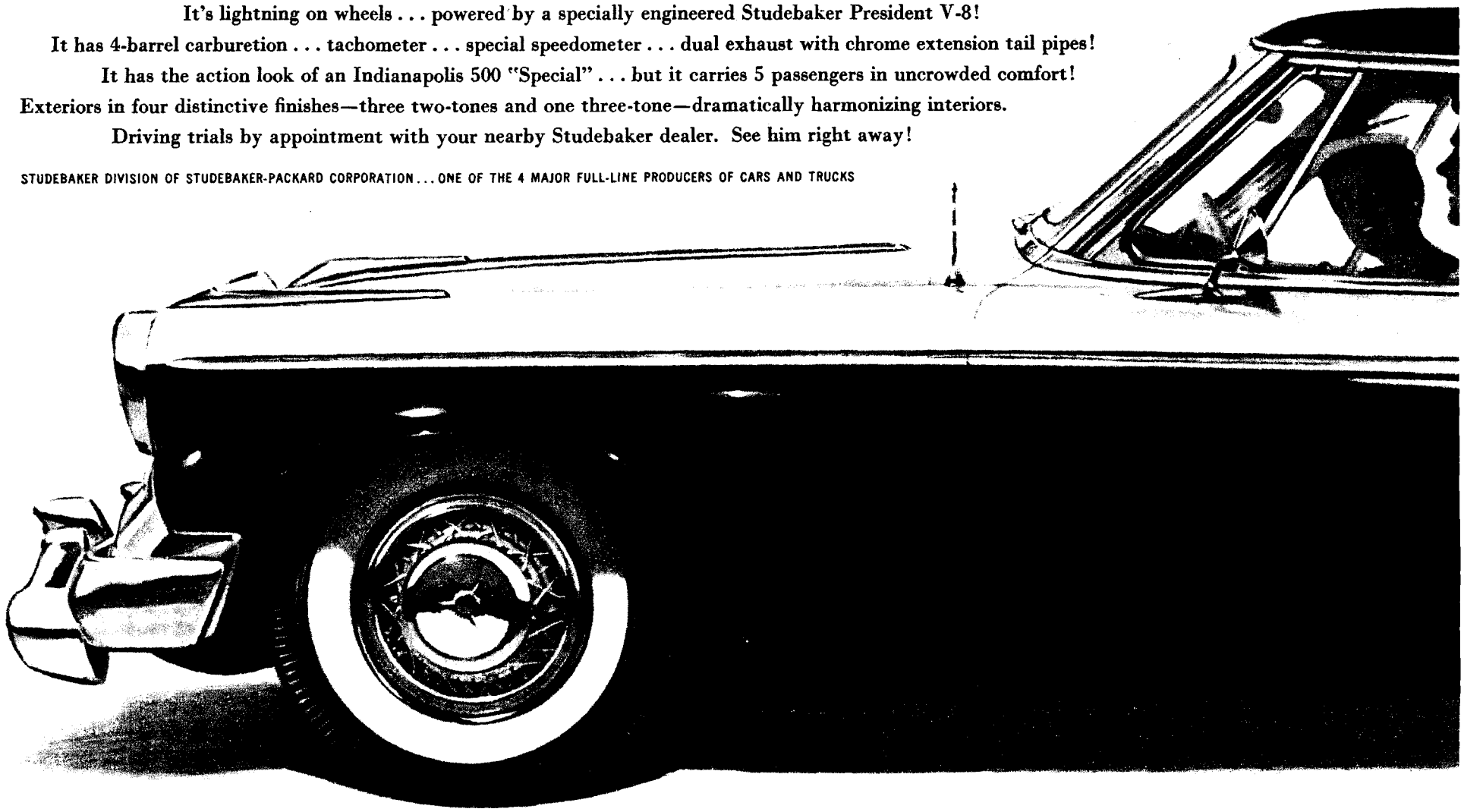
Oil and Water Paints Mixed

EDITOR: Recently it was brought to my attention that a caption under one of the photos in your story Tricks with Tumbleweed (Apr. 15th) reads: "Tumbleweeds are painted by dunking them into tub filled with water and one

Smart way to go places

It's lightning on wheels . . . powered by a specially engineered Studebaker President V-8!
It has 4-barrel carburetion . . . tachometer . . . special speedometer . . . dual exhaust with chrome extension tail pipes!
It has the action look of an Indianapolis 500 "Special" . . . but it carries 5 passengers in uncrowded comfort!
Exteriors in four distinctive finishes—three two-tones and one three-tone—dramatically harmonizing interiors.
Driving trials by appointment with your nearby Studebaker dealer. See him right away!

STUDEBAKER DIVISION OF STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION . . . ONE OF THE 4 MAJOR FULL-LINE PRODUCERS OF CARS AND TRUCKS



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quart oil paint." However, the paint can in the picture does not contain an oil paint but one of our Luminall Casein Fresco Colors—which mix with water and are also extensively used for creating artificial floral table pieces.
M. CLAMAGE, Vice-President, National Chemical & Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Reader Clamage is correct; water-soluble paint was used in the illustration. Nevertheless, as the caption indicated, oil paint can also be used; oil paint floats on top of the water and colors the tumbleweeds when they are dunked through it.

Who Else Is Listening?

EDITOR: Congratulations on Who Else Is Listening? (June 10th-24th). It should hasten laws that will outlaw wiretapping, and put out of business the host of blackmailers who batten on it. . . .
J. Y. MOLETTI, San Gabriel, Cal.

The Not-So-Flat Look

EDITOR: May I congratulate you, on one hand, for your vision in publishing the article on the great dressmaker Christian Dior (That Friend of Your Wife's Named Dior, June 10th), and offer a critical note on the other because of its inaccurate appraisal of the fashion significance of his "H" and "A" line silhouettes?

The term "flat look" was created at the Dior opening in Paris last August by the daily-newspaper fashion reporters, who are interested chiefly in headlines. . . . As any trained fashion observer who was at that opening will tell you, the new line was that of the natural body of a young girl, with small high breasts and a slim straight torso—a charming, adolescent look. It was not "flat." . . . It simply smoothed out the natural body line. . . .
TOBÉ, Tobé and Associates, Inc., New York, N.Y.

". . . a charming, adolescent look"

Shadow Plants

EDITOR: I wish to commend you for the excellent article, "Shadow Plants" —Our Secret Weapon (May 27th).

Our group of Army Ordnance inspectors found the piece extremely interesting since it outlined the importance of Operation Ready and the Layaway Program in the interests of national defense and security.
GEORGE J. TUCKER, Senior Government Representative, Army Ordnance, New York, N.Y.

Mission to Africa

EDITOR: I want to commend Chester Bowles for his article on Africa (June 10th). It was informative and inspirational. As he suggests, the United States should no longer look upon Africa with indifference and coolness.

I also heartily agree . . . that our government should invite, train and send more Negroes to represent it in the Foreign Service in Africa. . . .
CHARLES C. WALKER, Minister, First Congregational Church, Little Rock, Ark.

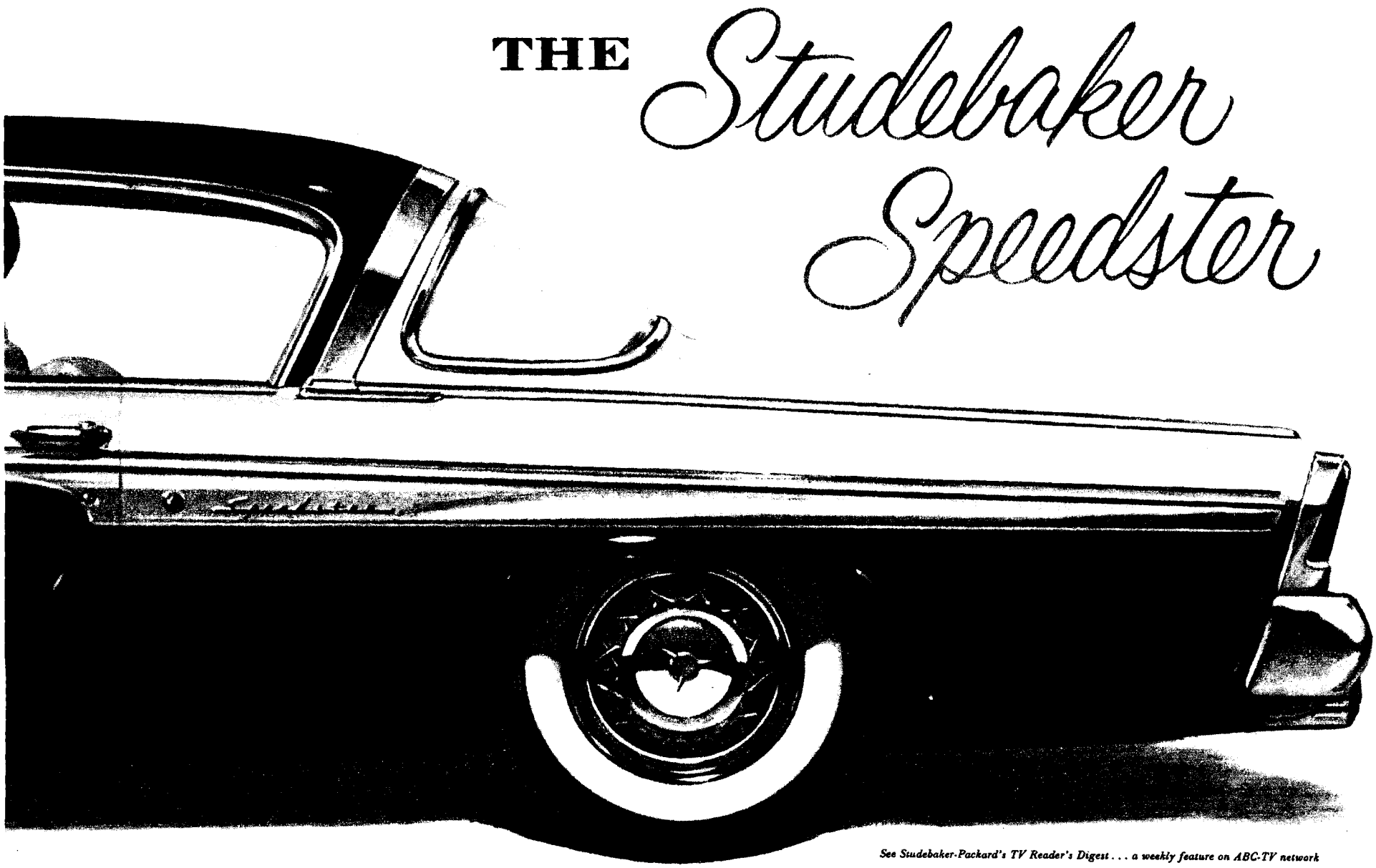
Mapping San Andreas Fault

EDITOR: In his very excellent article Mother of Earthquakes (June 10th), Joseph Laitin states that "no road maps show" San Andreas Fault. I have before me a map of Los Angeles and Vicinity, put out by the Automobile Club of Southern California. In at least three places I find in capital letters "SAN ANDREAS FAULT." . . .
HERBERT M. NEUHAUS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Solemn Insanity"

EDITOR: Congratulations on Gahan Wilson's masterpieces of solemn insanity. Here is a true artist. I eagerly scan each issue of Collier's looking for his cartoons. A/3c JACK COLLOM, Tripoli, Libya

Gahan Wilson's latest cartoon appears on page 76.



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Nothing so good...

for good company!

Here's a happy thought for your next picnic. Take along an ample supply of Carling Black Label Beer. Everybody likes its tangy, dry goodness. And you'll like its economy, too, for top quality Black Label sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel- Black Label!

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O., ST. LOUIS, MO., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Earl Wilson shoots his own wife

IN WRITING his popular column It Happened Last Night for the New York Post and a lot of other papers around the country, Earl Wilson has interviewed and photographed lots of gorgeous females and celebrities. But he's always had trouble getting his wife to pose for him.

"I just don't want to be compared with those glamor-pusses you're always printing in your column," she says. But while he was snapping the revealing candids in this issue, Earl sneaked a shot of her (above) and it proves he really means it when he calls her his B.W. (beautiful wife). They met one day 20 years ago in New York's Washington Square South, when he was a young reporter on the Post and she was a secretary. Now they have a twelve-year-old son Earl, called Slugger, and they are all three touring Europe in a little German car they bought just for the purpose. The trip started in June in Istanbul at the opening of the new Hilton hotel where, as usual, Rosemary Wilson was with her husband on the assignment.

"When Earl started writing this column twelve years ago," she explains, "I decided I wanted to be a wife he went home *with*, not *to!*"

★ ★ ★

IF YOU wonder how George Reeves knows a generating plant inside out, as in his fiction piece on page 56, then let us inform you he's an engineer in the Trenton, Michigan, plant of McLouth Steel Company, working on a semisecret installation for getting oxygen out of the air by a new patent.

How come he writes fiction stories? Well, he was graduated from the University of Michigan about 30 years ago as a journalism major and has been writing—vocation or avocation—ever since.

What led him to combine a temperamental pumping station as hero and a Michigan tornado as villain, in Get Going, O'Shea? "Just about two years ago my wife and I were driving from Ann Arbor to Midland. Instead of taking the main highway through Flint, we took a short cut. We seemed to go straight into the most ominous-looking clouds I've ever seen: forty thousand feet high, with a purple, mushroom top like an A-blast. At its narrow base two short legs carried over the ground like an angry lady with lifted skirts. Dust plumed around those legs and the sun peered briefly red, then purple, then gone. At Saginaw we drove through still air, and then the storm was past us. Two hours later we heard what had happened on the road to Flint.

"A year later I visited Midland again and went through a Dow Chemical Company power station. The boiler water is 99 per cent pure, they told me. I thought: What if they had that Flint tornado and had to operate on dirty river water? That's how the idea for Mike O'Shea was born.

"While I know something about boilers (I have a Detroit powerhouse operator's license), I know more about the effect of weather on human intentions. Twenty-two years of Dakota ranching taught me that, and I wrote it in my book A Man from South Dakota.

"Just put me down as a lifelong addict to writing—and to acquiring my material the hard way."

★ ★ ★

FIRE is an exciting and dangerous thing, and a most dramatic description of it by Bob de Roos and Alva Neuns is in this issue. When we discovered that Alva Neuns was a young woman, we thought she must be a brave or foolish one.

She's not foolish. She's been with the U.S. Forest Service for 10 years and she probably knows more about fire in the forest and its malicious ways than most men.

When the Jameson fire broke, this five-foot-two, hundred-and-five-pound girl was sent out to make some observations. "She carried her camera down through the fresh burn," a slightly awed De Roos recalls, "scorching her shoes on the way, to get into Leach Canyon. Her job was to make motion pictures of weather signs, unusual behavior of smoke in the canyons and so forth. The reason the description of the big blowup in Leach Canyon is so moving is because Alva was there and nearly got trapped by the galloping, catapulting flames. Blackened by cinders, more than a little shaken and darn' near scorched, she brought back some spectacular movies of the blowup."

The film is considered invaluable, and will be used by the University of California School of Forestry and the Forest Service to give students and scientists a close-in view of what a blowup fire looks like. For the heart-thumping tale of fire, see page 25.

LARRY FROST

Alva Neuns chases forest fires for science, scorched her feet for us

★ ★ ★

BESIDES being an author (with Bill Fay's help) on page 62, and left-handed pitcher for the Milwaukee Braves, Warren Spahn is an ex-GI who earned a Purple Heart and a battlefield

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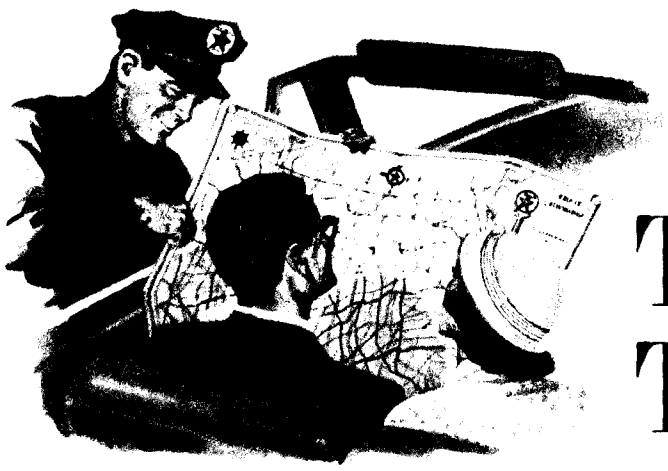
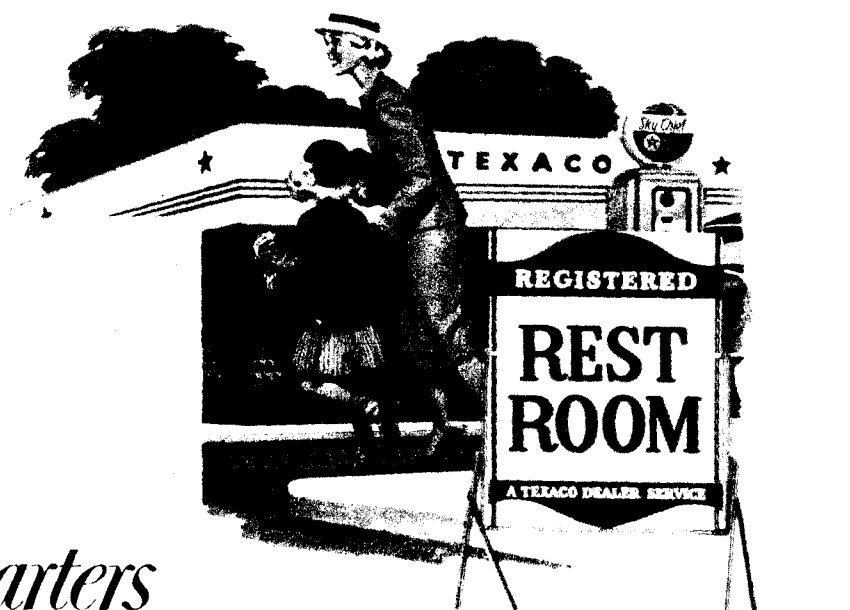
Only Texaco Dealers can serve you all the way...

right across the country!

TOURING SERVICE -- all over America! Your nearby Texaco Dealer will help you plan your motor trips. Tell him *where* and *when* you want to go. From *Texaco Touring Service* you will get clear, route-marked maps. And on the road — Texaco Dealers *everywhere* are eager to serve you.



REGISTERED REST ROOMS—**clean across the country!** Texaco Dealers invite you to stop where you see this familiar green and white sign. It's your assurance of *cleanliness.* America's motoring families appreciate Texaco Registered Rest Rooms — *clean across the U. S. A.*



Texaco Touring Headquarters

In all 48 states . . . and Canada, too . . . you are cordially invited to stop regularly where you see the big red star and green T. It is your assurance of convenience, comfort, courtesy, expert car-care — and the finest petroleum products.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

CREDIT CARD CONVENIENCE -- **nationwide!** Texaco National Credit Cards are now used by more than a million motorists, for added convenience. It's the *only* petroleum credit card honored under *one* sign from coast to coast. Good in Canada, too — under the same sign — the red star with the green T.

TOP CAR PERFORMANCE — coast to coast! *One-stop car-care specialists*— Texaco Dealers have a complete line of tires, batteries, accessories and top quality Texaco petroleum products: New, *top octane* Sky Chief with *Petrox* — to give you more power, greater gasoline mileage, longer engine life . . . Fire Chief for lively power at *regular* gasoline prices . . . Advanced Custom-Made Havoline Motor Oil . . . Marfak chassis lubrication.

TEXACO DEALERS in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER starring DONALD O'CONNOR or JIMMY DURANTE on television, Saturday nights, NBC.

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DEWAR'S

"White Label"

and Victoria Vat

SCOTCH WHISKIES

Full or Levee Dress of Drum Major of The Gordon Highlanders in the Traditional Regimental Tartan.

Dewar's never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

COLLIER'S CREDITS continued

commission as a combat engineer. He has finally achieved the kind of job all GIs dreamed about. With the Braves he travels strictly first class. When he's finished packing, a bellboy whisks his grip to the lobby where the club baggageman takes over. Warren doesn't see it again until it reappears in his hotel room in the next city.

He has no eating troubles, either. The Braves permit their players to sign for hotel meals on the road; Spahn averages $14 a day. Steaks. Only an ex-GI who has toted a barracks bag and eaten C ration can really appreciate this kind of life, he says.

Spahn's fast ball used to be his best pitch. Now he uses the curve more, and he tells us he's working on a knuckler for the time when he can't curve 'em. "It's an old man's pitch."

At thirty-four he's getting about $30,000 for what may be his seventh season with 20 victories (no other National League lefty has done it). It'll be a long day, we think, before the batters will relax facing Old Man Spahn.

★ ★ ★

A GREAT satisfaction in this business is in creating something lasting, something that stands out, something to look back on as a job well done. One test is in the recognition received from the organizations that annually honor the magazine articles which, in their opinion, meet certain standards.

On Collier's we've always been fortunate enough to come out at the very top of the magazine list each year, as these awards are given out. And 1954 has been no exception. We're not swell-headed, but just plain proud of our editors and contributors for what they accomplished. Look at the list of honors we've received for 1954.

★ ★ ★

CREDIT-BITS: Bob Ruark says Bonzo was a real dog. "I met him in Nairobi a couple of years ago where he was running the Norfolk Hotel." Read The Nairobi Incident (page 32) and you'll be delighted to discover what Ruark means.

Bob Froman broke his leg skiing, had to finish interviewing and authoring the mail-order piece while casted and crutched. He says, "I told people it was writer's cramp."

Gilbert Millstein says that Ernest Borgnine (page 48), who spent 10 years in the Navy, almost flunked out of the Boy Scouts because he could not tie knots. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Awards to Collier's For Best Magazine Articles of 1954

"... OUR LIVES, OUR FORTUNES AND OUR SACRED HONOR"
By Henry Lee (July 9, 1954)

Freedoms Foundation: sixth annual award, for best contribution to better understanding of American way of life
The Christophers: award for outstanding craftsmanship and use of creative ability

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA TODAY
By Alan Paton (October 15, 29, 1954)

Brotherhood Award of National Conference of Christians and Jews: for promoting cause of good will and understanding
Benjamin Franklin: second annual award, for depicting life, culture or institutions in the U.S.

WHAT PRICE SECURITY?
By Charlotte Knight (July 9, 1954)

Sidney Hillman Foundation: for outstanding contribution to the protection of civil liberties

RUSSIA UNCENSORED
By Marshall MacDuffie (March 5, 19, April 2, 16, 1954)

Sigma Delta Chi: 23d annual award for distinguished magazine reporting

WHY BRITAIN AND THE U.S. ARE DRAWING APART
By Drew Middleton (August 20, 1954)

English-Speaking Union: annual award for outstanding contribution to better understanding between U.S. and Commonwealth countries

WHY CANADIANS ARE PEEVED AT THE U.S.
By Bruce Hutchison (May 14, 1954)

English-Speaking Union: citation for same as above

BOEING'S $15,000,000 GAMBLE
By Richard Tregaskis (March 19, 1954)

TWA: award for best magazine story on aviation development

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Would your family inherit a home or an unpaid mortgage?

New York Life's low-cost Mortgage Protection Plan provides cash to keep your home in the family!

Every man likes to think his home will endure —a haven for his family through the years. One way he can *be sure* is to guarantee immediate funds available for full payment of the mortgage remaining on his home if he should die. That way, his family will never be forced to sell at a loss or move to a less desirable location. And that's why New York Life designed its popular Mortgage Protection Plan.

Under this plan you buy a Term Insurance Policy for the amount of your mortgage. It is issued for a period of 15, 20, 25 or 30 years—depending on the length of your mortgage and on your age. The amount of the policy decreases each year—and as your mortgage is amortized would be *sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance.*

New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan costs a small amount in comparison to the payments on your mortgage. It assures your family of the most comforting kind of security—a *debt-free* home! Ask your New York Life agent today!

Here's how New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan works:

If at age 30, you have a 20-year mortgage for $10,000 on your home and you buy a $10,000 decreasing *Mortgage Protection Term* Policy with a 20-year period, your annual premium would be $65.40—which amounts to little more than $5 a month. After the second year any dividends could be used to reduce these premium payments. If you died the first year, your wife would receive the full $10,000. If you died later and mortgage payments had been kept up to date, she would receive an amount at least sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance. During the last 5 years, the amount remains constant at $3,500. After 20 years the policy terminates without value.

An alternate plan for mortgage protection combines term with *permanent* life insurance. While premiums are higher, this plan builds *cash values* which can be used later toward your own retirement. Or you can retain life insurance protection *after* you have paid off your mortgage.

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NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

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(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please send me more information on your Mortgage Protection Plan.

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

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UNSPOILED BEAUTY is yours to enjoy when you go on a family camping trip by car. A vacation trip like this is fun for everyone. Children love the excitement of outdoor living and the chance to see nature at first hand. Mother and Dad find it wonderfully relaxing to be away from everyday household routine.

UNCROWDED BEACHES on weekdays are one of the reasons many folks take a "vacation at home." Your car can take you quickly to and from recreation spots where you can swim, fish or just relax. You'll find every day of a vacation at home interesting, pleasant and economical.

TRAVEL HELP is one of the many services you can expect at the nation's 200,000 service stations. The independent businessmen who run them are always ready with a friendly, helping hand to make your car travel more enjoyable.

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THE MORE YOU DRIVE ON YOUR VACATION THE LESS IT COSTS PER MILE

MAKE IT A REAL TRIP THIS SUMMER. With little effect on your vacation budget, you can drive extra miles to see more of America's wonders. You'll bring home memories and pictures of scenes like this one in Yosemite National Park.

How motorists can enjoy extra fun and convenience at "bargain" rates

A motoring vacation can pay dividends in two ways. For one, you just can't match a car for vacation enjoyment. There are so many places to go, things to see . . . all of America is just a pleasant drive "down the road." You'll come and go as you please and bring home more lasting memories.

Your second dividend is the fact that you actually cut your cost per mile as you roll up mileage! Figures published by the American Automobile Association reveal a family of three that drives 5,000 miles a year will pay about 5.2¢ per mile for each member of the family. On the other hand, the family that runs up 15,000 miles will pay only 2.5¢ . . . 52% less per mile!

Here's why: Certain costs of car ownership—depreciation, insurance, license fees—are *fixed* expenses. They don't change, whether you drive a little or a lot. Actually, the only important additional costs for extra mileage are gasoline and oil. And today's gasoline and oil give you *far greater value than ever before.*

There's no doubt that car vacation miles are pleasure-filled "bargain" miles. The same goes for the extra miles you drive at home. So plan week-end trips . . . do your shopping by car . . . enjoy cooling evening rides. And remember, the more you drive, the less it costs per mile!

YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR AVERAGE FAMILY

(HUSBAND, WIFE & ONE CHILD)

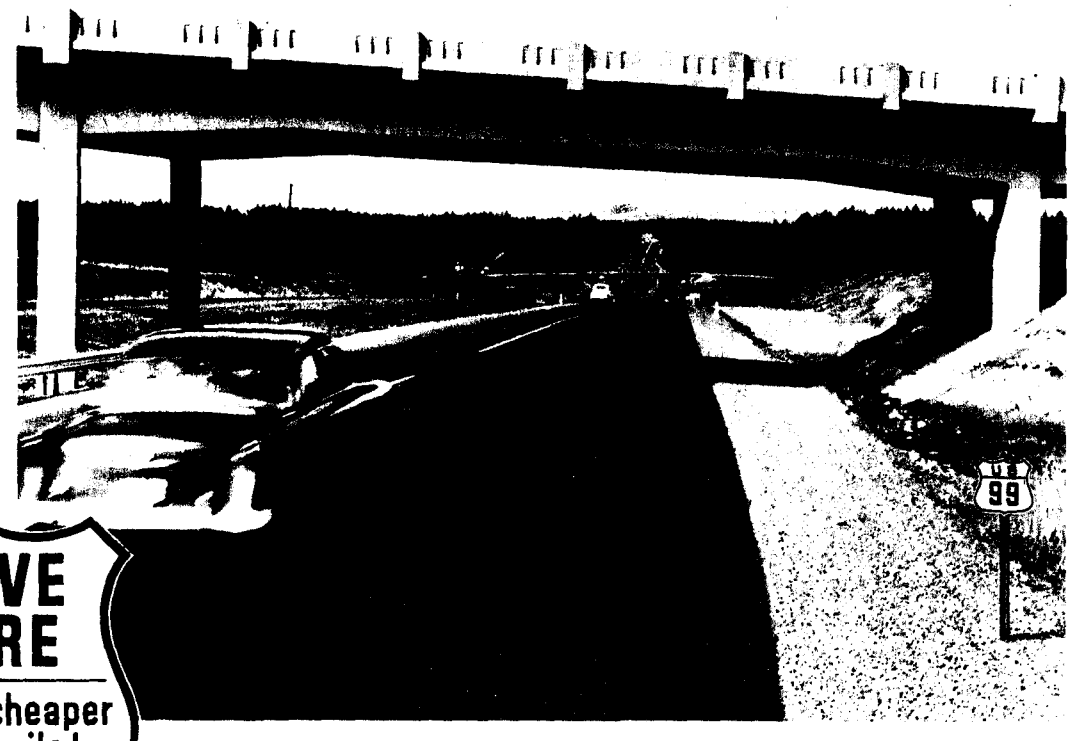
*For 5,000 miles**		*For 15,000 miles**
$477.36	*Depreciation*	$477.36
104.46	*Insurance*	104.46
16.83	*License fees*	16.83
114.50	*Gasoline and Oil*	343.50
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$775.65	TOTAL FAMILY COST	$1,129.65

5.2¢ . . . . *Cost per mile for each member of family* . . . . **2.5¢**

*SOURCE: AAA

AAA FIGURES show why you can add on extra vacation miles at low cost. Your fixed costs—the major items in car expense—don't change even when you triple your mileage. In fact, the more you drive, the lower the cost per mile, the more money's worth you get out of your car.

NEW ROADS are being built in every section of the country to let you reach your destination quicker than ever. This stretch of new highway shows how today's road planners have straightened out the miles, eliminated intersections, made long-distance driving easier and safer.



DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N.Y.

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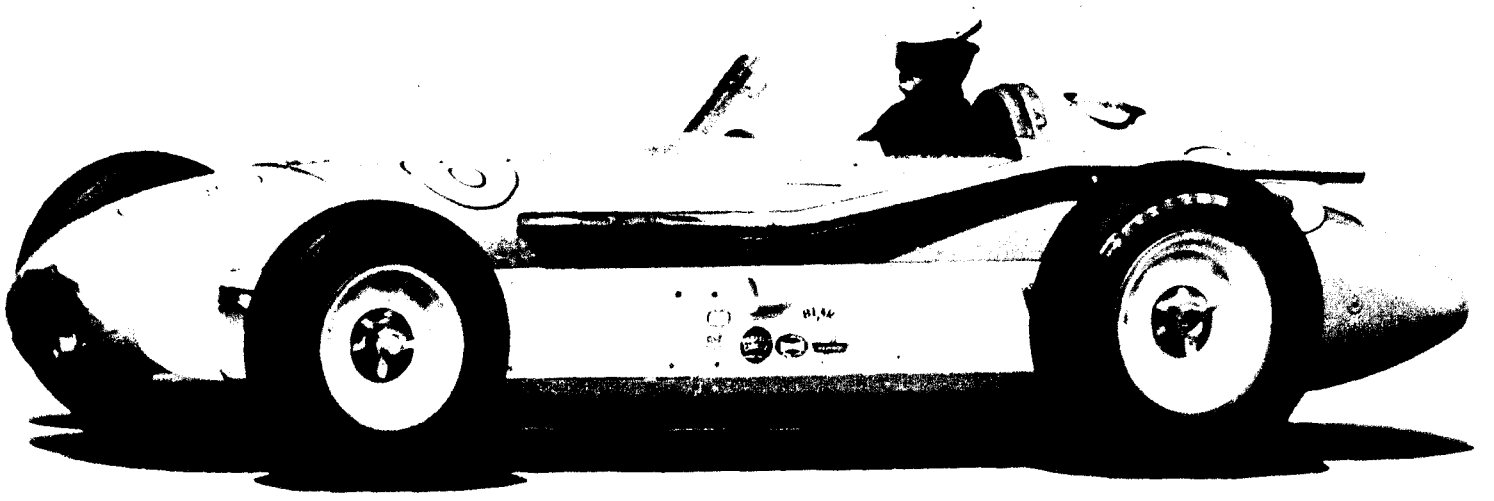
Only CHAMPIONS give you the two things you want most from spark plugs...

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE!



Champions score twenty-fifth victory in Indianapolis "500"! Bob Sweikert, with a winning average of 128.209 m.p.h., and *all other finishers* used Champions!

OUTSTANDING ECONOMY!

Five-rib Champions score sixth straight victory in Mobilgas Economy Run. A Champion-equipped Studebaker Commander averaged 27.4 miles per gallon to win the 1955 Sweepstakes Trophy in 1323-mile economy test!

INSIST ON 5-RIB

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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Forest Fire!

It was just a puff of smoke at the start. But it grew into a conflagration that took a thousand men eight days to conquer . . .

GENE TRINDL

By ROBERT de ROOS and ALVA NEUNS

FIRE lookout Al Mantonya took a restless turn around the narrow catwalk surrounding his glass tower atop 60 feet of spindly steel on southern California's Santiago Peak and squinted uneasily at the Cleveland National Forest. The breeze was a hot blast on his face. The temperature was 98 and the relative humidity 15 per cent—ideal fire weather.

The forecast was no comfort: thunderstorms—which meant lightning—were moving in from the east over the San Jacinto and San Gorgonio Mountains. And there had been no rain in this area for three months.

Below Mantonya, the forest lay drowsy in the summer heat. Along the razor ridges, in the steep canyons and brush-choked gullies, the Cleveland rolled for 50 miles. He felt a kind of resentment against this forest of ragged brush, so different from the tall stands of pine and spruce and fir which blanketed the Sierra. And yet, he knew, the brush cover was paramount to southern California's economy: these were the watershed lands. The tawdry tangle sent down roots which held the winter waters; without the growth, the lands below could be devastated by flash floods, and the water which should be stored underground would rush to the sea. The neat houses and orange groves at Elsinore would be inundated—year after year.

The twisted, dark-red branches of manzanita were brittle; the dusty gray-green leaves were redolent with stored oil. In a wiry tangle of growth, the feathery, sage-green chamise, sumac, scrub oak and scattered pines stored up the constant sun and

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writhed in the infrequent warm gusts of wind which shook the canyons.

Below the canopy of brush, a thick duff of leaf mold and needles had built up. Now the duff was powdery dry, and little swirls of tinder dust swirled upward at the passing of a rabbit or the dainty steps of a deer. Granite rocks which thrust themselves through the crust of baked earth were too hot for the rattlesnakes which coiled in watchful dignity in the warm shade, too hot for the blue-bellied lizards skittering across them. The air itself, in this oven, was a mixture of scents, the exudence of a dozen different gums and resins and oils—an explosive overlay for the explosive forest.

There was a feeling of expectancy, of waiting. Al Mantonya, on Santiago Peak, felt it. This morning there had been an edge of tenseness in the Forest Service dispatcher's voice; all through the Cleveland, men's nerves were tightening. The late-summer days were always like this. Everyone knew that anywhere in the vast, silent mountain wilderness a tiny spark from a truck backfire, a carelessly thrown cigarette, the friction between two dry branches could detonate the forest. The Cleveland was hot, dry, explosive—580,000 acres of tinder.

When Mantonya first saw the smoke, a tiny rolling puff of black eight miles away, he had a quick feeling of release. The tension drained away and, in two rolling steps, he reached the fire finder in the middle of his glass room. As he swept the finder toward the smoke to get a bearing, he lifted the phone that linked him with the dispatcher.

"This is Santiago Peak," he said, "I've got a smoke. The reading is 116.30. Looks like it's on Ortega Highway near El Cariso."

Seventy miles to the southwest, on the way to San Diego, Kenneth Seebold, the slim, blond dispatcher on duty at the Escondido Ranger Station, made a notation in his logbook and noted the time: Monday, August 30, 1954, 1:03 P.M.

The tiny puff of black smoke in the Santa Ana Mountains was an omen and a warning—a trigger which unloosed the swift, purposeful, efficient men of the United States Forest Service and the California Division of Forestry.

The smoke was the beginning of the Jameson fire—although it had no name as yet. Before the last of the Jameson's smoke cleared from the forest—after days and nights of wonder and terror and ripping destruction—a thousand men, hundreds of trucks, bulldozers, axes, shovels, brush hooks and hoes, and dozens of airplanes would be plunged into the fight against it. There are no hydrants and no hardware stores in the rough mountains. Everything would have to be carried to the fire. Even the water would be trucked there—at $3.14 a gallon—in slow-moving tankers.

Men up to a thousand miles away—in Gallup, New Mexico, in Winslow, Arizona, in the Plumas, Shasta, Stanislaus, Tahoe, El Dorado, Angeles and Sierra forests of California—would be thrown against the yellow-red monster. In Oregon and Washington, in the timber country of Idaho and the woods of Maine, other men would be on call—although they would not know it.

Navajo Indians would be recruited from their hogans, Zuñis from their pueblos, prisoners from county jail and state penitentiary road camps. The Red Cross and the Weather Bureau would be on hand. A shoe clerk in San Diego, a homeware salesman in Escondido, a troop of barefoot, bearded and robed cultists from the Fountain of the World, three airlines and a Pomona bus company all would be involved.

The Menace of Tinderbox Forests

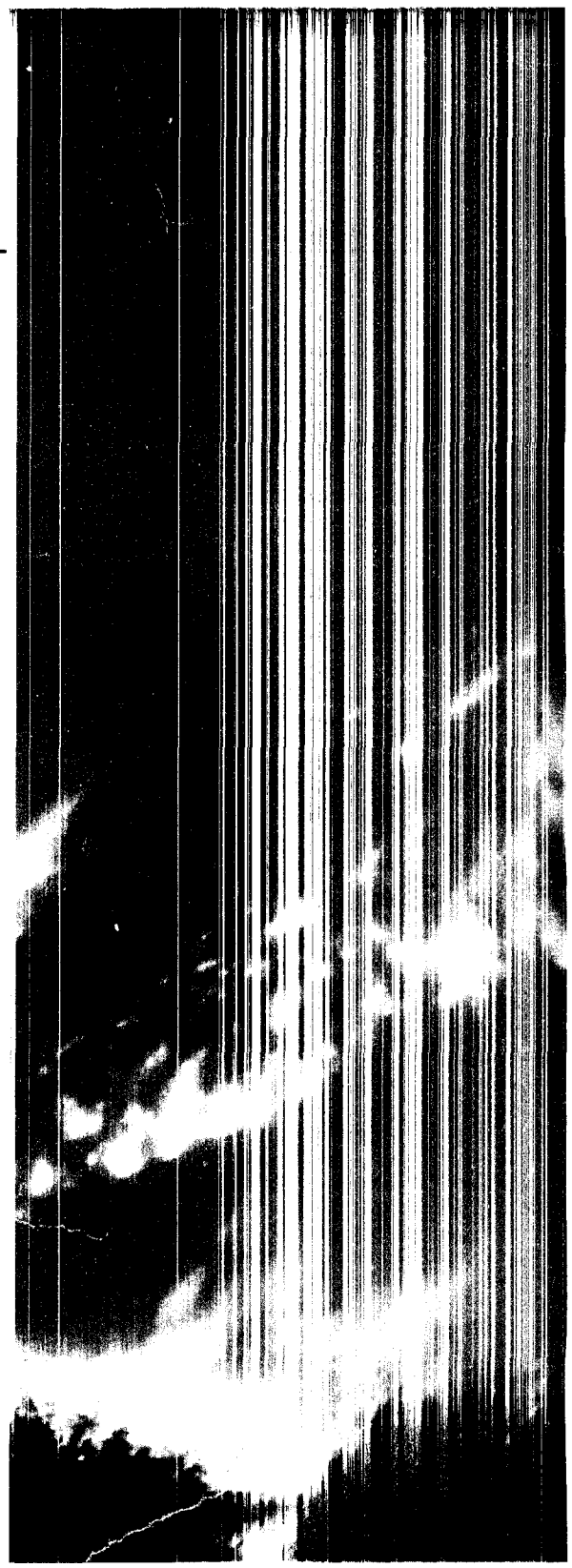
Fire in the forest is a living, malignant, unpredictable thing. At times incredible forces are unleashed, against which humans are helpless: 80 acres of brush fuel kicks out as much energy as an A-bomb. The struggle against the Jameson was not just an isolated episode. It was a drama that, with only minor variations, will be re-enacted many times in California's tinderbox forests this summer and fall. The peak danger period is again upon the area. To combat this menace, the U.S. Forest Service has devised a chain of command which welds its men into the largest fire department in the world. Yet fire fighting is only a side line for the service; its real job is timber and range management, watershed management, flood control and recreation. In California there are 17 national forests under its jurisdiction; the state is divided into three zones, each with several forests.

When fire strikes, every man in the service becomes a fire fighter. There is good reason for this tremendous force in waiting: in California alone, 195,207 acres were devastated by fire in 1954, including 39,580 acres in southern California. Staggering as these totals are, they represent a big improvement over those for 1953. In that year 289,200 acres were burned over in California, 187,500 of them in the southern zone alone.

Each zone faces up to its own responsibilities in time of fire. Although there may be 150 fires within a single forest—and there have been—that forest must draw down its own reserves of men and equipment, so far as prudence and safety allow, before calling for help.

When additional assistance is needed, the forest calls on zone headquarters, which throws its central cache of equipment and trained personnel into the fight and begins drawing on other forests where the fire-danger rating—based on the temperature, winds, humidity and weather—is low. And after these reserves have been exhausted, the zone can call on neighboring zones and, if necessary, other regions. Actually a zone can reach out as far as need be—to the national forests of the Northwest and Midwest, and clear back to the East Coast. Theoretically, it could summon the bureaucrats from Washington to fight a southern California fire.

Southern California's forests are mostly brush and small pine stands on some of the steepest mountains in the world. It is hot country where there is no rain for nine months of the year, country which breeds the hottest freewheeling fires known to man. And the ferocity of its fires is matched by the intensity of its fire fighters. Southern California is a "mutual aid" area where the Forest Service, the California Division of Forestry, county and city fire departments work together as an integrated team. Together they hit a fire like the Marines smacking a Pacific island.



"Fire in the forest," writes author De Roos, "i

Indians are among nation's best forest-fire fighters. Here Zuñi tribesmen dig firebreak

JEROME YULSMAN

Within seconds after fire lookout Al Mantonya spotted the smoke in Cleveland Forest, at 1:03 of that hot Monday afternoon, this mighty fire department sprang into action. Before Kenny Seebold, the Forest Service dispatcher at Escondido, had stopped writing the report from Santiago Peak he was on the phone to El Cariso guard station, a scant half mile from the smoke, and before he stopped talking, El Cariso's tanker and crack crew were roaring up the Ortega highway. Within three minutes, Seebold had sent the San Juan unit, from 37 miles away on the western edge of the Santa Ana Mountains, to the fire. He also ordered a bulldozer out and phoned Paul Dryden, assistant fire-control officer at Santa Ana, to get him on his way.

A dispatcher's job, in the language of the civil service, is one "with considerable latitude for independent judgment"—a fact which Seebold now began to demonstrate. He mentally pictured the mean country where the smoke had been reported. He knew the weather made conditions extremely dangerous. And the Cleveland's "hot-shot crew"—the shock troops of the service—was off on a San Bernardino forest fire, along with "overhead," the supervisory personnel. He picked up his phone and ordered two hand crews—a total of 40 men—from Oak Glen; with shovels and axes they'd do the dirty work on the Jameson. He flicked a switch

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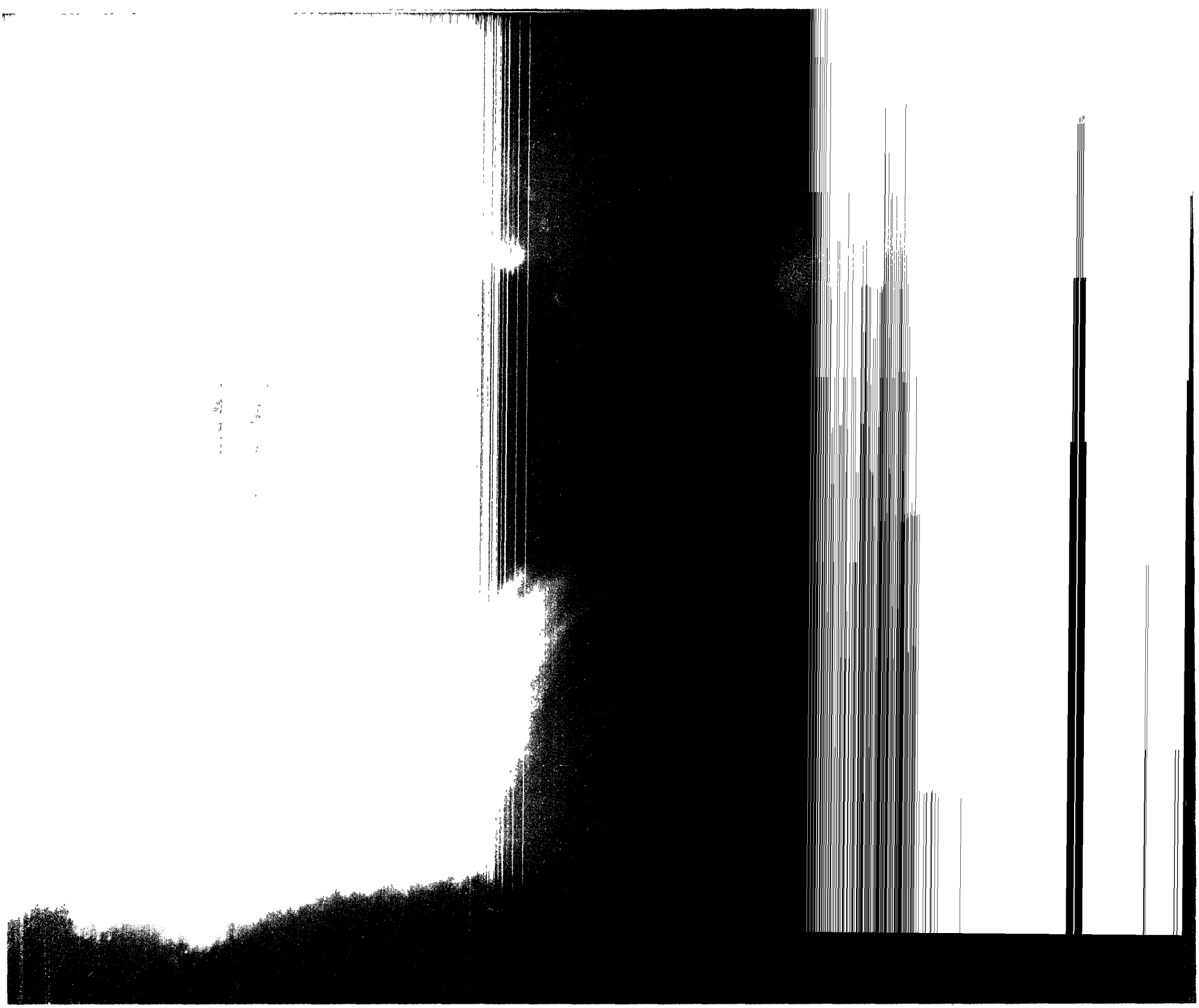

LARRY FROST

ving, malignant, unpredictable thing." **In Jameson fire, flames raced across this valley and over surrounding hills in less than two hours**

and called San Diego to report the fire to Alvin F. Wright, the forty-year-old forester serving as fire-control officer for the Cleveland.

Meantime, a passing motorist reported the fire to the lone operator on duty at the Lake Elsinore station of the California Division of Forestry. Within a minute, the operator had his truck rolling toward the smoke, seven miles up the steep Ortega grade toward Jameson Point. As he rolled, he alerted by radio the state dispatcher at Perris, nine miles north. At Perris, state ranger Truman Holland had just finished a satisfactory lunch when told about the fire.

Holland took one look at the smoke, sized up the situation and started additional men toward the scene on the double. By 1:29, ranger Holland himself, both associate rangers, an assistant ranger, a bulldozer, six 250-gallon tank trucks manned by three men each and two Orange County trucks—from the western side of the mountains—were either at the fire or swiftly approaching. "We knew the fire was in federal land, but we don't wait at a time like that," said Truman Holland. "We just go."

When he arrived at Jameson Point, 1,300 feet above dry Lake Elsinore, Holland, a veteran of 28 years of fire fighting, did not like what he saw. He could remember fires in country like this that had taken off and run for 50 miles.

The fire was burning uphill on the west side of the highway, sending up mounting coils of black smoke and sluicing through a heavy cover of manzanita, scrub oak, buckbush and chamise. Holland knew the prevailing west wind could drive the fire toward the east, where it might sweep down the steep eastern façade of the spiny mountains and on to the town of Elsinore.

The flames crackled on the plunging canyonside. Holland did not like to send men in on top of a fire like that—and it looked awfully steep for bulldozer work. He took a moment to radio for four more tank trucks. Then, despite the steepness of the canyon, he sent a dozer clanking down the hill, clearing a path as it went.

The fire was still small, covering less than five acres, although it was very hot. With luck, the dozer might cut off the head of the fire and nip it then and there. It was a critical moment. If the strategy had worked, the rest of the country would never have heard of the Jameson fire.

The dozer nosed down to the tip of the fire, working in brush 15 feet high, nudging at the flames with its heavy blade, throwing the beast back upon itself. And then, when the flames seemed surely doomed, the dozer's cable hoist snapped and the skinner (operator) could not raise the blade.

The skinner tried to replace the cable. Twice he was overcome by heat. Finally he had to be carried from the oven canyon while flames snickered and raced beyond the useless blade and flanked up-canyon toward the highway.

"When that cable broke," Holland said, "we lost an hour and we lost a cat man for a day—and we lost the fire."

Flying embers sailed over the road, spotting new fires in a dozen places. A pumper crew took off down the rocky face of the east slope, slipping and skidding through the skin-tearing brush. The fire was slapping at them from below and could have raced over them, but they doused the flames and were back in less than five minutes. "You see a job and you do it first and think afterward," Holland said. "If you think first, you don't do it. I'd never have ordered them into that spot—that's the way men get killed."

While Holland and the Forest Service and CDF crews were locked in direct combat with the blaze, Al Wright, the balding giant who was to be fire boss, was speeding to the scene, cocking an ear for reports over his short-wave radio about the build-up of men and machines. Driving with one hand, Wright grabbed his microphone and asked the dispatcher to send Max Peterson, forest engineer of the Cleveland, from San Diego to act as service

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It cost $250,000 to put out the fire—but the total loss may not

JEROME YULSMAN

Exhausted men line up in haze and smoke for reassignment to next phase of Jameson fight

chief—first man on what was to be his general headquarters staff.

Reports from the fire scene were few, but Kenny Seebold, the Escondido dispatcher, carried a picture of the fire in his head. At 2:57, he ordered a hundred hot meals and a hundred lunches from a Santa Ana caterer. At 3:13, he dispatched a junior fire camp—two trucks loaded with paper sleeping bags, stoves, electric generators, snake-bite kits, headlights, flashlight batteries, shovels, McLeod tools (combination hoes and rakes), oil, canteens, folding chairs—complete equipment for a hundred men. A little later in the afternoon, Holland requested that a state camp be set up on the flat near Elsinore.

About 5:00 P.M., Al Wright, who had been on the fire scene for an hour, and Holland huddled on strategy. (Wright already had ordered two more bulldozers, 3,000 feet of hose line, two additional hand crews, 75 more hot meals and a helicopter. At Escondido, Seebold took these orders as calmly as though he were ticking off a grocery list. "The idea," he said, "is that the fire boss doesn't have to worry. Whatever he orders, we get.")

The slop-over of the fire across the highway had been hedged in by a fire line cut by dozers. With the fire confined to a patch of brush about eight acres in size north of the highway, Wright and Holland thought they would have a good chance to knock it off after dusk. Respectable fires, like respectable people, sleep at night—under the calming influence of rising humidity and falling temperature. Cats and hand crews were deployed along a truck trail near the bottom of the first canyon, where a stand could be made.

But the wind foiled their plans. Long streamers of flame and burning branches leaped the truck road and the fire raged crazily ahead. "We were so far behind the fire then that we didn't know where it was," said Holland. "That's when we knew we had a big fire on our hands," said Wright.

Wright called by radio for a cat boss, a plans chief and 20 handy talkies so communications could be established in the up-and-down country. Five minutes later, Herman L. Landweir, forest foreman of road and trails, left Escondido to take over as plans chief; he carried the handy talkies and a photo-copying outfit to turn out working maps for the fire fighters.

Wright and Holland divided up responsibility for fighting the fire. Wright took charge in the west, while Holland deployed the state crews along the eastern front.

Holland's job was to build a fire line a mile long along the eastern escarpment, dropping down almost vertically from Jameson Point to the flat country north of Elsinore. This line, if tied down—a nasty job—would protect the town of Elsinore and its 1,500 inhabitants.

At the same time, Wright dispatched cats to the main divide two miles west of the fire to widen the firebreak there and ordered additional dozers to Leach Canyon, two miles north of the fire, to build a fire line. Hand crews totaling 60 men were sent out to attack the fire itself.

At Arcadia, headquarters of the southern-zone dispatcher, the air had been full of talk about the build-up of the Jameson fire. The zone office, with a big fire in the San Bernardino Forest, was not too impressed with the Jameson. But when Jack Paige, on duty there, overheard Wright ordering sector teams, a radio technician, sector bosses and a main fire camp with facilities for 250 men, he perked up.

"I thought I'd better do a little window shopping," said Paige, "so I phoned the central and northern zones and told them to stand by for some orders. Then I talked to the region-three dispatcher in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to see what he had in the way of Indians."

The Forest Service cherishes its Indian crews. Even though they have to be transported long distances, they are better than "pogeys" (pickup labor) because they know their business, work hard and never complain. "Those guys can hang onto a steep hill with one hand and chop line with the other," says Wright.

At 9:20 that first night, Landweir (who had arrived at El Cariso guard station and conferred with Wright) sent through an order for 200 Indians. Zone headquarters dispatched a Forest Service plane to pick up the crews. Wright also wanted line bosses, four 20-man crews, a records officer, an intelligence officer, two scouts, four timekeepers, six sector teams, two cat bosses and two tanker bosses. In passing along the request, Landweir reported the Jameson had grown to 400 acres eight hours after the first smoke.

When Landweir's order came in, Walter Birch, who had taken over night duty at Escondido, added up his resources. His district of the Cleveland had been almost stripped. Other districts had sent units. On the roads for a hundred miles around the fire, tankers and dozers, men in stakeside trucks, tankers and pumpers, service rigs for the cats, gasoline and diesel-oil trucks were closing in. Birch picked up the phone and called Arcadia to relay Landweir's order.

Weary Men Battle Flames All Night

All during the night, the fire sporadically flared up. When it ran, the tired, soot-streaked men backed away and let her go—there was nothing they could do. But as soon as the flare-ups died, they flung themselves back on the fire line, shoveling away the duff down to mineral soil, dousing snags and smokes with their hoses and back pumps. The men were silhouettes against the flames, automatons in the forest. All night the grinding work went on.

By noon of the second day, Al Wright was in command of nearly 300 men and a vast pool of wheeled and winged vehicles. Chartered airplanes were bringing him more men—Mescalero Apaches from Alamogordo, Zuñis from Gallup, Navajos from Winslow, Folsom Prison inmates, and crews from half a dozen northern forests. Virgil Shoemaker, the southern-zone dispatcher, had the job of keeping track of them. The state had a man mapping the fire from the air and dropping completed maps at the fire camps. Cats were working a half-dozen ridges, some as far as four miles from the fire.

Still, Wright could feel reasonably good about his fire. The night's run had not done too much damage, the state crews had completed the murderous work on the eastern escarpment and that flank seemed secure. The fire itself was moving slowly, the flames inexorably eating toward Leach Canyon, the broad basin still a mile to the north. Leach is a deep canyon with thousand-foot walls and its floor is humped with hillocks and ridges and subsidiary canyons.

The strategy was now classic. With a short tie line on the south, with a stout tie line on the east, Wright could now concentrate on the northern and western sectors of the fire. It was a job for men, not hose trucks or bulldozers. He needed hot-spot crews working and grubbing right at the edge of the fire. ("We've got to put out the fire or get burned," the hot-spotters say proudly.) He needed hot-shot crews, the hand-tool artists, for a real crackdown on the blaze. And he needed Indians—the Forest Service calls them "human bulldozers"—working in 40-man crews, working in rhythm, cutting a wide swath through the forest to thwart the fire.

The job was now mainly a matter of road building, slashing long lines—a foot wide, 30 feet, 200 feet wide—through the brush with dozers and, where dozers could not work, with men. The object was to tie a noose around the fire and choke it to death for lack of fuel. If the fire laid down with the cool of the night, as it should, the men might be able to pinch it off.

So Tuesday afternoon was a hopeful time. Thunderclouds loomed up from the east and a few fat drops of rain fell into the burn, sending up tiny geysers of ashes as they struck the cremated canyons. The burn was covered with still-hot white and gray ash. Manzanita and chamise shrubs were twisted antlers of black. And over all, except for the distant rumble of dozers, was silence: no sound of insects, no bird song, no rustle of leaves, no rabbits or deer darting into cover.

The fire seemed almost leisurely now, munching into the fuel, driven slowly ahead by a gentle west wind, its living edge sending out white smoke, its trail a smoking bruise. Eight hundred acres had been blackened. (At El Cariso, the night shift, an acre of sleeping men, began to stir from their bedrolls.)

Then a strange thing happened. At six o'clock, the wind died down almost entirely. An invisible layer of air above Leach Canyon pressed down with cosmic weight. The smoke flattened out and, without direction, filled the canyon with milky light. Men became wraiths in a white world. The fire stood still. The hoggers on the lines raised their sweaty, soot-stained faces and listened. Cat skinners idled their motors and waited. Far away a foreman on an Indian crew, feeling the change in the air, started calling his men down from a brush-covered hill where they were invisible under the canopy.

The almost nonexistent wind turned lazily until it came directly from the south. Then, without warning, it suddenly picked up speed like a broad jumper and flung itself at the fire. There was a silken shuuush, a long rush of sound sucking through the canyons like the sound of gravel going down a chute. In Leach Canyon, the noise of the

GENE TRINDL

Bulldozer, a vital weapon in fighting fires, carves firebreak to stem onrushing flames

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LARRY FROST

Victorious but bone-tired, fire fighters trudge back toward camp after beating out the last flickering flames of Jameson fire. Background shows complete devastation left in its wake

wind, cutting through the hills in a narrow stream, soon transcended sound. The ground trembled and men felt the sound in their legs.

From behind a near hill, a wall of solid flame 100 feet high swept over the ridge. The milky smoke turned orange and pink and black. The falling sun became a tiny red ball in the churning murk. In seconds the caldron of flames sluiced down into Leach Canyon, throwing howitzer blasts of fire a half mile ahead. Dancing tornadoes of spiraling flame and embers whirled like pin wheels in the vanguard, pirouetted daintily on the edge of the conflagration, walked out ahead and collapsed suddenly in heavy brush, starting new fires which burned uphill toward the wind-driven fire tide. The fires collided with cataclysmic noise and sent embers a mile in the air. A mushroom smoke column boiled orange to 25,000 feet.

The air was hot and filled with smoke and it was hard to breathe. Sparks and burning twigs caromed through the air. Men, with wisps of fire clinging to their clothes, pelted through the gloom, making for the comparative safety of an orchard, appearing for an instant and disappearing in the engulfing smoke.

Associate state ranger Ray Banks, was driving his sedan up Leach Canyon when the "blowup" hit. The flame-laden wind rocked his car so violently that he thought it would turn over. "All around me there was a noise like thunder and masses of whirling sparks," he said afterward. "It was like being in a meteor shower in outer space. I was lucky the windows were up, or the inside of the car would have caught on fire. As it was, the paint is blistered. I never want to come that close again."

While the fire blew, it was a time of flight. Norman Harris, a state ranger, driving carefully over sandy, rocky soil into Leach Canyon, suddenly was confronted by two tanker trucks, their engines whining as the drivers forced them to top speed. Harris was blocking their way and as he carefully backed to turn around, he got hopelessly stuck in the sand. Without a word being spoken, men materialized out of the smoke and fire, lifted the car, turned it around and the caravan roared out of the canyon, accompanied by the gravelly crackle of the fire.

The men gathered slowly in the safe places, standing in the burn. In their faces was a look of futility and a trace of memory of what they had been through. When fire rules the forest, men can do nothing. They sat and watched the flames. Some started backfires. But the battle was lost. Radiated heat was intense: on the 150-foot-wide cat line now overreached by the fire, the tiny roots which had escaped the dozer blades made a pathway of eerie little candles burning in the gloom.

Al Wright, who could do nothing directly about the fire while it raged, still figured he had it 80 per cent corralled although it now covered 2,000 acres and had more than five miles of open, untamed line. He ordered more bulldozers for the secondary firebreaks in McVicker's Canyon north of Leach, and waited for the fire to lie down. Around him were the faces of the men who had seen the blowup, and the atmosphere was full of a feeling of man's futility.

"Ain't you going to get some sleep?" someone asked Wright. (He'd been awake for 38 hours.)

"As long as we have a chance to do something about it, I'll keep at it," he replied. "We'll throw everything we can onto the line. If the wind comes up again and we lose it, I'll get some sleep then."

JEROME YULSMAN

Trucks ferried men to fire scene and served as communications centers (note the antenna)

When Desert Wind Shifted Direction

Now, by all right and reason, the Jameson, having had its fling, should have finally given up and gone to sleep. But the Jameson was a freak. The devilish wind hauled around the compass and roared in from the desert on the east. Although the humidity was high and the temperature dropping, no fire could sleep under such blasts.

The screaming wind lifted the Jameson and sent it rolling relentlessly westward up the canyons. Al Wright grinned and grabbed a sleeping bag. "Well, that does it," he said. "I'm going to grab some sleep. If she lies down, wake me up." Walter J. Puhn, the Cleveland Forest supervisor, rolled up in his sleeping bag under a tree.

They did not sleep long. At one thirty Wednesday morning, the flames nimbly leaped the 150-foot firebreak at the main divide in the west, like a naughty child skipping across a creek, and roared down the canyons and over the ridges on the western slope of the Santa Anas.

Wright was awakened by the report the fire was sweeping toward Trabuco Canyon, a brush-choked cleft on the western fringe of the hills. There were people in Trabuco—people and about 130 weekend cabins. Someone had to warn those people and get them out.

Wright radioed Escondido but Escondido was silent. (The treacherous wind reached Escondido at 1:08 Wednesday morning, just before it drove the Jameson over the main divide. A gust ripped a branch off a eucalyptus tree which snapped the power line into the dispatcher's office, leaving Walter Birch in the dark with only telephone communication.)

Walter Puhn was jerked from his sleeping bag to spread the alarm. He drove to the state camp. From there state men called Riverside to notify James K. Mace, deputy state forester in charge of the southern California district. Only Puhn and Mace could effect an evacuation.

While the fire snarled at Trabuco Canyon, the fierce east wind died. Now southwest winds blew gently from the moist ocean. The rampaging run of the Jameson was over. In the last eight hours, the conflagration had devoured 4,500 acres of the forest; since the first puff of smoke had been sighted on Monday, the fire had devastated a total of 6,000 acres.

It took nearly another week of back-breaking, heartbreaking toil to put the final crusher on the beast. During those final days, the fire crept slowly and almost invisibly down-canyon through the duff, scorching the brush cover, then flared into flame to race back uphill and consume the brush.

At zone headquarters, Virgil Shoemaker juggled planes and buses, Indians and hot-shot crews. A third camp was opened. (The religionists from the Fountain of the World, actually in Canoga Park, California, took over cooking duties at camp number two.) The fire was a conglomerate of trucks, the clop-clop of helicopters over the ridges, a weird circus on the hilltops. Indians stolidly manned their hoes, placidly waiting for flare-ups to die down so they could get back to their work. Hot-shot crews came off the fire line singing, to indicate they could fight fires standing on their heads if necessary.

A big Negro from Chino Prison camp swung his shovel of live coals, singing, "I don't want to set the world on fire." Tanker crews laid down miles of hose to cool the creeping flames.

The death throes of the Jameson were marked on a hundred minor fronts, but by the following Tuesday—eight days after Al Mantonya had seen the first tiny smoke—the Jameson died.

Then began the enormous task of unwinding the army which had fought the blaze and mopped up along the fifty miles of straight up-and-down perimeter lines. Paymasters arrived with government checks. Buses and planes were alerted for return trips. Battered tools were thrown in trucks to be repaired.

Al Wright looked over the canyons and the far ridges where the Jameson had rampaged—6,500 acres of blackened watershed. A thousand men had labored there against the fire. It had cost $250,000 to put it out, but Wright knew the final cost of the Jameson would not be assayed for 70 years. He remembered a delegation of businessmen and farmers who had come up the mountain from Elsinore while the fire still flamed—worried about what this burn would mean to them, knowing rain could bring down a sea of mud on their groves and homes in the valley below.

His blue eyes swept the burn again and he hunched his bulk into his Forest Service sedan. The car smelled of smoke, and bits of ash lay lightly on the back seat. He started the motor and listened when the radio barked to life. It was a ranger reporting to the dispatcher at Escondido.

"This thing in Black Canyon is building up," he said. "It's in mean country and is going fast. It's about a hundred and fifty acres now . . ."

Al Wright turned his car onto the highway and started for Black Canyon.

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"Hedda Hopper. Dig that hat"

EARL WILSON HAS FUN

Snapping Celebs

"Arty (meaning too dark) shot of Faye Emerson"

"Vivian Blaine (with Mr.) doubted I could snap her"

"Gracious Grace Kelly . . ."

"EN you start tooking your own pictures, dolling?" Zsa Zsa Gabor asked me.

"Five years ago," I said.

"But, dolling, vy don't I see any till lately?"

"It wasn't until lately," spoke up my wife, "that any of them came out."

I didn't improve, my wife maintains, but photography did. This year's new fast films and developers enable you to photograph—without flash—in a cellar. Since a New York columnist lives in cellars, and sees many VIPs living it up in cellars, I joined this "natural light" school of photography.

"No flash bulbs and no stroboscopic lights" is our war cry. "And no pictures," adds my wife, who calls me the Picasso of Photography.

This "natural *darkness* school of photography"—as its critics sneer when they see all the shadows on the prints—has made the camera madness worse. Drop in to take pictures of Jerry Lewis, Herb Shriner, Linda Darnell, Red Skelton or Dave Garroway—and they take yours. (Skelton travels with seven cameras.)

Us camera hams have become positively married to our art. A Boston amateur, happening to trap Marilyn Monroe into posing, got his wife upset with his mad muttering to himself. It turned out that he was only saying, "Oh, boy, I can't wait to get her into my darkroom!"

Take me. Back in B.C. (Before Camera), I'd look at a gal and exclaim, "Woweeee!" Now, in photographing Miss Monroe, Grace Kelly, Faye Emerson, Kim Novak, Mamie Van Doren, Anita Ekberg, Lilo, Dorothy Dandridge, Vivian Blaine or my new discovery, Genie Stone, I

One thing's sure when a noted Broadway columnist take

"Jack Benny, in town for a TV show, agreed to pose 'if I needn't dress'"

"Columnist Dan Walker (l.) and composer Bob Wells at Dorothy Dandridge's opening"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

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at f/2 ASA 800

calmly say: "She's about an f/2, ASA 800."

No, that's not her sweater size. It refers to the lens opening, the film rating on the light meter, and certain advice to the darkroom guys which I'd explain further, except that I can't dig the darned thing myself.

Anyway, we're very sincere. Generally, we're as earnest as the famous photographer—a bachelor—who was plagued by New York colleagues to confess how he'd fared, romantically, on a Paris trip.

"I got some great Eiffel Tower pictures," he admitted.

"But how'd you make out *at night?*" the bachelor's wolfish friends persisted.

"... and photographer: me"

"Oh, fine," he answered. "I just exposed the film a little longer."

Photography, you see, makes you forget your troubles—you have new troubles. My own problems are basic. After shapely Celeste Holm posed in Toots Shor's, the headwaiter asked me, "Do you really have film in the camera?"

"Certainly!" I told him indignantly. "It was just in wrong, that's all!"

I'd used a roll on Shelley Winters, removed it, stuffed it in my pocket, somehow grabbed it in hunting a new roll, put it back in the camera, and photographed Celeste Holm on it. The result was a two-headed, four-chested woman—very beautiful, but not my type.

I also made a slight error once photographing Groucho Marx. I forgot to take the lens cap off.

All these difficulties were recent. You should have caught me *before* the new foolproof improvements.

—EARL WILSON

"Zsa Zsa Gabor is shown on her way to a benefit. The happy expression? She left afterward to meet Porfirio Rubirosa, who'd just been divorced"

...p photography: he never lacks subjects. Some... ***...e even gets two to an exposure***

"Here are the officers of Marilyn Monroe, Inc.: vice-president Milton Greene (a competing photographer, l.) and the company president (r.)"

"Genie Stone (r.) and a Blackburn twin (I can't tell which)"

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Bonzo had a way of walking up to a cute girl, getting a hold on her skirt, and tugging her gently toward his master. Mark met a lot of nice girls that way

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The Nairobi Incident

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Author of the new Mau Mau novel, SOMETHING OF VALUE

A mysterious change had come over Mark Manson, and now I understood why:

I found out what happened that awful night when the Mau Mau struck

THE other day in Madrid, I ran into Mark Manson. It was a routine business trip, and I had some time to kill—I'm a traveling man, so I always have time to kill. I sell hotel fixtures, and I sell them wherever anybody wants to buy them, which gives me a pretty broad beat. After twenty years in this business there may be one hotel I haven't visited, but you would have to go to Tibet to find it.

Except this new de luxe job in Spain. The plaster was still wet on this one. The elevator boys were still trying to figure out how to close the doors on the lifts, and the first chef hadn't been introduced formally to the second cook. It looked fine from the outside, though—a great big slab of granite front with a rich overlay of some kind of quartz that looked like jade. This was the latest twinkle-star in the crown of Mr. Henry Hopkinson Hathaway. Old Three-H had finally circled the globe with his big, expensive boardinghouses, and he called this one the Flamenco-Hathaway. He could just as easily have called it the Hathaway-Flamenco.

Maybe he stole a couple of pointers from the Castellana-Hilton and the Fenix and the Ritz and the Palace, but he had what looked to be a very decent pub. The carpets were deep enough to drown in, and the doormen actually opened the door for you. The desk help was Swiss, naturally, with a couple of Spaniards added to lend a little local flavor. They had been educated at Harrow before they took their honors at Magdalen, which is pronounced "maudlin" and is located in an English college town called Oxford. They wore the usual black-coat, striped-pants, hard-collar uniform, so as not to scare off the sedate set. But the rest of the help was got up like *feria* week in Seville—in flat-crowned hats, short bolero jackets, high-braced pants—and you felt as though all you needed was to see Manolete come alive again and stick a bull in the green marble lounge.

The business was terrific. All the tourists that ever bought cameras were charging up and down the lobby. Just for laughs I walked over to the reception desk (which announced itself in French, Spanish, English and German) and inquired mildly if I might have a room for the night. The clerk looked at me as if I'd asked him to cut off Salvador Dali's mustache.

"I'm dreadfully afraid, sir, that we are booked solid through the festival of San Ysidro," he said, patting his marcel.

"When's that?" I asked him.

"A year from today," he said. "This year's San Ysidro ended yesterday."

"That's nice," I said, "but I can't wait," and stalked off to the bar.

In the cocktail room Spaniards and tourists were packed solid, and they weren't drinking *manzanilla*. They were drinking bonded Scotch at Heaven knows how much the hooker, and the best English gin. There was nothing doing in the bar, if it was a drink you wanted. All the early drinkers had staked their claims on space.

I mushed through the deep broadloom as far as the dining room, figuring I would test the new cuisine. It was only two o'clock, and ordinarily a Madrileño doesn't even consider the possibility of food before four. But the dining room was loaded and waited for. So was the terrace outside. This was no hotel: this was Fort Knox, Henry Hopkinson Hathaway version. They needed no fixtures from me.

When I was halfway to the street a hand dropped on my shoulder, and a voice remembered from other places said quietly: *"Jambo, Bwana 'Mkubwa."* I won't say I was startled, but so few Spaniards know how to say: "Hello, Big Master," in Swahili, which is a sort of trade language they use around Central Africa. I looked and there was Mark Manson.

Some of him looked like the old Mark Manson, the Mark Manson I used to know. His long, melancholy nose was the same, and so were the mournful brown eyes. But the double chins were gone and the tailoring was exceptional. The suit was a simple blue double-breasted, but obviously Savile Row. The tie was Charvet and the shoes were Peal and the silk shirt was born quite close to the Corso Umberto in Rome.

I goggled.

"Shauri gani?" I said, for lack of something better. It only means "What's new?" or "How's it going?"

"Hi m'zuri, m'zuri sana kapisa," he said, a long way to say, "Okay." He seemed to be glad to speak the language again.

"What are you doing in this town, in this joint?" I asked him, in English.

"I work here," he said. "I run this joint, as you call it. I am the managing director."

"But—"

"Let's go up to my suite and have a drink," he said. "You can't wedge yourself into that wretched bar."

"I know," I said. "I tried. But oh, how the pesetas roll in."

"It's a living," he said. "I'm successful at it. Let's go and have that drink."

I FOLLOWED Mark Manson around some mahogany desks and he bowed me into a private elevator. In a few seconds we stepped out onto the hotel roof. There were a few acres of trees and clipped green grass; a small swimming pool and what looked like a bridle path, but probably wasn't. The bar he led me into was slightly smaller than Ebbets Field, but with better fixtures. I know fixtures.

The female fixture who came in after Mark had yelled "Hoy!" was quite something to see. She had that black hair and great violet eyes. And the baby she was carrying was a tiny carbon of her.

"This is my wife," Mark said. "My old friend, Joe Patrick. And this is the heiress. Say hello, sweetie, to Mr. Patrick."

"Glop," said the heiress. "So nice," said the wife. "What may I do for you, darling?" she asked Mark Manson.

"See if you can get the chef to send us up a Madrasi curry and some cold guinea fowl," Mark said. "Lunch in about an hour. Right now, darling, if you'd excuse us, we've a lot of old times to talk about. You won't mind, will you?"

"Of course not, dear," she said. "I'll be seeing you soon and often, I hope, Mr. Patrick." She walked away with the angel child cooing over her shoulder. She walked like ladies walk when they've been ladies a long time. About three hundred bucks' worth of Balenciaga suit didn't hurt the exit, either. *(Continued on page 40)*

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Help Wanted—Male

Be an

AIRMAN

in the

U.S. AIR FORCE

If you're a young man between 17-34, here's your opportunity for world-wide

Where Are the Men Who Want to Fly?

IN HIS State of the Union message last January, President Eisenhower expressed deep concern about "the rapid turnover of our most experienced servicemen," which, he said, "seriously weakens the combat readiness of our armed forces and is unnecessarily and extravagantly expensive." He was calling attention to a problem that has been causing real worry among United States military men for some time.

The problem has been especially worrisome to the Air Force. The USAF expects to be the first service called upon in an emergency; it spends more money than the others in training its men; it is supposed to build up its strength to 975,000 officers and airmen by 1957—yet it stands to lose 600,000 of its present 830,000 enlisted men in that time. "I don't have to tell you," General Nathan F. Twining, the Air Force Chief of Staff, wrote to his top commanders, "that holding on to our good people is our number one problem in the Air Force—the one the Secretary and I consider our biggest personal headache."

There is no mystery about why the Air Force is having difficulty keeping its men. Most of the thousands who will be leaving the service in the next three years are four-year enlistees who signed up during the Korean fighting. "Since we are not now at war, and Americans basically are not militarist in spirit," says Brigadier General Richard

The Manpower Problem

It expects to lose over 70 per cent of its 830,000 men in the nea

TEN years ago, while associated with infantrymen, I shared many of their opinions, including some about the Air Force. A foot soldier is not cosmopolitan in his views. With your eyebrows at ground level you can't see far and you tend to be subjective about the war effort in general; for example, if a tank runs over you the Armored Force stinks. As for our planes, I regarded them as a necessary evil which kept enemy pilots away most of the time, myopically dropped hardware on our side of the hill part of the time, and sent out frequent press releases claiming to have achieved such miracles as knocking out more locomotives than had been built since the De Witt Clinton. At that time the Air Force was a subordinate branch of the Army, and its men wore the same lusterless drab as we groundlings, but with crushed caps and pained expressions. Clearly, they yearned for independence and an identity of their own, which was all right with us.

In those days some Air Force propagandists, a zealous lot, often implied that bombs were winning the war, ground forces were useful mainly for policing the rubble and the Navy was floating around merely to pick up any surviving hostiles who got blown into the water. This hoopla, ironically, smothered many of the fliers' real accomplishments and heroisms under a blanket of resentment from the other services which has lasted to this day.

The resentment hasn't been lessened by the fact that in the last few astonishing years military aviation has gained a prestige and importance beyond press agentry's wildest fantasies. Thanks to the atom and to the current world trend toward starting wars without the formality of declaring them first. Air Force pitchmen turned out to be prophets, and our air arm has not only gained its independence from other services but is now the colossus of them all, receiving by far the major portion of defense funds. That's because everybody knows that a single jet can pack the wallop of several thousand World War II bombers. In a shy, home-loving nation such as ours, where politicians can become prominent by doing nothing much except hollering about keeping our boys off grubby foreign shores, there's something appealing about warfare in the new, supersonic, sanitary way.

"But I don't want security," says young man. "I want to make a living." Author learned in his travels that the old-fashioned recruiting come-ons are not attracting potential airmen

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I've done my share of sitting around in taverns with other ex-soldiers and kidding the Air Force, like about the time they set out to bomb Cassino and dumped a load on Fifth Army Headquarters. But between beers I do a little newspaper reading, and as nuclear fission has gotten better and foreign relations have gotten worse, my raucous voice has died to a whisper. I find myself wondering if some would-be young jet pilot might have overheard some of my ill-chosen remarks and decided to take up bookkeeping, when he could have been the man who would someday have saved New York.

On any clear day now you can find me with the other taxpayers, staring upward, rapt, at the feathery contrail of some high-flying, invisible jet. Though still loyal to the Infantry, I find it just as reassuring (and maybe even a bit more poetic) to see my dollars in ice crystals ribboned across the stratosphere, as to think of them disappearing down some drill sergeant's gullet in the form of meatballs. While I'm far from convinced that warships are obsolete or that superbombs can irrevocably defeat a nation whose riflemen have shovels and sense enough to use them, I'm afraid that when the poor guys climbed out of their holes after the blast they'd find discouragingly little left to fight for.

Never one to let history go by without hitching at least a short ride, I have taken up flying myself, in an amateur way, thereby augmenting my objective concern about national defense with a hobbyist's interest in the working end of the Air Force. Recently I set out in my little four-cylinder Piper Tri-Pacer for a tour of air bases around the country, first acquiring a pocketful of landing clearances, since I didn't want to be mistaken for a guided missile while approaching sensitive spots. It was interesting to note that not even the public-relations boys would venture to ask permission for me to land at any Strategic Air Command (SAC) bases, where our intercontinental bombers sit ready to deliver their cataclysmic loads.

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H. Carmichael, USAF Deputy Director of Personnel Procurement, "these young men find the urge to return to civilian life appealing. This is a problem in the Air Force which is seriously undermining our program."

It is also costing a great deal of money. It costs $65,000 to train one jet pilot, $14,750 to replace the average airman. If 400,000 of the airmen expected to quit by 1957 could be induced to re-enlist, the Air Force would save $6,000,000,000. So far, the Air Force isn't having much luck. Although it has given its men a wide choice of assignments, stations and educational opportunities as inducements, the re-enlistment rate is still only around 25 per cent.

What can be done to end the dangerous and expensive turnover of the trained men on whom national security depends? Ultimately, the answer rests with the men themselves—as the generals are well aware. Several surveys have been conducted to find out what the men are thinking; in one poll 24.2 per cent of the airmen sampled indicated that increased pay would make them look more favorably on re-enlistment, and 15.6 per cent called for a fairer promotion system. But behind those statistics lies the real solution—in the words and feelings of these much-wooed airmen.

On these pages, Bill Mauldin, a writer known for his ability to report the serviceman's viewpoint, presents the results of a recent series of interviews he held with Air Force personnel, and with young potential airmen around the country, on the subjects of recruitment and re-enlistment. His article cannot be comprehensive, of course; he met only a tiny percentage of the air arm's 960,000 officers and men. Yet it affords an unusual insight into the military manpower problem—and some realistic suggestions for Air Force leaders.

in the Air Force

By BILL MAULDIN

uture. What can be done about it? A noted writer-cartoonist reports some answers

"SAC is highly secret and jealously sovereign, even within the Air Force," an officer in Washington told me. "They hold history in their hands and know it. You realize, of course, that their prime mission is retaliation, which means they're ready to roll on a moment's notice and they don't intend to get caught on the ground. Personally, I wouldn't care to be cluttering up a SAC runway with a thought like that in the back of my head."

(It turned out later that SAC did invite me to visit the main base at Omaha, generously offering to let me land on the field if I would identify myself by radio from afar. After mulling it over, I arrived at the gate in a bus.)

My trip was conceived out of genuine curiosity and a friendly desire to show that even old dogfaces can learn new tricks. I had no idea that for all its awesome might the Air Force I was about to see is being seriously crippled by a manpower crisis which is really frightening when you stop to think how much of our defense is tied up in airplanes. I knew the other services were having a terrible time holding valuable young specialists and technicians against the lures of industrial salaries and veterans' benefits. But it didn't seem likely that the Air Force—with its opportunities, its future, and its new prefab steel barracks where even the lowest ranks will sleep two to a room with semiprivate baths and pastel hues on the walls—could be in much trouble. Tooling along at 120 mph above Chesapeake Bay, keeping an eye out for jets on the approach to Langley Air Force Base in Virginia, my first stop, I was full of all the enthusiasm of the new aviator and couldn't see why anybody would want to do anything but fly airplanes or work on them.

I didn't find any "fellow pilots" to talk with right away at Langley, but while I was parking my plane the two glummest sergeants I ever saw walked by, one of them muttering something about ". . . training the whole damn' television industry."

"You'd'a thought," the other one said, "the Air Force might've caught on that all these kids joined four years ago just to duck the Infantry and would get out about time they had enough training to be useful. You know when the peak recruiting months were? When all those frostbite pictures were coming back from the Hungnam Reservoir."

JERRY FUND

The author (r.) interviews Air Force men at Stewart AFB, New York. At the top is A/2c T. R. Mulvaney. Below, A/2c R. W. Murray and M/Sgt. R. L. Sherwood

"How many men you lost?" asked the first one.

"Two last month, two this month. I gotta change a wheel on an F84, if I can find enough help. If I can't I'll stick my head in the air intake, get my brains sucked out, and go to college on the GI Bill. What're they gonna do with that GI Bill when *everybody's* a veteran? Take dough outta one pocket and put in the other?"

He departed, shaking his head bitterly, and I caught up with the other one. He told me he headed a 10-man section in Fire Control for the 405th Fighter-Bomber Wing, an F84F outfit in the Tactical Air Command. I followed him into the Fire Control room and found it bristling with the enormously complicated electronics equipment which does a great deal of the thinking for modern combat planes. Six of the men happily told me they were on their way out. Each readily admitted having chosen four years of Air Force to two of Infantry, and none regretted it, the consensus being that in addition to preserving whole skins they'd learned something profitable.

"And so it goes, not just here, but through the whole Air Force," said an old career colonel I talked to later. "Out of 830,000 men, we're losing more than half a million in the immediate future, many of 'em technicians it took thousands of dollars apiece and—more important—years to train. And who can blame the kids, since they weren't interested in the service in the first place? Weren't *you* anxious to get out when your hitch was up? The personnel people are frantic, sending out questionnaires and conducting polls and asking what the beefs are so they can patch 'em up and keep the

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"Leave the want ads alone, son. You're ours for six months yet." Industry lures highly trained Air Force technicians

boys in. They've even got Hollywood to advise about the design of a fetching uniform for the new Air Academy.

"They've uncovered the usual garden-variety GI beefs: food, benefits, promotion, snafus in the upper ranks and so on. But the polls show that even if everything got fixed up to everybody's satisfaction plenty of kids would *still* want out."

"Well, you've still got the pilots," I said. "Aren't they the most important thing?"

"Sure, we've got the car and the driver but we're losing the wheels," the colonel said. "And don't think there isn't some trouble in the cockpit, too. It isn't as bad, but it's there."

Skipping playfully over some cheery patches of cumulus cloud en route to the next field, I just couldn't believe the old man. Caught up in junior birdman fancies again, I got to musing about a pilot's future, and it occurred to me that at least there's one consolation to the cold war: it has shoved the jet and rocket business to the point where flying vistas ahead are incomparably greater than when I was a fascinated little kid 20 years ago.

Today we're around the corner from the real science-fiction stuff. Before long, if aviation doesn't blow the world up first, aviation will take us right out of the world. The moon itself will be a mere navigational check-point on the way to some exotic joint like Venus, I thought. And as my destination finally came into sight, I suddenly felt my venerable thirty-three years for the first time, thinking how today's kid starting in aviation will almost surely see space travel long before he retires.

Author's Plane Intrigues Jet Pilots

On the ground, a group of jet fighter pilots of the Air Defense Command gathered around my Tri-Pacer, as intrigued by the quaint, piston-driven little machine as if it were a flying saucer. One young lieutenant curiously fingered the propeller and another climbed in to study my instruments and radio.

"Hey, how about checking me out in it while you're here?" the one in the seat asked.

"I can't imagine a guy in jets wanting to fool with anything else," I said.

"Just curious. I never rode in a civilian plane," the lieutenant told me. "I'm getting out of the Air Force pretty soon and I'd hate to give up flying altogether. You *do* call this flying, don't you? Maybe I can rent one of these on weekends. Do they cost much secondhand?"

"Somewhat less than that million-dollar job you're used to," I said. "My lessons didn't cost $65,000 like yours did, either."

"Oh, that's cheap," he said. "They're training bomber pilots now to be navigators, bombardiers and everything else. One of those guys is worth around $600,000."

"How come you're getting out if you like to fly?"

"That's a long story," he said. It was, too. It lasted for three beers that evening. The main trouble, it seemed, was his bride.

"We've been married less than a year," he said, "and she's already fed up. It's her or the Air Force, and I guess I like her better than jets."

"Well, it's probably a pretty nerve-racking life for a dependent young thing," I observed.

"Oh, my flying doesn't scare her as much as it does most wives," he said. "She knew I planned a career of it when we first met. And don't get her wrong—she's a pretty good sport about the other service wives' complaints, too: quick changes of station, moving problems, bad housing some of the time and none at all other times, which means hotel bills if she stays with me, the cost of groceries and all that. Of course, we have no babies and that helps. Most pilots' families are loaded with kids."

"Groceries? I thought one of the solaces of military life was a cut-rate commissary."

"I'll clue you: this is quote peacetime unquote. Oh, *we're* on a war basis—interceptors go out with rockets up to the ears, and we're always being reminded that every strange plane might be *the* one. But let a commissary undersell the local grocers two cents on a box of soda crackers and right quick they tell Congress how we're stabbing free enterprise and how us prankish Space Cadets wake up their babies cutting in our afterburners.

"But that's not what gets my wife down. What kills her is putting up with this kind of life when she can't even have fun being heroic about it. When a country's full of war fever and a combat pilot's wife wakes up in the middle of the night—maybe with nothing on her mind but a bottle of cold beer in the icebox—all the neighbors see her lights go on and they cry buckets about the noble lady sweating out her man on a mission. But right now I don't think the people next door even know I fly. If I get alerted tonight and have to scramble off in a blizzard to intercept some off-course airliner 200 miles at sea and anybody sees our lights go on at 3:00 A.M., they don't know she's been watching the clock and figuring fuel consumption since she heard the afterburner pop on take-off, and if she doesn't hear me coming in on my base leg in two minutes she'll know I'm down to my last half pint. The neighbors think we're down to a half pint of something else. It's crazy being at war when nobody else is."

A few weeks later I flew out to Colorado Springs, headquarters of the Air Defense Command (and site of the new Air Academy, USAF's own West Point) and mentioned the lieutenant's wife to an ADC colonel named Harry Shoup, a veteran fighter pilot himself.

"I guess chasing unidentified Stinsons and Stratocruisers isn't the kind of thing that inspires a flier's home town to throw a parade for him," the colonel chuckled. "Young kids like the lieutenant and his wife are bound to get resentful when people don't realize the importance of investigating every bogie that shows up on radar. But even one plane, just one, lousy, innocent-looking little crate could make Pearl Harbor look like a magic-lantern view of a hopscotch tournament. You know, if there's a twentieth-century version of the minutemen, those interceptor kids are it. They scramble at any second in any weather. The irony is that the better they do their job, the less likely attack is, and as long as there's no attack their job isn't appreciated."

While in Colorado Springs, I made the discovery, which by now was not as startling as it would have been earlier, that high-school boys around the country haven't been exactly engaged in a competitive stampede for appointments to the new academy. Oh, they've filled it, all right, and the standards haven't lowered, but it's an indication of the general teen-age lassitude about aviation.

I remember an Eastern Airlines pilot named Ed Richardson once told me that he makes a practice of inviting youngsters to take a peek at the cockpit, and most of them are too blasé about it even to get out of their seats.

Later, I sampled some of this teen-age opinion.

Why Teen-Agers Aren't Eager to Fly

"I've got nothing against airplanes, but what good are they? You can't drive over to your girl's house in one," said Willie Landers, sixteen, a student from Detroit. He said he tried a couple of flying lessons but gave it up.

Willie's buddy Carl Martin, eighteen, from Indianapolis, said his father owned a plane and was a bug about flying.

"He can't understand why I'm not interested," Carl said. "Neither can I, but I'm not."

"Everybody's looking at it wrong," a peppery old aviator named Jerry Connell, who works at a Midwest airport, told me. "I've got a better way of juggling statistics. Our town has maybe 1,000 teenage boys. In the old days when planes were curiosities, 900 or so would have come rubbernecking sooner or later. But only about a dozen would've taken lessons, and of these maybe eight would solo and three or four would get into serious flying. One or two would be interested in the mechanical or engineering end. Well, about the same little handful still comes around, and isn't that what's important? All we've lost are the rubbernecks.

"I think the Air Corps' trouble," Connell went on, using the old name for the Air Force, for nostalgic reasons, probably, "is that since they got so all-fired powerful they want to be elegant. They plead with reluctant college boys to come dress up their cockpits, but they sort of ignore the kid with grease on his pants who'll do any kind of dirty job around the hangar to earn another fifteen minutes of dual time. If you want fish you go to water. They want fly boys and they go to schoolhouses instead of muddy little airports. They get pretty arrogant toward civil aviation sometimes."

"Maybe they figure it takes education to deal with modern planes," I said. "Did you ever try celestial navigation with grade-school arithmetic?"

"I've got news for you," he snapped back. "Give me a normally bright high-school kid who wants to learn and I'll have him well on his way to being a first-class navigator, pilot or whatever you want before you've combed the ivy out of the hair of a Phi Beta Kappa who took up flying just to keep from walking. The enthusiastic one is a better officer, too, even if he does eat peas with a knife. He won't dump his bombs in the first cloud layer and come back with a brilliantly worded report of a munitions factory blown up."

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"Did you know the Air Force is taking cadets with only high-school diplomas now?" I asked him.

"If they do it's because they have to," Connell grunted. "Wait'll it's a buyers' market again. What throws me is that most of those big generals played hooky themselves to hang around airports."

"Mr. Connell is not being very realistic," said a USAF official in the Pentagon, "although there's some validity to the spirit behind his remarks. We don't overlook his type of aviation. We have the Civil Air Patrol, for instance, and we're behind CAP's cadet program all the way."

"They sure are behind us," said a CAP officer in a cadet meeting at the Sarasota, Florida, airport, as he turned out the lights to show some training movies borrowed from MacDill AFB, the SAC base at Tampa. "They're so far behind they can't even see us sometimes." He gestured at the audience of fourteen- to seventeen-year-olds. "We're lucky to get ten kids in a high school of 1,400 to come out here. Now get a load of the films they gave us."

The silhouette of a quaint old airplane flashed on the screen, with the date, 1941, and a scratchy voice on the sound track explained which parts were nose, tail and fuselage. Slowly and carefully, as if addressing an idiots' convention, the voice electrified the room with the statement that wings held the crate aloft and the propeller made it go.

"Although some of the newest aircraft are metal-skinned," we were told, "control surfaces are covered with fabric."

"Must set up a helluva flutter around Mach 1," piped a sarcastic young voice from the rear.

". . . This vertical movable surface in the tail group is the rudder," the movie went on.

"If that's the latest poop they'll give us, we must be spies or something," another kid said.

It was comforting to learn that in spite of the cobwebby movie, several of the youngsters were hot for flying, even though they all admitted they took a certain amount of ribbing at school for being "Space Cadets." Dan Groner, sixteen, wants to pilot jets; John Barker, fifteen, was interested in the future of rockets (to my secret delight); Clark Fulton, fourteen, said the space stuff intrigued him at first but now he thought plain old jets were interesting enough by themselves; Gary Brinton, sixteen, got his interest from his father, an airline pilot. A couple of the boys thought they would enlist as technicians, and the pride of the congregation was Nathaniel Keezell, seventeen, who had a Congressional appointment for the Air Academy.

Fabric-covered control surfaces, my foot!

Air Force Cadet Has Startling Theory

While waiting for the Sarasota kids to grow up, hoping there'll be enough of them to keep the skies friendly, the Air Force has put its best brains to work on the present crisis, and it's not for me to offer presumptuous conclusions. But you can see that I couldn't help hearing of other people's theories, and the one which startled me most and stuck longest in my mind came from a USAF cadet at Spence Air Base, a contract primary school at Moultrie, Georgia.

Spence is operated by Mr. Beverly Howard, an old aviation pro who, along with his beloved industry, has had his ups and downs. Howard's hobby is acrobatic flying, at which he's an international champion. He keeps his little plane, a German Buecker Jungmeister, in a hangar at Spence and often trots it out for incoming classes and shows the popeyed fledglings what a simple and joyous thing it is to fly like a bird. As the same class goes out, now feeling pretty cocky with what's been learned, Howard is likely to go up and give them another show, using exactly the same bag of tricks, only now they can see it for the art it is, and they depart for the next stage of their training properly humble.

Although Air Force personnel are at the base in a supervisory capacity and to provide the proper atmosphere, since it is technically a military installation, Spence's instructors and crews are all civilians. The Air Force has, in fact, consigned all its primary flight training to civilian contractors, finding it not only cheaper, but more efficient.

"I used to believe the old saying, 'Them as can't do it teaches it,'" said one twenty-two-year-old cadet, whose name, for reasons about to become obvious, I'll say was Sam Jones, from Kneecap, Missouri. "It sure doesn't apply to this business. An instructor here has not only got to be a hell of a fine pilot, but articulate, logical, steady, patient and a psychiatrist to boot. I've heard stories about when officers were assigned to primary instruction and some hard-boiled joker who was a good flier in other ways but hated the assignment would wash out half a class.

"I know I'd have been a sure washout. I didn't want to fly in the first place, but I took Air Force ROTC in college and they told me that since I was physically fit I'd have to take flight training to get my commission. Naturally, starting with this attitude, I was shaking with nerves for the first few hours, and kept getting so airsick that somebody put a mop in the plane with my name on it. One of those old-time instructors would have been so disgusted he'd have washed me as well as the plane out in the first hour. I sort of lacked the old tiger spirit. The guy who's teaching me here not only spent hours of his own time psyching me out of being scared, but all of a sudden now I feel this flying thing getting hold of me. I haven't even soloed and I'm figuring on making a career out of it, in fighters. I already wrote my father to tell my mother and to keep the smelling salts handy.

"Anyway," Sam went on, "I got to thinking about the trouble the Air Force is having with most of their technicians leaving and not enough coming in, and all of a sudden it occurred to me what's wrong. You know why the instructors and ground crews here are so good and take such pride in their work? They're professionals, they feel professional, and they're here because they want to be."

"You think the whole Air Force ought to be

Abrupt changes of station, poor living quarters, remoteness from towns—servicemen don't mind inconvenience in wartime, but peacetime's different

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How about the recent pay raises? "Piddling," says a cadet

civilian, now that you're making a life of it?" I asked.

"No, it's a war machine and has to have military discipline. But not altogether military in the old-fashioned sense. I hear there's a general loose in the Air Force who's famous for inspecting officers' caps and throwing them in the wastebasket if he finds a speck of dust or a frayed spot. Guys like that ought to go back to the horse cavalry. Primarily, it's a technician's Air Force."

"Agreed," I said. "The problem is getting the technicians. What's the answer—an appeal to patriotism?"

"Lord, no! A bright young guy with skill in his hands is too busy making hay to wave flags. And who's to blame him? Before I'll listen to some old geezer complain about lack of patriotism in the younger generation, I want him to prove he volunteered for a four-year peacetime hitch himself. Oh, sure, I guess even us callow youths have got some latent nobility of spirit, but it generally takes a war to bring it out, and the idea of a powerful Air Force is to try forestalling war."

"Huzza, huzza. How about *this* angle?" I pointed at an Air Force poster: SET YOUR COURSE FOR SECURITY, and showed him a classified ad from a metropolitan paper, stressing the free benefits and retirement aspects of a USAF career.

"Boy, they *must* be desperate, putting it in the 'Help Wanted' section. No, I don't like it. If I'm a jet pilot I don't want a security-minded wingman, or a crew chief daydreaming about a poultry farm. Come on," Sam urged, "you know the answer, too. Why don't you quit nitpicking around it?"

"I won't," I said. "I won't."

"All right, I'll say it. It's push-button war now, electronics war, technicians' war. You don't draft goatherds to change tubes in a jet's brain. We're not going to get the technicians we need without paying 'em, and that means not just piddling little raises like the one that just came through but matching what they'd get outside. I mean real, competitive wages."

"That's a pretty damn' coarse suggestion about a delicate subject like national survival," I objected. "So you want the service full of mercenaries, huh?"

"What *is* a mercenary, anyway?" The glib young man fixed me with his eye.

"Somebody who does something for money," I said, weakly.

"Okay, you're a mercenary reporter. What the country's asking the Air Force to do is stay on a wartime basis handling hot rockets so everybody else can stay on a peacetime basis. To ask a proud and skillful technician to give up being able to afford a nice home, a car and a big family just to provide a long peace for neighbors who won't thank him for it is to strain his patriotism to the point where he might tell you to shove it. If I'm not mistaken, he already has."

"Listen, Sam," I croaked, "in the first place, I don't go all the way with this push-button idea. I know a few guys in the Army and Navy who don't exactly regard themselves as obsolete, and they've got their technicians, too. They already call the Air Force overpromoted."

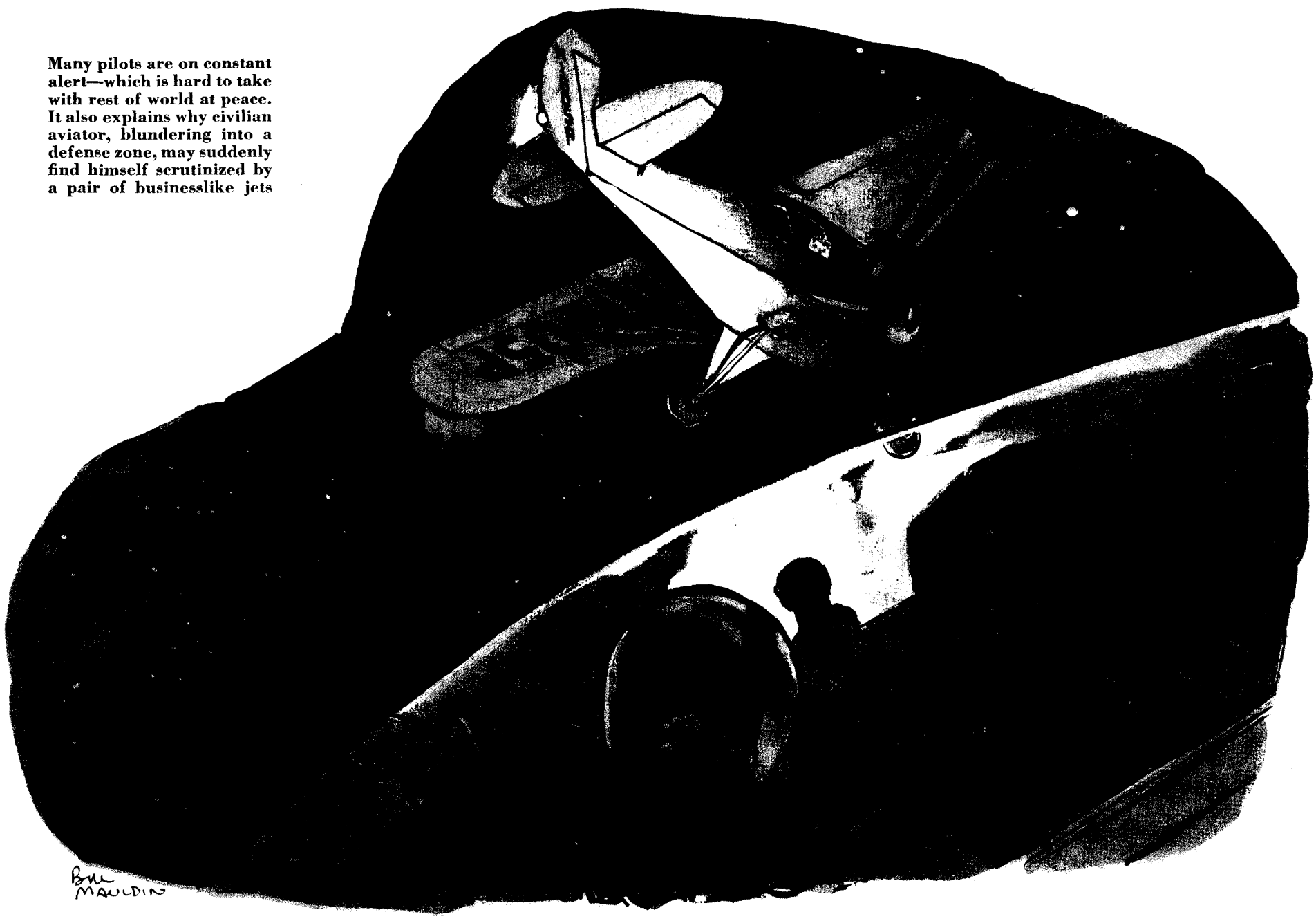
"Oh, I mean technicians in any service," he said. "Promote 'em and pay 'em all along the line, according to their skill. Look at the economics of the thing. One plane, one pilot, one ground crew can do the work thousands of planes and tens of thousands of men used to do. The Army and Navy have electronically operated weapons that enable one man to fire guns that took huge crews. Those little black boxes of magic save so many billions that you could make 'em of platinum and pay movie-star wages to maintain 'em and still be ahead of the game."

"There must be arguments to refute this," I said, "but I'm duty-bound to report what you say."

"Another thing," Sam went on. "Say it takes $15,000 to train a man to maintain a certain piece of equipment. You enlist him for four years, spend three training him, and after one more year he's got to be replaced. All costs figured in, you've laid out maybe $30,000 to get one year's work out of him. For a lousy pay adjustment amounting to a fraction of that, you'd have good men standing in line to sign up for ten or twenty years on the job. You'd save money by spending money, and that's as logical as anything in this crazy world.

"Well, so long," he concluded. "I've got a navigation class in five minutes."

"Sam," I called after him, "you'll make general fast if you can just learn to keep your mouth shut." ▲▲▲



Many pilots are on constant alert—which is hard to take with rest of world at peace. It also explains why civilian aviator, blundering into a defense zone, may suddenly find himself scrutinized by a pair of businesslike jets

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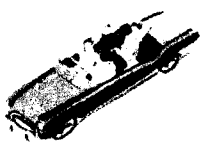
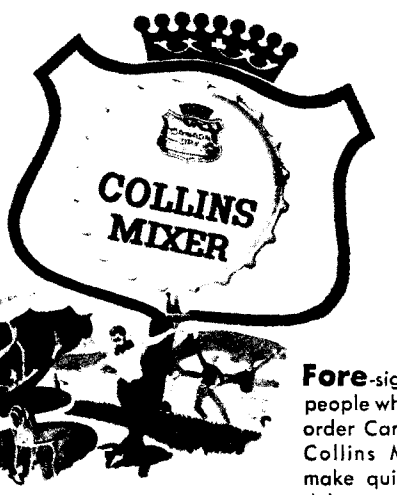
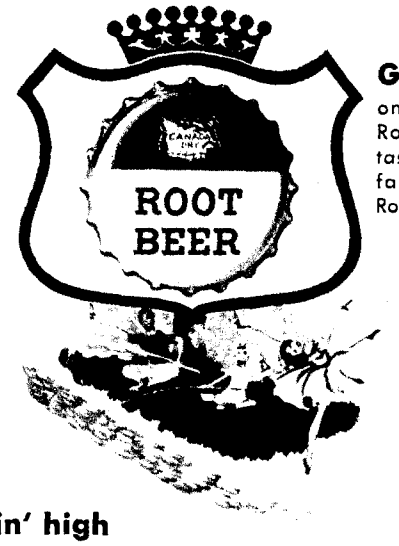




Fore-sighted are people who always order Canada Dry Collins Mixer to make quick, easy, delicious Collins.



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The Nairobi Incident

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"The same," Mark said. He didn't ask it. He said it.

"Sure," I said, "Martini *a maui*," and grinned. A Martini *a maui* was my contribution to East African culture. I taught the barman at the Livingstone Arms in Nairobi to make it, and the evil spread. A Martini *a maui* was a triple, very dry Martini "on the mountain"—*maui* being as close to "rocks" as I could come in Swahili.

Mark mixed the brain-busters, and he mixed them as well as the barman ever did. We touched glasses. "Bonzo," said Mark Manson.

"Bonzo," I answered.

Two very slow, very fat tears trickled down Mark Manson's face.

THE first time I was ever really conscious of Mark Manson was some years ago, in Nairobi. Mark was standing in the middle of the guests' lounge of a plush hotel called the Livingstone Arms, of which he was manager. He had just been hit in the face with a bundle of laundry, thrown by a rich American lady. She had a throwing arm like Willie Mays.

". . . It's not enough," the rich American lady cried, in a voice that had been tempered to a cutting edge on people she regarded as inferior. "It's not enough that the food you serve here would gag a buzzard, and that these thieves you call servants are stealing me blind. But I've had the last hole burned in my clothes with that special acid your laundry uses. Here's my dirty laundry. Wash it yourself. Also, you're too fat to be only thirty years old!"

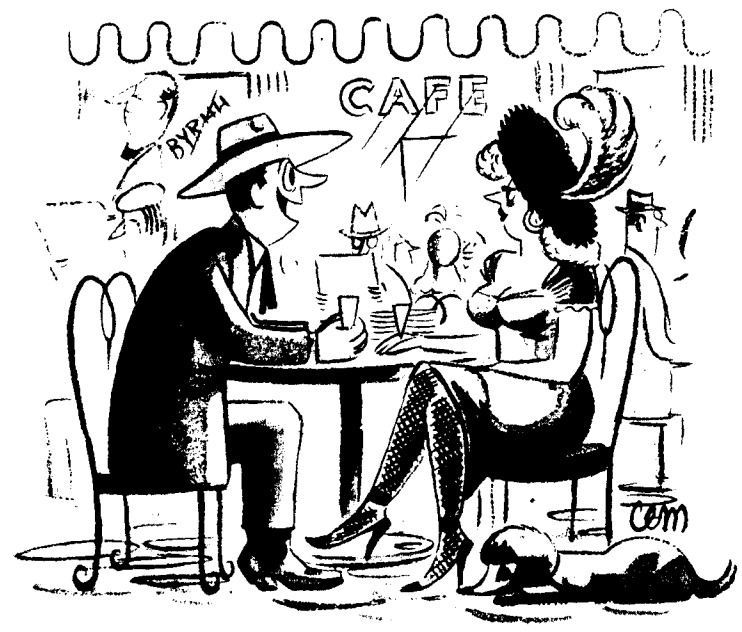
I forgot to say that this happened in the middle of a birthday party that a few employees had decided to give Mark Manson, possibly in the hope of buttering him up for a pay raise. You can imagine how this little scene reacted on the help.

Manson fought his way out of the laundry and bowed, his face as red as the clay outside. "Yes, me lady," he said. "Immediately, me lady. Thank you, me lady."

The party drifted away. It was several days before anybody, even DaSilva, the dining-room steward, could bear to look at Mark Manson. And DaSilva was the closest thing Mark had to a friend in the Livingstone Arms. But I glanced out into the court the day after the party, and Manson was walking slowly toward Cottage 19 with his arms full of what appeared to be freshly washed and ironed laundry.

Manson never found anybody who could hold still long enough to let him talk about himself, so nobody ever quite knew how he got hooked up in the hotel business. But he fitted the business about as well as his clothes fitted him. They were obviously bought off the nail, and they seemed to have been hurled at him. He had longish black hair, which he coated with grease. From his accent you would gather he came from somewhere in the North of England, and he must have started in the hotel business as a dishwasher.

Personally, I always liked Manson. Maybe pitied him would be a better word. His eyes looked like a dog's—a dog that had been abused so much that he always expected a kick as a salutation. But DaSilva, the steward, and I were about the only people who had any time for him.



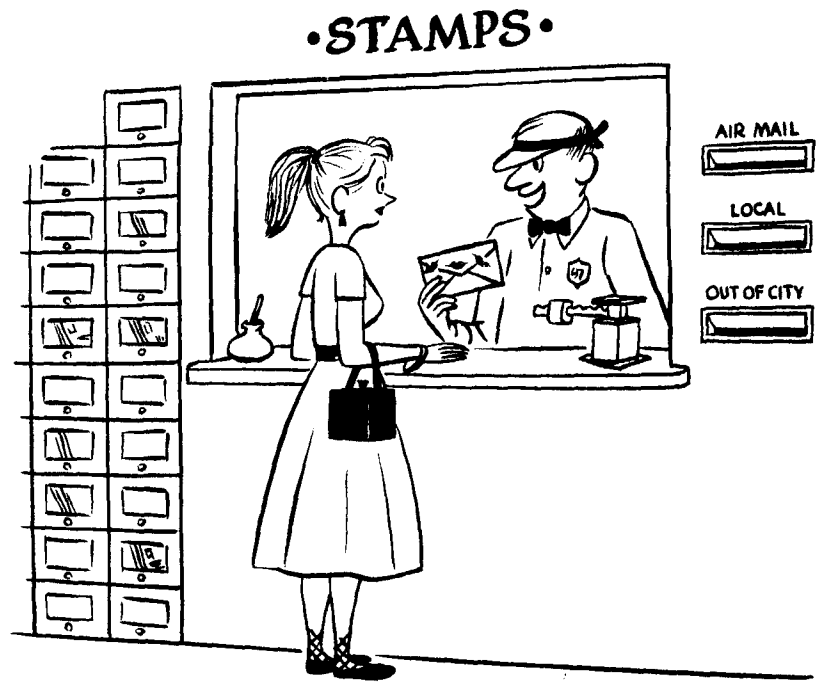
COLLIER'S **"Paris has its good points, ma'am, but you haven't lived until you've seen Dallas"** CHARLES E. MARTIN

At that time Manson was very fat—not jolly fat, but sloppy fat. He had a skinny frame and the fat was laid on him in lumps, as if a backward child had troweled it onto him. His belly bulged and his thin-boned face was hung with extra chins and pouches. He looked like a young, badly dressed, dissolute pasha.

And he was lonesome, terribly lonesome. I'm a night bird, myself, and sometimes when I would come back from the Travellers' Club after a session with the boys, I'd see Manson stalking around the courtyard in the waning moonlight, just hoping he'd see somebody to talk to—maybe a fairy princess, for all I know. When the airline pilots and the pretty hostesses would come in after an evening's dancing and go off to somebody's cottage for the last nightcap, poor Mark Manson would sort of surface from the lilacs and say a long-drawn good night, hoping they'd ask him in too. They never did.

There was a New Year's party at the Livingstone one year, and Manson got himself slightly high on champagne. He lurched over to Peggy Something-or-Other, a cute little blonde air hostess, and planted a kiss on her. Mistletoe or no mistletoe, she slapped his face. When he reeled back, her boy friend, a navigator, gave him the other half, but the navigator had his hand clenched. They hauled the manager off to bed.

I could case-history you to death with Manson's troubles, but it would take a couple of years. He couldn't manage his help. The firm that owned the hotel wouldn't give him a raise in pay. The food got worse. The service was so bad that people quit trying to use the telephones even in case of fire.



COLLIER'S **"You seem to have the right number of kisses on this. Now how about a stamp?"** JOHN ZIMA

One day a little hellion named Robbie McDonough succeeded in teaching his pet parrot to scream: "Manson's a clod!" every time Mark passed the cage in the patio. That same day Mark had an argument with one of his reception girls. She hit him on the head with an inkwell, just as the airport bus disgorged a crowd of passengers. It was a lovely scene. You didn't know whether to laugh or cry over him.

The day after the inkwell incident, Manson was sitting all alone on the veranda, just under the sign that said: *All Dogs Strictly Forbidden.* It was teatime, and he was brooding into his teacup, fingering the bandage on his ear. His face was the color of putty, and there were brownish bags under his eyes. He looked as if he'd been left out in the rain too long.

There was a howl from the patio and the thump of a kick and a yelp of pain. Manson looked up, prepared to disapprove of the disturbance. The ugliest dog ever created dragged up to the veranda and skulked under Manson's chair, where it crouched and whimpered. A big porter hauled the dog out from under the chair and aimed another kick at it.

Manson looked at the dog. The dog looked at Manson. It was the kind of look that might pass between two strangers who suddenly discovered they were blood brothers. The dog slithered over on its belly and tried to hide itself behind Manson's legs. Manson looked up at the no-dogs sign and then he looked back at the dog. He patted the dog on the head. Then he jerked a thumb at the porter. "Leave him alone," he said. "Get the hell off the porch and go back to work."

THE dog still whimpered and shivered. Manson picked it up—it was a big dog, but starved thin—and carried it off to his cottage. For a week you could see room service carrying a great many things—minced tenderloin steak, quarts of milk, eggs, raw liver, burnt crankcase oil, sulphur and flea powder—into the cottage. We didn't see much of Manson around the hotel for a week. He was nursing the dog.

One day he came out of the cottage and he was followed by the dog. It was the damnedest-looking dog I ever saw. It was part white bull terrier, and part African ridgeback, and part wildebeest, for all anybody knew. It had a long straggly tail, and one eye was circled with black. It had scabby pink patches all over its scruffy white body, where the hair was just beginning to grow back from a serious siege of mange, and suddenly we knew what the crankcase oil and sulphur were for; there never was a better mange cure. In a peculiar way, the dog and Manson looked alike. They kind of shambled, and didn't fit their skin or their clothes. They looked as if they had no business being there on the porch of a first-class hotel.

I walked up to the pair and made a joke. "Just what *is* it?" I asked.

"Don't be a fool," Manson said sharply. "It's a dog. His name's Bonzo."

"Bonzo?" I said. "There hasn't been a dog named Bonzo since the last century got tired and quit."

"His name is Bonzo," Manson said. "He reminds me of that dog I used to read about as a kid—the one with the

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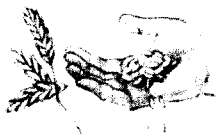
What makes a glass of beer taste so good?



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big black circle around his eye. Buster Brown or somebody had him. He likes his name, don't you, Bonzo?"

Bonzo leered, and sidled over to nip me tentatively on the leg. "Ouch!" I said. "Take this monster off me!"

Both Bonzo and his master beamed with pride. "You see," Manson said. "He's getting his confidence back."

I MUST say that Bonzo got his confidence back faster than any dog, or man, I ever saw. Maybe it was the steady feeding that did it. It wasn't long before Bonzo had the run of the dining room. He had a table and chair of his own. He also had a chair at Manson's table. He was attended personally at meals by DaSilva, the maître de, and he ate off a plate—after one of the waiters, having been summoned by a bark, cut his food for him. He sat in his chair while he ate.

Bonzo had barely ironed the wrinkles out of his belly when he began complaining about the food and service. If the chops or the steak were tough or stringy, Bonzo raised his voice and disrupted the dining room. If the service was slow, Bonzo bit the waiter. In almost no time at all the hotel's food and service improved. So, as a matter of fact, did the clientele.

This monstrous dog also had his own chair in the lobby of the Livingstone Arms, precisely under the large sign that said: *All Dogs Strictly Forbidden.* Bonzo enforced the law to its tiniest letter. No straggling mongrel or pampered poodle ever approached the veranda steps without sudden and violent assault by Bonzo, who now believed himself to be the house dick in addition to his other duties.

This private-peeper business was particularly noticeable at night. Bonzo would leap up onto the reception desk and sit by the register. Quite often he would stand on the register, feet firmly planted, his black eye as coldly suspicious as that of any house man in detective fiction. If he approved of a late-registering guest, he would loll his pink tongue and smile a welcome. If he was undecided, he would stand firmly on the register until he made up his mind. If he didn't like the smell of the guest he would growl, and Mark would be summoned to remove him from the desk. Nobody else could touch Bonzo when he was angry—not without losing an arm.

The hotel guests laughed at Bonzo's suspicions until something happened to convince them that dogs can detect evil intent in human smell, that a man frightened or up to something illegal smells differently because of a chemical change in his body. Late one night a lean, pasty, furtive-eyed type came in to register, and Bonzo uttered a deep growl and went for the man's neck. The man retreated, with Mark Manson hanging onto Bonzo's tail.

Manson apologized to the man, and that night Bonzo got his first and only beating. But then, two days later, the police caught the lean, pasty, furtive gentleman at the airport, with his valise stuffed with all the jewelry and cash he'd been able to scoop up in the hotel. Bonzo ate a specially prepared *filet mignon* that night. And Mark Manson coddled him like a widow with an only child.

Bonzo had one shocking weakness: he loved girls. He loved girl dogs, and quite often absented himself for two or three days, to return in a deplorable state of dissipation—his black circle blacker and the scars of amatory adventure etched deeply on his hide. Manson, the unsuccessful ladies' man, took great pride in Bonzo's excursions.

Bonzo loved girl humans, too, especially the pretty ones. He had a way of walking straight up to a cute young one, taking a firm hold on her skirt, and tugging her gently toward his master. Mark Manson met a lot of nice girls that way, because Bonzo was a wonderful go-between. By the time Mark had finished disentangling the lady from Bonzo's fangs, a please-forgive-my-dog drink was indicated, with Bonzo clearing the path toward the cocktail lounge, his tail carried like a pennon.

It was funny to watch. I was in and out of Nairobi a lot, since I was covering everything in the hotel line from Mombasa to Cape Town. As Bonzo developed, so did Mark Manson. It was almost as if they'd been waiting all their lives for each other, these two strays that nobody ever loved. The naked adoration in the dog's eyes was embarrassing to see. And Manson rarely moved an inch without Bonzo as escort, except on the few days that Bonzo went roving. Bonzo was the number one guest in that hotel, and the other guests profited from his presence.

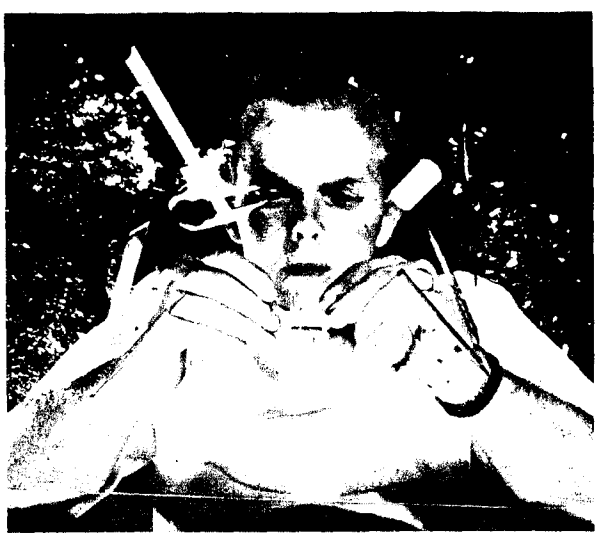
MANSON seemed to grow taller. He took time off from his work to take Bonzo picnicking, and he lost his flabbiness and sunburned his sallow face. He was spending so much more social time with the guests, now that the service had improved and the food was really excellent and there wasn't much to complain about, that he went out and got himself dressed up by the best Indian tailor in town.

He organized pleasant little extras for the guests—movies in the lounge on rainy nights, informal dances, flowers in the ladies' rooms and a gift

Dentists Wax Artistic

NOLAN PATTERSON

Dr. Harrison holds tiny, detailed models carved by beginning dental students



Working on a glass table, future dentist tests finger nimbleness sculpting engine out of wax

NOWADAYS, the first bridge a prospective dentist must cross isn't in a patient's mouth. It's the American Dental Association's aptitude test, designed to check scientific knowledge, basic intelligence and manual dexterity. All applicants have to take it before they can gain admission to an accredited dental school. Since the test was introduced in 1949, the percentage of first-year failures in dental schools has been cut from more than 10 per cent to 2 per cent. The importance given the manual-dexterity phase of the test also has confirmed to a large degree the results of a unique experiment Dr. William P. Harrison has been conducting for the past 25 years at the University of Southern California's School of Dentistry.

In 1929, Dr. Harrison decided to prove his conviction that nimble fingers are essential to plugging a cavity. During the first week of dental school, each of his freshmen was given a small cylinder of wax, a pocketknife and some carving tools. "Sculpt," directed the professor. The result, to be completed within 10 hours, had to be a polished figure not more than one and a half inches high and three quarters of an inch wide. Dr. Harrison used an A-B-C grading system to judge the figures on the basis of originality, symmetry, intricacy and finish. Four years later, he compared these freshman sculpting grades with the graduating students' final academic marks. Through the years he has received and saved more than 3,000 sculptures. In 90 per cent of the cases the sculpturing grade and the scholastic average have been the same.

Dr. Harrison's conclusion: Michelangelo would have made quite a dentist.

—HOWARD COHN

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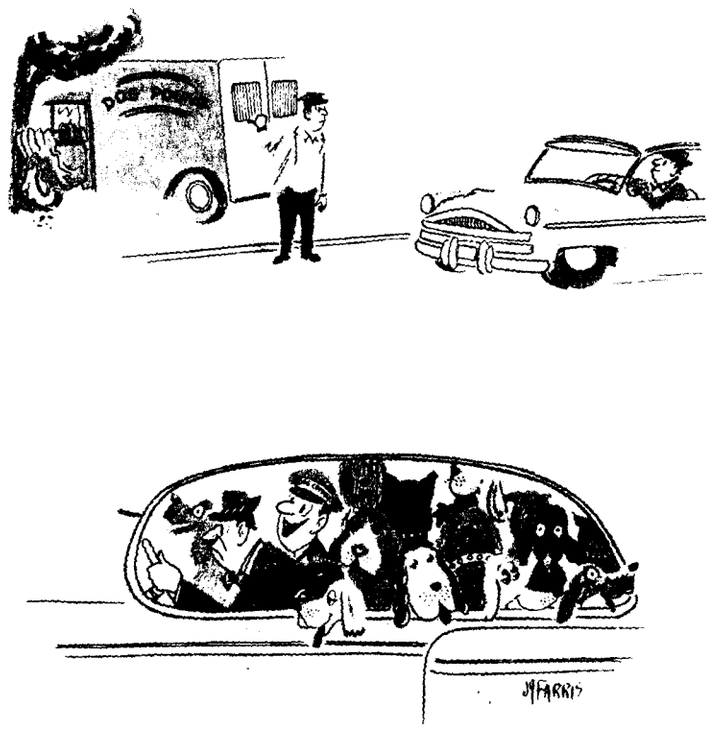

COLLIER'S **"Nice of you to give us a lift"** JOSEPH G. FARRIS

bottle of whisky for the steady male customers. He kept his staff as sharp as a wait-a-bit thorn. Maybe they were frightened of Bonzo, at first, but after the set-to in the kitchen it was Mark Manson himself who had the help's respect.

The set-to in the kitchen was something that has happened in a lot of hotel kitchens at one time or another. The second cook got sore at the chef and fell to brooding. He soaked his hurt feelings in the poisonous native booze that's sold in the bazaars, and ultimately took out after the chef with a long, wicked meat knife.

It sounded like an old-fashioned Masai slave raid. You could hear the shrieks and screams and the crash of crockery all over the hotel. Mark Manson was on the veranda, sipping a lime squash with a couple of customers, when the commotion started. Bonzo wasn't with him. Bonz' was off on a romance.

Manson got up and dashed for the kitchen. He burst through the swinging doors and found the floor covered with broken dishes, blood and scrambling people. Several waiters had the berserk second cook treed in the corner, but the cook had added a cleaver to his arsenal and was waving it in circles over his head.

Manson didn't hesitate a second. He strode to the stove and picked up a caldron of red-hot pepper-pot soup. He let the cook have the full gallon right in the face. The cook screamed and dropped his cleaver and his meat knife. Manson kicked them into a corner, walked over to the screaming cook and hit him a hard punch under the ear. The cook collapsed.

Manson surveyed the carnage. "Call the doctor," he said. "Call the police. And clean up this mess. The dining room opens in ten minutes." Then he went and had the doctor treat his hands, which had been solidly blistered from the steaming caldron.

It is impossible to dislike a man who is so loved by a dog, especially such a personable cur as Bonzo. It was not very long before Bonzo's wry charm had split the hotel people into two forces: those whom Bonzo liked and those whom Bonzo tolerated. To be merely tolerated by Bonzo was like unto social ostracism. In order to gain Bonzo's esteem, people went out of their way to be nice to Bonzo's master. Bonzo's master reciprocated, and gained thereby an ease of manner and a modest charm that must have been buried in his unhappy bosom for a long time.

At the little hotel parties, Mark found female members of his staff approaching him to say coyly: "But, Mr. Manson, you haven't asked *me* to dance yet." Guests who used to mutter: "Oh, Lordy," when Manson entered the room, all of a sudden were clapping him on the shoulder, calling him by his first name, and demanding that he state his preference in refreshment.

The change—in less than a year's time—was startling. I walked into the Equator Club one night and nearly fainted. Manson, dolled up like Fred Astaire, was doing a very creditable rumba with the same airline stewardess who had slapped him at the New Year's party. When they walked over to their table, Bonzo got up to let the lady sit down. I noticed there was a bottle of champagne on the table, and that the lady sat much closer to Manson than she needed to even with Bonzo sharing the love seat.

THIS amazing social progress continued, until you would have sworn that both Manson and Bonzo had grown handsomer. But one day an end to their idyl came in the person of old Henry Hopkinson Hathaway, who was making a world tour to look over his hotels.

You've seen pictures of the old gent. He is about six feet five, with a shiny, bald head, and he doesn't weigh more than a hundred and fifty pounds. He always wears rusty black, and he looks like a string bean that's been bit hard by frost. He affects a stand-up collar, such as Herbert Hoover used to wear, and elastic-sided shoes. It is not necessary to add that he is a vegetarian, a teetotaler and a dog hater.

But he was accompanied by his niece, and the niece was fancy enough almost to justify old Three-H's existence. I didn't see her, because I was

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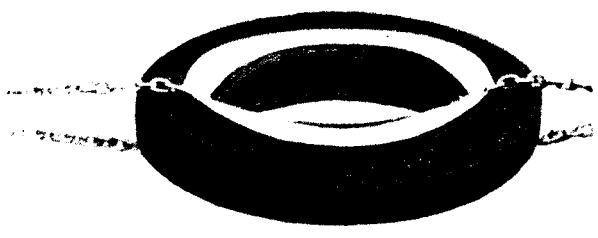

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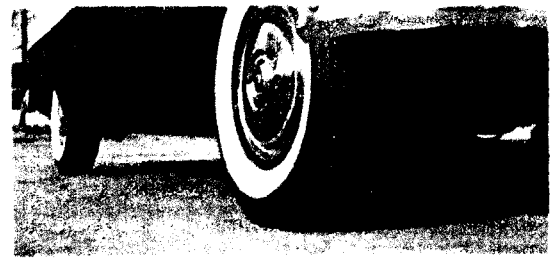

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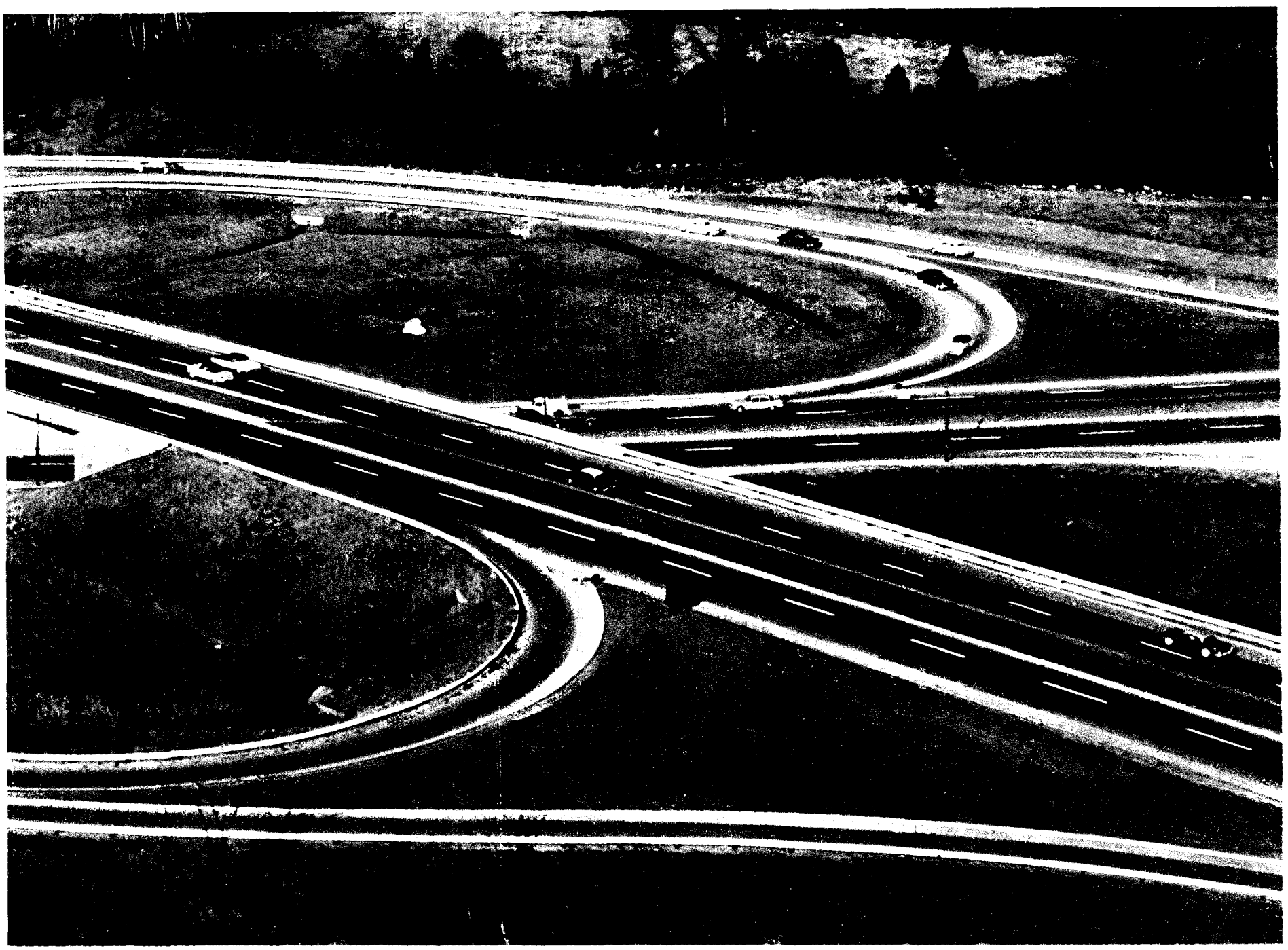

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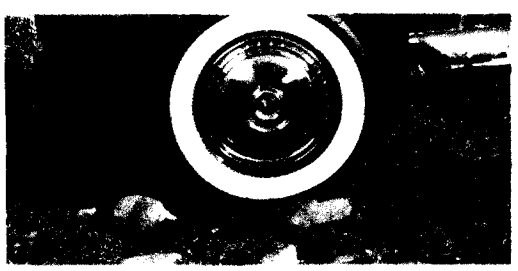

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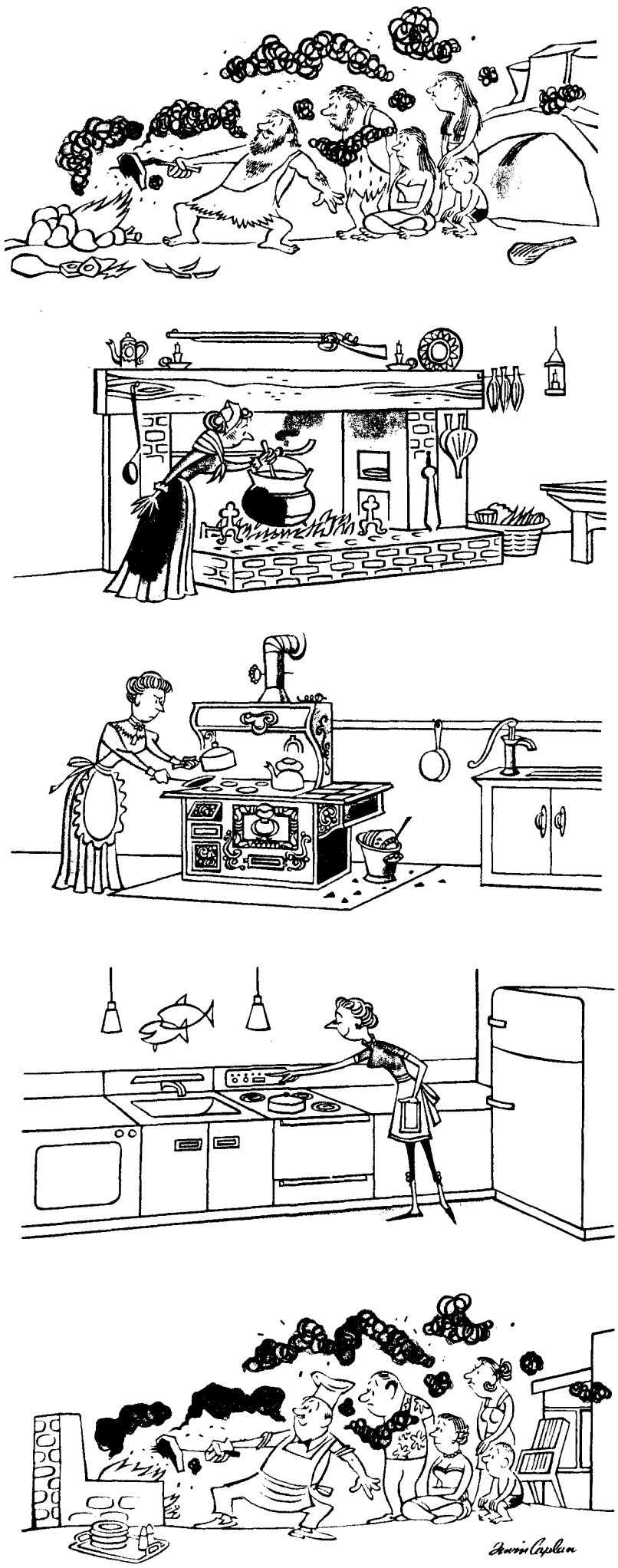
This Is Where I Came In

By IRWIN CAPLAN



off in Kampala at the time, but I got the story from DaSilva, the steward. He said she had curly hair, cut crisply short, and eyes about the size of damson plums. She had a big red mouth and a figure that put cricks in the necks of all the gentlemen on the porch and in the patio. More tea got spilled the morning she walked in with her Uncle Henry than had been wasted since Mark Manson reorganized the Livingstone Arms.

Bonzo thought she was just fine, DaSilva said. She hadn't been out of her cottage ten minutes, after tidying up from the plane ride, when Bonz' bore down on her and seized her by the skirt. He delivered her to his master in the lobby. Manson had explained Bonzo and was leading the girl off to tea when old Three-H hove over the horizon. He took one look at Bonzo, gestured at the no-dogs sign, and opened his mouth to register indignation.

Bonzo bit him sharply on the shin. Three-H screamed louder than the cook had that time Manson doused him with the scalding soup. ". . . Fired! Sacked! Blacklisted!" were the only intelligible words that seeped through the splutters.

It was a pity. Actually the old gentleman had dropped off to check on his new fireball, young Manson, because Three-H always kept a vulture's eye on the books. The Livingstone Arms had just about doubled its gross in the last year, despite the Mau Mau uprising that was raising Cain with the tourist trade and the safari business, not to mention the movie-makings. There were a couple of sick hotels in the old man's chain and he had Mark Manson down as top candidate for the trouble-shooting job.

After the Bonzo incident, Mark was immediately relieved as manager of the Livingstone Arms. The old man didn't even grant Mark an interview. He added a month's pay to Mark's current week's salary and instructed the assistant manager to tell Mark that he and that blasted wild animal had to be off the premises within a week. And under *no* circumstances was Bonzo to be allowed in the hotel itself.

Manson took it well. Everybody in the hotel, nearly, came down to his cottage to say they were sorry, and to ask if there were anything they could do. As Mark said, smiling, it was almost worth getting sacked to find out how many friends he had.

One friend he hadn't counted on was this scrumptious niece of old Hathaway's. She came down the next day and tapped on his door. Mark invited her in, and Bonzo came over to say hello. He reared up, after she'd sat down, and gave her a great wet kiss on the cheek. Then he put his head in her lap. She rubbed his ears, and Bonzo produced a sigh like a steam whistle.

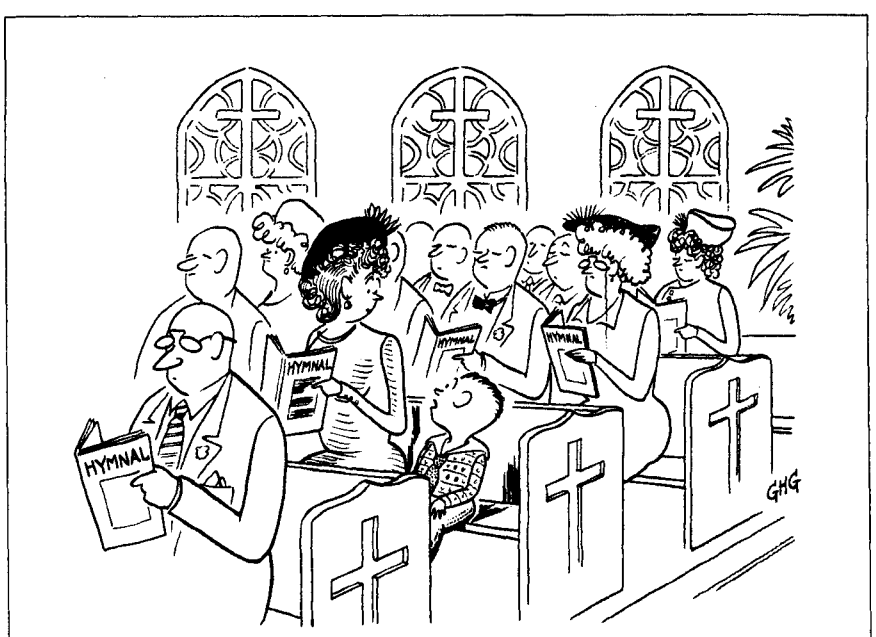
"I just wanted to say that I'm dreadfully sorry about yesterday," she said. "Uncle Henry was horrid. I think Bonzo's sweet, and I've heard all about him *and* you. I tried to talk Uncle Henry into taking you back, but he won't hear of it. But if there's anything I can do, later on . . ."

MARK thanked her and they chatted a while before she left. Before long he was calling her Carol. She gave him her addresses in London and New York and told him to look her up; she said maybe she could have a word with Hilton or somebody outside her Uncle Henry's empire. Mark felt pretty good, especially when she kissed Bonzo good-by . . .

I suppose you'll remember a part of this story, now, because it made every paper in the world. Although Mark was fired, that last week he still kept to his habit of making the evening rounds of the premises, with Bonzo at his side and a pistol on his hip. Ever since the Mau Mau uprising, everybody in Nairobi goes rodded up like in the old wild West days. Mark was walking on the back patio, looking up at the moon, when he stumbled over something.

It was the night watchman, dead. The man's neck had been slashed with a *panga*, one of those big bush knives the Mau Mau use in their terror raids. Mark pulled his gun. Bonzo growled and dashed straight for Cottage 1, the big de luxe job that Henry Hopkinson Hathaway kept reserved for himself and his guests.

Just as Mark and Bonzo hit the steps, a series of screams tore the night apart. The scene was what people in East Africa have come to expect these days. A tea service was scattered all over the room. A huge African had Henry Hopkinson Hathaway by the throat, and had bent him backward over a chair. In the Mau Mau's right hand was a long *simi*—a two-edged stabbing sword—poised high in the air, starting on the downstroke. Old Mr. Hatha-



"Mom, where do people in heaven go for a vacation?"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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COLLIER'S **"I can imagine how he's carrying on under those sunglasses"** SYD HOFF

way was kicking and screaming and flailing his arms.

Over in one corner, Carol Hathaway was yelling her head off. A smaller Mau Mau had her by the wrist and was trying to pull her over the back of a sofa, behind which she'd barricaded herself. He had in his right hand the bloody red-edged *panga* that he'd used on the night watchman, and he was chopping at her as he pulled.

Bonzo and Mark went into action separately. Mark shot the smaller African twice through the chest, and he flopped, his *panga* clattering to the floor. Mark wheeled then in time to see the larger Mau Mau dipping his knife down toward Henry Hopkinson Hathaway's breast. And then Bonzo leaped for the man's knife hand. Manson heard the crunch as Bonzo's teeth closed on the murderer's wrist.

Bonzo was a big dog, heavy with fine feeding. His leap pulled the killer off balance and carried him halfway to the floor. Old Hathaway tumbled off the chair and crouched behind it. Carol Hathaway had fainted.

The Mau Mau and the dog were wrapped around each other, Bonzo still holding fast to the man's right wrist. The assassin dropped the big knife and fell to the floor, with Bonzo on top of him. The fall broke the dog's hold, and he shifted his attack to the man's throat. Just as Mark Manson fired his third and fourth shots, the killer grasped the *simi* again, and plunged it deep into Bonzo's side.

The Mau Mau died immediately. Bonzo died a little later. He died on Henry Hopkinson Hathaway's bed, with his head in Mark Manson's lap, while Henry Hopkinson Hathaway stroked his neck.

MARK MANSON mixed us another Martini *a maui*, and we clinked glasses again. "Bonzo," he said. "I guess I owe him a lot."

"Old Bonz'," I answered. "You certainly do."

Mark took a drink, and wiped his mouth with a square yard of Irish linen handkerchief. "Funny thing about that damned dog," he said. "Just before he died, he looked at old Three-H and then he looked at Carol and then he looked at me. I swear, when he looked at me he closed his black eye in an outrageous wink. Then he closed the other eye and died." . . .

Mrs. Manson called through the doorway.

"Lunch is ready, darling," she said. "Bring your drinks."

"Coming, sweetie," Mark Manson said.

We sat down, the three of us, to tackle the Madrasi curry, which was just as good as it used to be in the old Livingstone Arms.

"Then it all worked out like in the movies," I said. "Bonzo saves the boss's life, you come out of the doghouse and marry the boss's beautiful niece, and everybody lives happily ever after. It's a good script, even if it is a little corny."

Mark Manson and his gorgeous wife began to laugh. When they quit laughing Mark reached over and took his wife's hand. You could tell they were very much in love. "This isn't Carol Hathaway," he said. "This is Sally Manson, nee March. I met her on the plane when I was flying over from Africa to build this hotel. She was a stewardess, of course, and I seemed to have formed the habit."

"Very persuasive lad, this man Manson," Sally Manson said. "We had a four-day wait in London, and when it came time to fly we were engaged. And he did it without that dog as a go-between, too."

"You've wrecked the story," I said. "How come no wedding bells with the gorgeous Carol? There must have been some pressure there."

Manson had the decency to blush a little. "There was," he said. "But I couldn't see working for *two* Hathaways, at once. I didn't have to *marry* a job. The old boy was a touch cheesed off at me when I sprung the bride on him, but the hotel's a hit and the baby fixed everything else up all right. Old Henry's godfather, you know, and so we let him choose the name."

"We call her Bonnie," Sally Manson said, looking at me with those big violet eyes. "After all, Bonzo's such a silly name for a little girl."

—ROBERT C. RUARK

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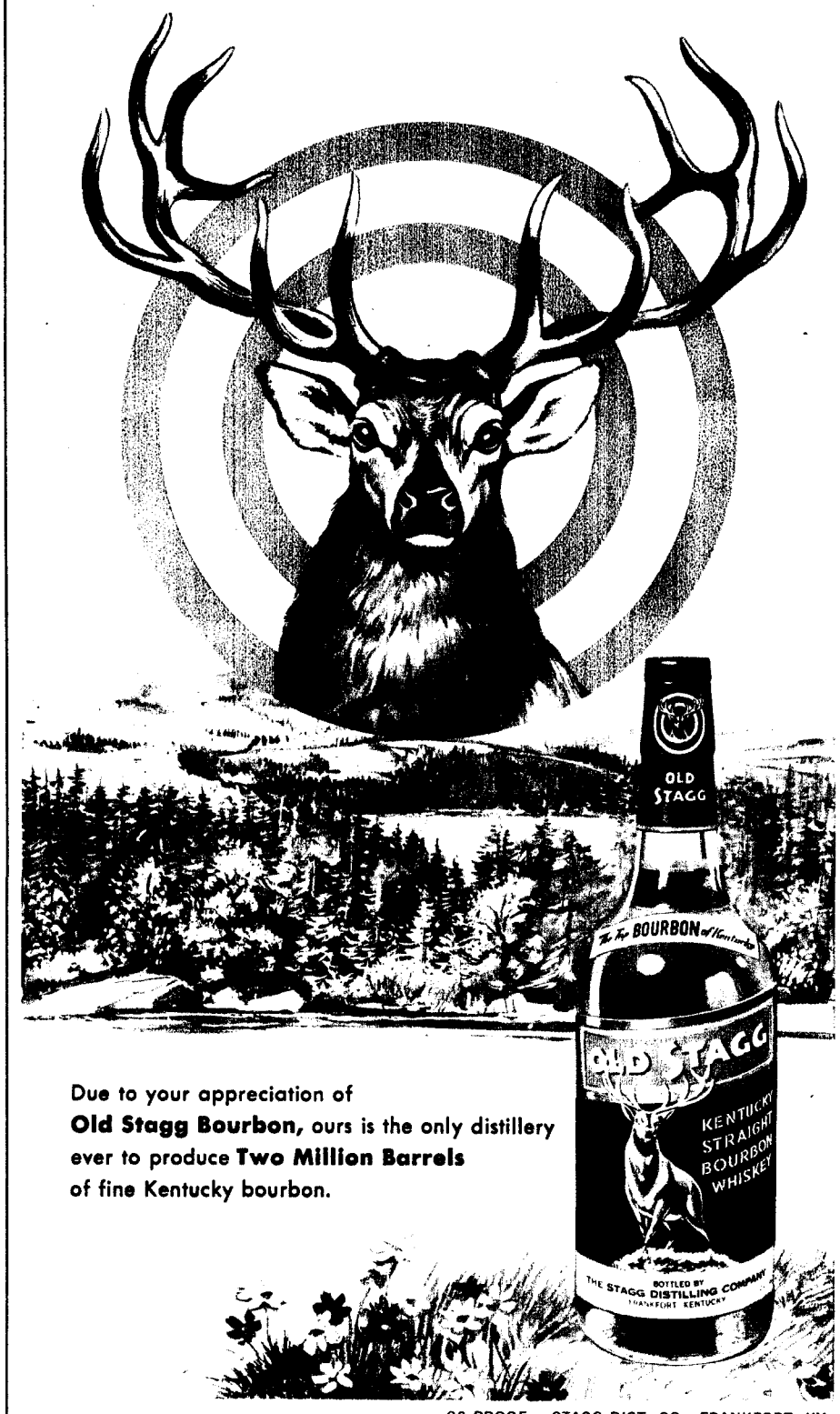
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The IMPORTANCE OF

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Borgnine at the ball game. Modest and pleased by his success, he still leads quiet social life

GENE TRINDL

With his family: wife Rhoda, whom he met in Navy, and daughter Nancy, three years old

Ernest Borgnine played so many villains in the movies that people booed him in the street. Then he was cast as the likable butcher in Marty—and scored such a smash success that even the Russians praised the picture

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BEING MARTY

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

UNITED ARTISTS

Borgnine with actress Betsy Blair in Marty

MYRON DAVIS

Role as brutal Fatso Judson in From Here to Eternity gave Borgnine first break. This is knife-fight scene

PREDICTIONS of greatness in the world of show business are usually, to borrow a few similes from the world of plant life, as sweet as the pomegranate and as impassioned as the orchid; as perishable as the crocus, as sticky as the flytrap and as common as the dandelion. Now and then the predictions are fulfilled, thereby endowing the forecaster with the reputation of a seer.

However this may be, the ascension to stardom of Ernest Borgnine, a large, saturnine-looking actor of thirty-eight with singularly gentle manners, took place on April 11, 1955, when a motion picture called Marty, in which he plays the title role, opened in New York City. This felicitous turn of events had been unmistakably divined—in writing—as early as August 14, 1946, in Abingdon, Virginia, at a time when even Borgnine was clearly unprepared to see much beyond the fourth spear he was carrying in a Barter Theatre production of Much Ado About Nothing. On that day, Robert Porterfield, founder and director of the company, wrote himself a letter in which, as is his custom with all promising new members of the troupe, he outlined Borgnine's prospects a decade thence, sealed the missive and put it away, intending to open it on August 14, 1956. Roughly a year and four months before due date, or just about when Marty was voted the best picture to be shown at the Cannes Film Festival, thus becoming the first American film to win the honor (a few weeks after *that*, even the Soviet paper Pravda praised Marty), Porterfield was prevailed upon to get out his offhand horoscope. He realized that he had wrought a powerful magic and had not failed to give himself credit.

"Ernest Borgnine," the clairvoyant document said. "Up the hill to Barter Theatre came a boy this summer named Ernie Borgnine. He is a find. He is a talent. He is a man. A man of moods and strength and power and tenderness and a childlike simplicity which makes for great actors. If Ernie will just stay with me for several years . . . he will go far in the legitimate theater and God knows where on the screen. There is no one just like him. He has some of Wallace Beery, some of Clark Gable's masculine appeal, some of Spencer Tracy's dynamic subtleties. He can play straight, character, tragedy or comedy."

Just how the boy, or man, managed to arouse Porterfield to such a prophetic pitch is a mystery concerning the nature of oracles. Borgnine then was twenty-nine, and had, not long before, finished a 10-year hitch in the Navy, being mustered out as a chief gunner's mate. The stint had certainly served to rub most of the bloom off what was, at least on sight, a rather lumpy peach. Then, as now, the childlike man who Porterfield believed would go God-knows-where on the screen stood six feet tall, weighed 210 pounds, wore a 16½-inch collar and had a 49-inch chest (with a five-inch expansion), beneath which his belly billowed with rapturous abandon. He was hairy. His teeth were, for the most part, spaced wide apart, which is probably fine for trick whistlers, but not particularly for actors. His nose squatted broadly under a head of black hair and a lowering forehead, and his eyes, while a warm blue-gray, were framed in a series of limp bags. As is so often the case, though, the whole was greater than the sum of the parts: while he is no beauty, Borgnine is not an unattractive man in a bulky way.

If his physical characteristics were not precisely those of a matinee idol, Borgnine's credentials as an actor in 1946 were even more meager. As a child he had regaled his family with imitations, mostly of the late Joe Penner. At Hillhouse High School, in New Haven, in whose environs he was brought up, he appeared as a Chinese comedian in a senior class play, and while a member of the Boy Scouts he was cast as an overgrown baby clown in a Scout circus, and created a wild success in the New Haven Arena by missing a cue, planting himself in a Scout commissioner's lap during an awards ceremony and yelling, "I want my mama."

As a matter of fact, it was Borgnine's mother, a remarkable woman, who died almost eight years ago, who induced him to become an actor. Anna Boselli Borgnine, who migrated to this country in the early 1900s, was a cultivated daughter of the Count Paolo Boselli, who was at one time a financial adviser to King Victor Emmanuel. Borgnine's father, Charles, was, on the other hand, the son of commoners.

Upon being discharged from the Navy in September, 1945, Borgnine was at loose ends and torn, if that is the word, between going into the frozen-food business or the air-conditioning business. Apprised of her son's conflicting interests, or lack of focus, Mrs. Borgnine remarked dryly, "Ernie, did you ever think of taking up acting? You always enjoyed making a damned fool of yourself." Bells went off in Borgnine's head and lights flashed before his eyes. "You know, Mom," he said, "maybe you got something there," and forthwith, armed with the GI Bill of Rights, whipped over to the Yale University School of Drama.

At Yale, Borgnine was told he would first have to put in a couple of years on such tangential matters as the sciences, mathematics, philosophy and psychology. With the assurance of a man who was collecting $20 a week for 52 weeks from the government, he responded that "So far as psychology is concerned, I spent ten years in the Navy and I can probably teach you a thing or two." Borgnine, whose fund of profanity is normally confined to such polite evasions as "Gee whiz," "Darn," "Golly" and "Jeepers," said recently of this piece of audacity, "I was kind of a fresh punk." The 210-pound fresh punk then cast about for another institution and discovered a place in Hartford called the Randall School of Dramatic Arts, which he attended from November until the following May, thus depriving Yale of what ultimately turned out to be a distinguished graduate.

At the Randall School, which has since gone out of business, Borgnine found himself in a group of much younger aspiring actors, all of whom laughed immoderately at his initial failure to pronounce the word "diamond" as "dye-uh-mund." Having surmounted this obstacle, he went on in succeeding weeks to do 25 improvisations on the sentence, "It's a stone," in one of which he performed a complete mock operation on himself and removed a putative gallstone, to everyone's imagined relief. He also appeared in three school productions. After that, he announced to Mrs. Ann Randall, one of

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the cofounders of the school, that he was through with show business, feeling he had proved some kind of obscure point, possibly the pronunciation of "diamond," and was headed off, he knew not quite where.

However, a fellow Randallite who had been invited to join the Barter Theatre prevailed upon Borgnine to apply, too. Porterfield wrote to the friend that he was surfeited with actors, but, as Borgnine recalls, "He didn't say, 'Don't come.'" The friend, for reasons of his own, lasted one day at Barter, while Borgnine, to tell it in a hurry, began by driving a truck and painting scenery.

He wound up three years later playing Guildenstern in a Barter Theatre production of Hamlet. The Barter Hamlet was put on, at the invitation of the Danish government, at Kronborg Castle in Elsinore, Hamlet's home grounds. Later, it was played at a number of Air Force bases in Germany.

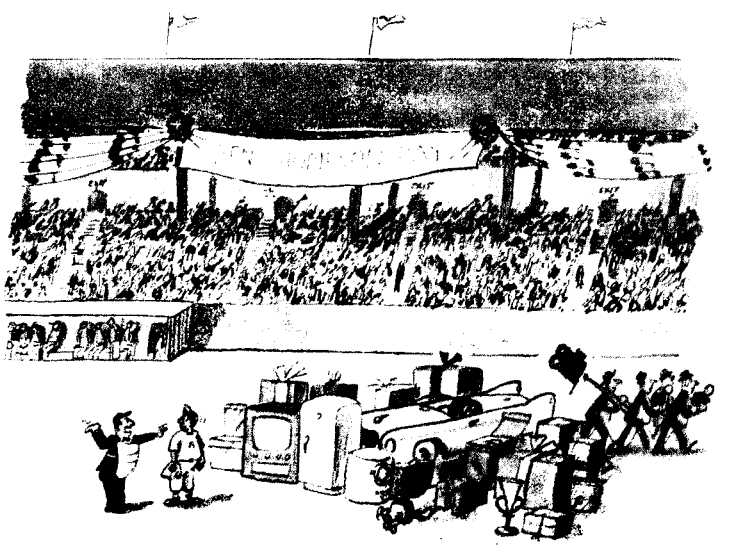
A Specialist in Sadistic Roles

Until Marty, a small, tender slice of life about a stolid Bronx meatcutter in his mid-thirties who finds a girl to love him, was released, Borgnine's public posture, as contrasted with his unblemished and even suburban private life, had been one of almost unrelieved violence and purposeful sadism. Although he had played an occasional human being at the Barter Theatre and elsewhere, his motion-picture career had been devoted, with few exceptions, to the portrayal of some notable monsters. These not only never got the girl, but never even got to shake hands with one, generally winding up dead after killing or maiming other people.

Between 1950 and this spring, Borgnine made 14 films. He was sent to prison in The Mob and Bad Day at Black Rock. He was blown up in China Corsair. He was shot to death in The Stranger Wore a Gun, Johnny Guitar, Vera Cruz, Run for Cover and The Last Command (which has yet to be released), and knifed in From Here to Eternity, after first beating Frank Sinatra to death. In Violent Saturday, he played a sympathetic Amish farmer, but somehow was impelled to break the peace by killing a man with a pitchfork. He remained alive and reasonably likable only in The Whistle at Eaton Falls, Demetrius and the Gladiators, in which he was forced to send other men out to be chewed up by lions, and The Bounty Hunter, in which he was no more than suspected of murder. The quality of mercy, in the movies at any rate, may or may not be strained, but it pays well: Borgnine earned $200 a week for leading a union in Whistle. By the time he got around to The Last Command, his price was $2,000 a week.

While he received a relatively modest $500 a week for depicting Fatso Judson, the coldly malevolent stockade sergeant in From Here to Eternity, it was this role that established Borgnine firmly in the popular imagination as a murderer of proportions and made his eventual selection to be Marty an act of prescience on the part of its instigators that can be likened only to Porterfield's forecast some years earlier. For a considerable time after Eternity was shown, Borgnine was sought out on the streets, not by autograph hunters, but by excitable types who reviled him freely but exhibited sufficient caution not to attempt a passage at arms with him. (The only fight Borgnine has ever had was as a boy, when, goaded into reprisal by the taunts of a schoolmate, he feverishly tore off his opponent's clothing, desisting only when the lad was down to his socks.)

All of the exterior scenes for Marty were filmed toward the end of last summer in the Boston Road-Tremont Avenue section of the east Bronx, a large portion of whose population is not merely Italian, but during that period also was acutely pro-Sinatra and anti-Borgnine, principally because Sinatra's ancestry was well known, whereas Borgnine might have been a Tartar for all anyone knew. The crews and actors attracted large, and, in the case of Borgnine, partisan crowds. Borgnine stepped out one day to do a scene and a cry went up, "There's the rat that killed Frankie. *Tu sei una*



COLLIER'S **"All right, Thompson, get this stuff off the field and let's play some ball!"** JERRY MARCUS

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...e hadn't acted since high school

bestia!" Borgnine, whose Italian is both fluent and colloquial, whirled and replied, "*Io son Italiano puro.*" A rustle of revelation bent the accusers like wheat in a wind. "*Tu sei Italiano?*" they asked. "*Si, si,*" said Borgnine. The response was warm and tremulous. "'*A storia è differente, differente.*" A short while later, a young man sidled up to Borgnine and whispered, hoarsely and confidentially, "Watch yuh pockabook. Dere might be t'ieves in dis neighborhood."

Since the release of Marty, there has been a notable change in the attitude of the public toward Borgnine and in the attitude of Borgnine toward the public, both unquestionably attesting to the impact of the screen on impressionable minds. Whereas formerly he either went unrecognized in the streets or was greeted with a depressing mixture of loathing and awe, he is now the target of folksy cries of "Hey, Marty," and his autograph is sought by small children and grown men (and presumably this adulation will increase now that he has been cast in another sympathetic role, in the Columbia film Jubal Troop). Borgnine's response has been quietly rueful in the first instance and becomingly modest in the second, accompanied by what seem to be reasonably shy smiles and the kind of reaction known in the trade simply as "Gee whiz." Not long ago, having been taken to New York to help publicize Marty, he was introduced to Toots Shor, the restaurateur, and Joe DiMaggio, and was overheard later to say to a friend, "Can you imagine *me* meeting those two?"

Not the First Choice for Marty

Like so many Hollywood decisions, the casting of Borgnine in the leading role of Marty, while not exactly an afterthought, was the first choice of neither the producer, Harold Hecht, the partner of Burt Lancaster, and a former dancer and actor; the director, Delbert Mann, who staged the original television version and who was making his first motion picture; nor of Paddy Chayefsky, who wrote both the television and screen versions. Hecht is a small, bright and sardonic man whose keen appreciation of money is complemented, in the opinion of a fellow producer, by what appears to be a genuine hankering after higher values—at low cost. Marty, it is generally understood, was envisioned by him as what is known as a "prestige picture," prestige in this instance having been budgeted at $350,000, or roughly a third of the price of a vulgar commercial success.

For a man so deeply involved with his standing in the art world, Hecht's *modus operandi* was a little rule of thumb. "We were down in Mexico City on location for the picture Vera Cruz," he said not long ago. "There was a party at which Ernie, Burt, Gary Cooper and Cesar Romero were present. I got into a discussion with some French night-club singer—purely academic, you understand—and asked her which of the boys she'd prefer, if she had her choice. She picked Ernie. She said, 'He's the most tender man I ever saw.' That's when I decided to give him the part."

Hecht communicated the singer's impressions and his conclusions to Mann and Chayefsky, who were doing a lot of thinking on their own in New York. Borgnine was well down on their list of possibilities. One of the actors they had in mind was Rod Steiger, who had played the part in television. Steiger was dropped for a number of reasons, one of the most easily publicized being that he was filming Oklahoma! at the time. Mann had already directed Borgnine in a number of television dramas. "My experience had been," he said the other day, "that Ernie was a good, solid actor, but not inspired. This needed an inspired performance if anything ever did. It was a one-man show. Secondly, I felt he was too old, probably because I'd worked with him in older parts. Personally, in looks, warmth and so on, I knew he was all right. I just thought he wasn't a big enough actor for the part."

Scouting Ernie "on the Hoof"

Nevertheless, at Hecht's urging and under the necessity of getting their outdoor scenes filmed in New York before the weather got too cold, Mann and Chayefsky went out to Hollywood last July to inspect Borgnine on the hoof, in a manner of speaking. He was then on location with Bad Day at Black Rock at Lone Pine, California, which is about 175 miles north of Hollywood at the foot of Mount Whitney, and inordinately hot. Borgnine, who was not unaware of the Mann-Chayefsky mission, a hint having been directed at him in the form of a script, returned from a sweaty day of fighting with Spencer Tracy and found the two men waiting for him in his motel room. He was tired, dirty, bearded, palpably nervous and equipped, for the time being, with a Western accent.

Chayefsky, a pudgy, mournful-looking man, took a long, doubtful look at Borgnine and murmured to Mann, "This is Marty?" Mann, an impassive-looking man, remained impassive. Chayefsky kicked off his shoes and lay down on Borgnine's bed. Mann sat in his armchair. Borgnine was left in possession of the floor, which he paced. They read the entire script for the next two hours. "It was a very unusual reading," Mann recalls. "Ernie'd start out talking in that Western accent he had picked up and Paddy would read the scene back to him in the Bronx accent he was born with. What convinced me was the quickness with which Ernie responded to suggestions. The tide turned in the middle of the script, where he has those talking- and laughing-jag scenes. He caught the quality right on the nose. We both realized it. There was a lot of furtive looking at each other and agreement in the eyes, but neither of us told Ernie anything. We couldn't commit ourselves at that stage." The two men flew back to Hollywood and reported to Hecht that Borgnine was their man.

A couple of days later, Hecht called Borgnine in. "Ernie," he said, "I want you to do Marty." Borgnine said, "Yes, sir." "You realize," Hecht went on, "this'll make a star of you, Ernie?" "Yes, *sir*," said Borgnine. "I guess that's about all, Ernie," Hecht concluded. Borgnine stirred uneasily. "Do you have faith in me, Mr. Hecht?" he asked. "Why, yes, Ernie, I do," Hecht answered gravely, falling in with the spirit of the conversation. "That's all I want to know, Mr. Hecht." Borgnine

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said and left the office. He did not salute. (Borgnine feels that the formality of his address stems largely from his service training. Once, at dinner aboard the destroyer Lamberton, on which he served six years, he asked a boatswain's mate for the bread. The boatswain's mate, a Bligh type, threw it in his face. "Next time, say 'Please,' " he admonished Borgnine.)

Farewell to the Nomadic Life

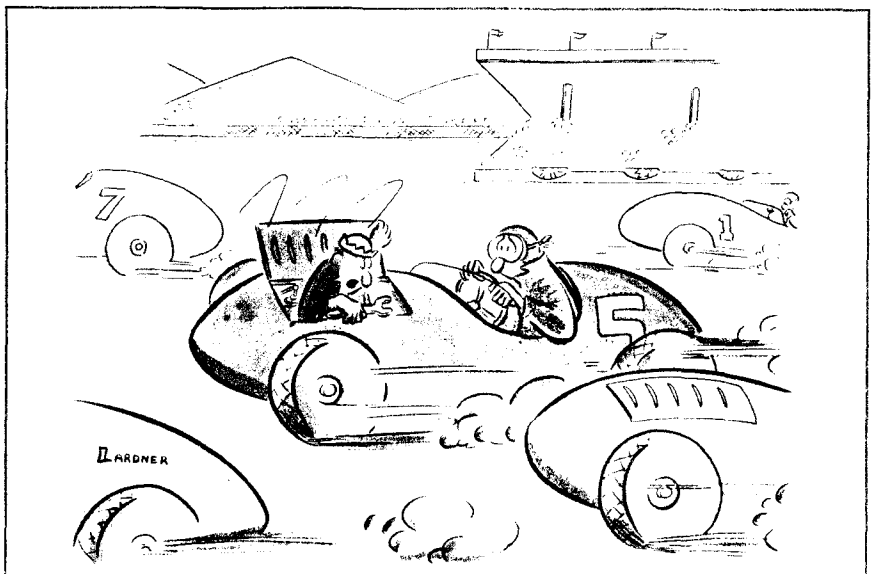
Marty was shot without incident, both in New York and in Hollywood. By the time filming was half completed, Borgnine had churned up sufficient confidence in his future to buy a secondhand Cadillac. The morning after he had been taken to a sneak preview in Hollywood, he went boldly out to his builder in the San Fernando Valley and told the man to go ahead with the house, beyond whose foundations he had as yet not got up enough nerve to venture. When he moves into the house sometime this summer, with his wife, Rhoda, and their three-year-old daughter, Nancy, Borgnine feels he will have reached the end of the essentially nomadic existence that he had been trying to end all along anyway.

His personal life, to quote a man who sees a good deal of him in a social way, is "not the sort of stuff you put in the paper. No clubs, no race tracks. Ask him to go to lunch and he has no idea where to go. He likes to dance, likes to beer it up once in a while, and his idea of a big night is pizza and beer somewhere over on Ventura Boulevard." Borgnine goes in halfheartedly for such sophisticated pastimes as gin rummy, scrabble and penny-ante poker. He likes to camp but not to hunt and he is fond of playing with the engine of his secondhand Cadillac. The furnishings of his present, rented home are reassuringly middle class and so are the few books he has around the house. (These include the scripts, bound in leather, of most of the pictures in which he has appeared. That of Marty is decorated with a star.)

Borgnine was born on January 24, 1917, in Hamden, Connecticut, a suburb of New Haven. The urge to keep moving seems to have assailed the whole Borgnine family at one time or another. His father was then a brakeman on a freight train. When Ernie was two and a half, his mother was overcome with a longing to return to Italy. She settled in Milan near a brother, Ricardo, who in later years, after seeing From Here to Eternity, wrote in some astonishment to his nephew, "Is this the small boy I dandled on my knee?" Mrs. Borgnine lived on a small inheritance and the profits of a department store she started in Milan. "Mother," Borgnine said recently, "was real regal."

Importuned by her husband in America, Mrs. Borgnine returned with her son in 1924. Ernest, who had come home without a word of English, was dressed in what he calls "Lord Fauntleroy clothes" and sent to school, where, in addition to picking up English quickly, he was inserted in an old tire by his fellow pupils and rolled into a mud puddle. As a boy, he never learned to play pool, but virtuously collected Indian arrowheads.

After his graduation from high school, Ernest drove a vegetable truck for $3.50 a week until October 8, 1935, when he drove by the New Haven Post Office and saw a sign bidding him join the Navy and see the world. He parked the truck and signed up.



COLLIER'S "What . . . has the race started?" WALTER LARDNER

"Save your money, Ernie," said his father as he left. "You don't have your mother and father to come home to now. Be careful the way you choose your friends." Borgnine was assigned to the World War I destroyer Lamberton, a 1,250-ton four-stacker, in which he spent six years, most of them towing targets. He learned to dance one wild night in San Diego and professes to have enjoyed it ever since. He also stopped shaking hands good night with girls, as had been his wont up to then. His hitch was up exactly two months before Pearl Harbor. He spent those two months in a New Haven air-conditioning factory and joined up again. This time, until September, 1945, he was assigned to the Sylph, a converted yacht that had once belonged to the man who invented Murphy beds. It is probably no breach of security to disclose now that the Sylph (at least according to Borgnine) was one of three vessels guarding the entire East Coast in the early days of the war. She was so frail her crew was afraid to fire the machine guns. The ship was damaged once—it ran over an American submarine by mistake.

While he never fired a shot in anger, Borgnine did become a casualty. He developed a cyst on his spine and was sent to the hospital in the Naval Shipyard in Brooklyn. There he met his future wife, a stocky, good-humored pharmacist's mate named Rhoda Kemins, who, he thought, was pretty fresh for ordering him into bed. "I never took orders from women in service before," Borgnine has explained. "Circumstances developed where I treated her nice and she treated me better. What really got me is she gives the most beautiful back rub you ever saw. Since we got married, I haven't got one." When Borgnine, his cyst removed, asked Miss Kemins for a date, she checked his record to see if he was married. When he speculated that someday they might be married, she told him not to be silly. All in all, she found him nice, but a little slow.

Borgnine left the Navy for the life of a strolling player. Miss Kemins remained a pharmacist's mate until June, 1948. The two saw each other occasionally over the years and once Borgnine even took her to see his parents in Connecticut. Twice before, he had brought girls home. Each time his mother had told him with candor—of which she had a lot—"She's nice, but don't you think you should wait?" The appearance of Miss Kemins prompted her to say, for a change, "That's the one. You marry that girl." Miss Kemins finally agreed over the Labor Day weekend in 1949 and the couple were married in the chambers of a New York State Supreme Court justice who hustled back from Atlantic City at the behest of Rhoda's father, a labor-relations expert for a group of electrical contractors in Brooklyn. The newlyweds had a two-day honeymoon in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where they were overcome by the thickness of the rugs and towels and breakfast in bed, after which Borgnine hurried back down to the Barter Theatre.

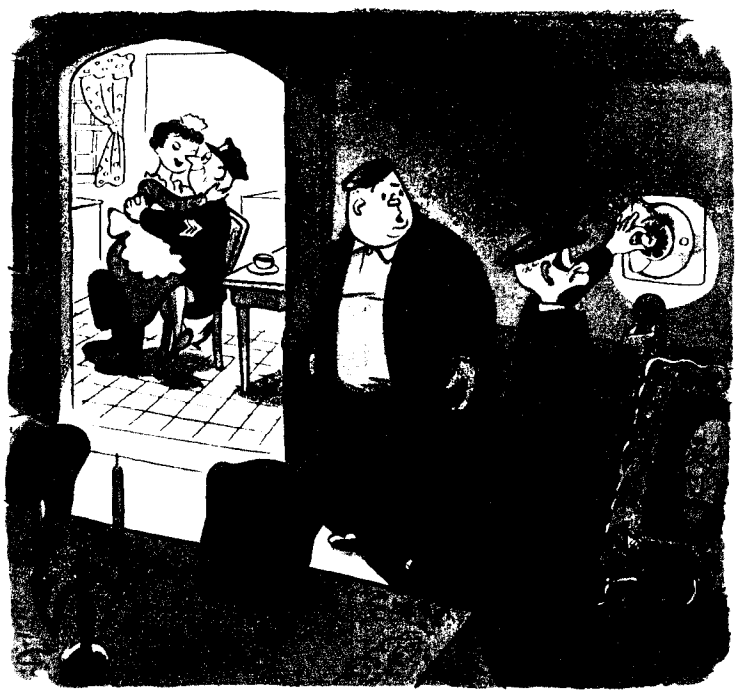
Putting His Strength to Work

When he first joined the Barter Theatre, Borgnine mostly drove a truck and painted flats. He was also handy at lifting 500-pound boxes of lights, setting up entire shows himself and filling in at whatever minor roles happened to be open. In one of these, he was wearing a pair of borrowed tights, which fit him quick, as the saying goes. They ripped open. "What do I do now?" he ad-libbed to another player. "How the hell do I know?" returned the other and Borgnine retired in drafty confusion. As time went on, he rose from nothing a week and, as he says, "all he could eat and steal," to $100 a week, and gave a performance as the Gentleman Caller in The Glass Menagerie that Porterfield called the most memorable in his experience.

The late Brock Pemberton, the producer of Harvey, came down to Abingdon one September to play the lead role in his own production. He induced Borgnine to take the role of the hospital attendant on Broadway. Borgnine stayed with Harvey for six weeks and then took Pemberton aback by announcing that he was returning to Barter. By Christmas of 1949, however, he decided that it was high time he struck out. He got into the touring company of Harvey and promptly fell ill. He was nursed back to health by his wife. Very likely the outstanding event of the tour occurred one night in an Iowa town when Borgnine and his wife were awakened in their hotel room by cries of fire. The fire was a minor blaze in a wastebasket, but the Borgnines were subsequently informed by the firemen that they had taken lodging in a sporting house.

The tour of Harvey was over by April, 1950, and Borgnine decided to try to stay in one place. After spending

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Do I *have* to keep an eye on them? They're getting awfully mushy . . ." LARRY REYNOLDS

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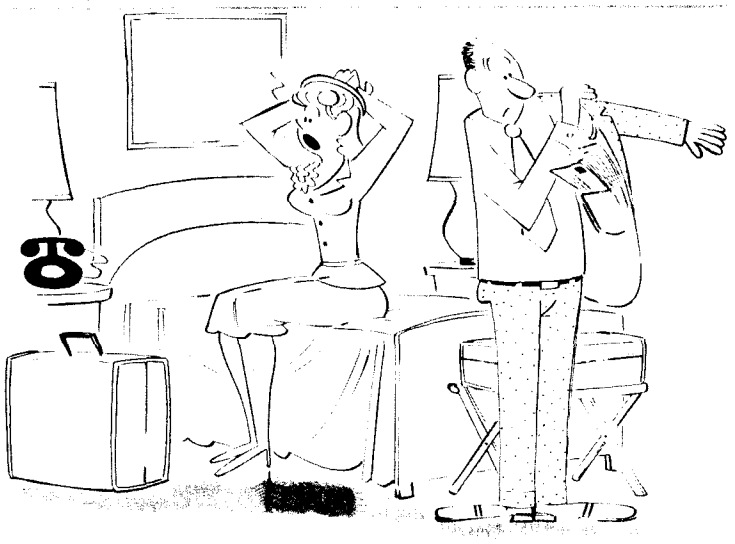
ays indignantly. "He's not ugly"



"I can't understand why nobody came to the wedding"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

the summer in New Haven and doing a couple of weeks of summer stock, the Borgnines settled down in Brooklyn with Rhoda's parents and he went looking for work in television. He first made good on Captain Video, characteristically being cast as a dirty dog, one Nargola. Off and on, Borgnine got $300 for being Nargola five times a week. Things got so bad with the Borgnines toward the end of 1952, just after they had summoned up enough courage and put together enough money to take their own apartment in Queens, that had he not been called in once more to be Nargola, he would have had to work as a holiday spare in the Post Office, provided the Post Office had been willing to hire him. In an excess of frustration of an evening, he punched a hole in the living-room wall, but repaired it upon being given the Captain Video assignment.

In addition to Harvey, Borgnine has appeared in one other Broadway production. He played Brandon de Wilde's bodyguard in Mrs. McThing, which starred Helen Hayes. He got a part in his first movie, The Whistle at Eaton Falls, which was filmed in New England, by the simple expedient of testing for it. The director, Robert Siodmak, asked him to say what Borgnine calls a naughty word, assuring him that it would give him a nice smile. Originally, he had been promised only three days of work, but, perhaps because of the smile produced by the naughty word, the producer, Louis de Rochemont, stretched it out to six weeks.

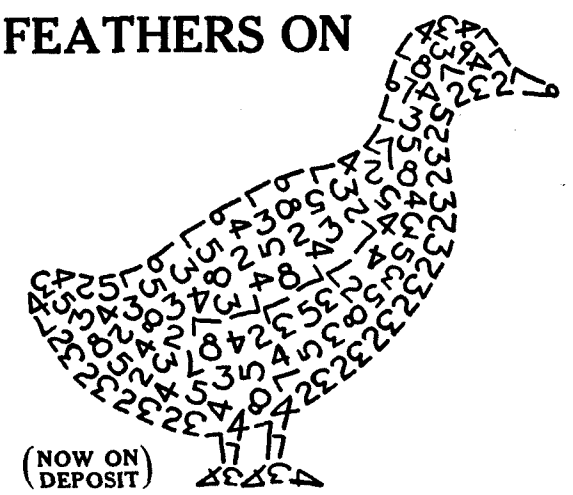
Television kept him eating, although uncertainly, and once almost got him shot. He was rehearsing some sort of detective thing on the fire escape of a Broadway building, waving a revolver at his pursuers, when a couple of veritable detectives came strolling down the street, saw him on the fire escape, drew their own weapons and were about to blaze away when one of them spotted the television cameras. An agent named Frances Robinson, on whom he was in the habit of calling, like several hundred other actors, introduced him to a man named Max Arnow, who is the executive casting director for Columbia Pictures. Arnow remembers that, in giving Borgnine his first Hollywood role, that of a heavy in The Mob, the procedure was something like this:

"I said, 'Okay, boy, we test.'" He snapped his fingers. "We read a scene. One take. 'You're my boy.' That's it." He snapped his fingers again. "When he was first out here," Arnow continued briskly, "I told him, 'Ernie, you can stay in this town, make a fine living.' I figured, the worst he could ever be was one of the finest character actors in the industry. With it all, he's a nice guy. I don't think they possibly could turn this guy's head. I'd lose my faith." He snapped his fingers twice this time. "I'm talking about with the small people," he went on. "That's my feeling with this man. It's a lot easier to tell you about some S.O.B.s—more colorful to write about. But that's my story."

As it happens, Borgnine has made only a fair living to date, in terms of Hollywood salaries. He got $5,000 from motion pictures in 1951 and nothing in 1952. (Television didn't pay him much that year, either, and he borrowed reasonably large amounts from his in-laws.) In 1953, the movies paid him $17,125; last year, he earned $44,750 from them. In the first four or five months of this year, he made only $13,000. (This does not include the 2½ per cent of Marty that he owns and which promises to be a generous chunk.) He says often that he regards show business solely as a business and is ready to get out of it when it stops paying him money. This may be termed his only theory on acting.

Mrs. Borgnine is of two minds. On the one hand, it makes her slightly nervous to see her husband achieve the kind of stature she is accustomed to view at a distance, in, say, Cary Grant. On the other, she tends to become a trifle irritable when people try to identify her husband with Marty. "Take a look at him," she commanded an acquaintance recently. "He's not ugly, he's not fumbling. I wouldn't want to be married to a guy like that. Why, Ernie wouldn't go out of the house if his collar were sticking up the way it does in the picture." She contemplated her indignation for a moment. "The parts he gets," she continued, "the meaner they are, the better I like it. If he were a leading man—I don't care who the woman is, it's got to bother her." Borgnine, who had overheard, laughed loudly. "That's a good one, by golly," he said. ▲▲▲

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A DUCK?



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5th to 8th Prize, each	$200.00	45th to 75th Prize, each	$10.00

— HERE ARE THE RULES —

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Duck and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23," etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000.00. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully. Please do not write for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants cannot be given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc. and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mail address entries are not recommended from persons in the Armed Forces. Entries will not be accepted from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States proper.

5. Entries will be accepted from July 1 to October 10, 1955. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Duck Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

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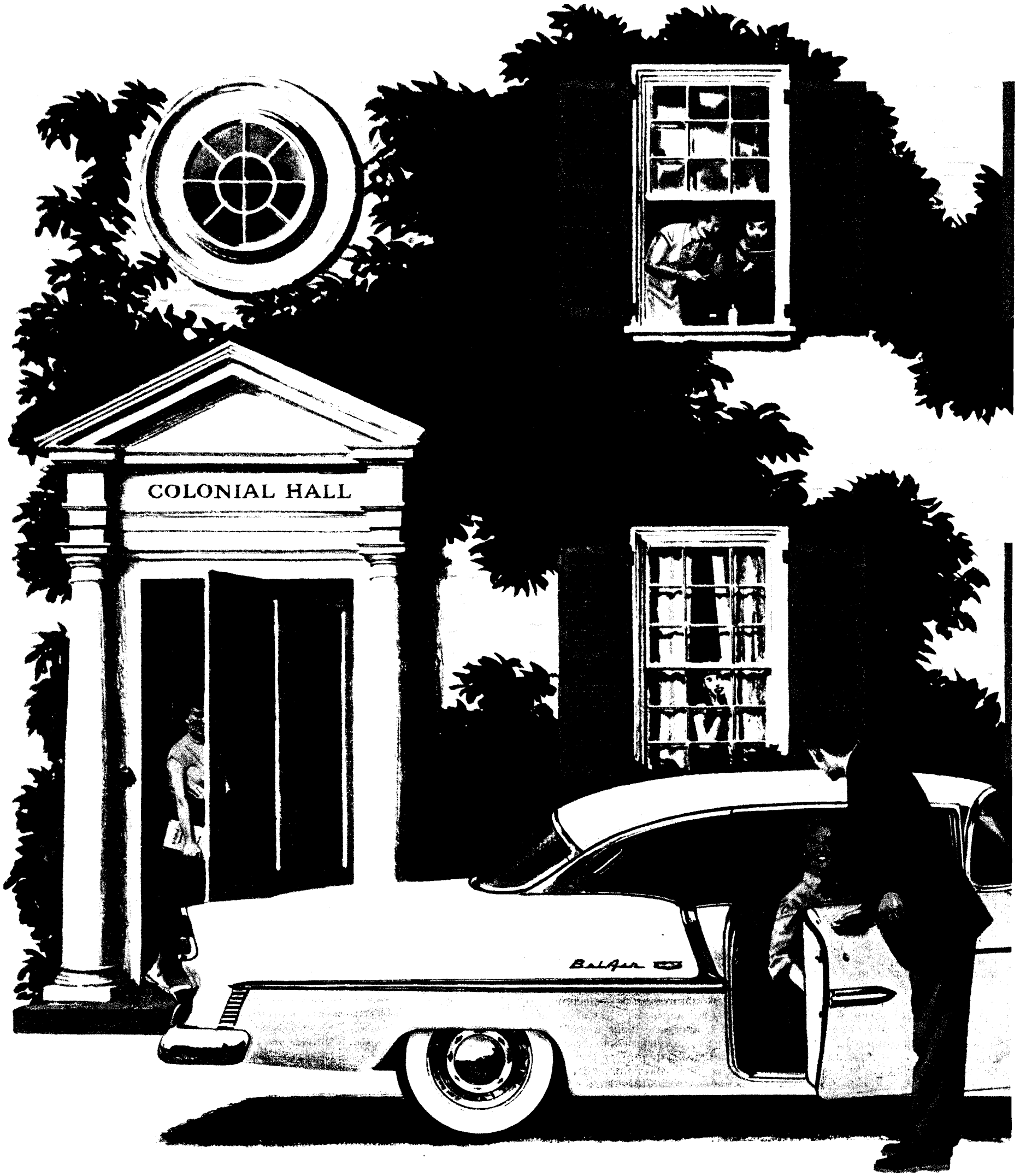

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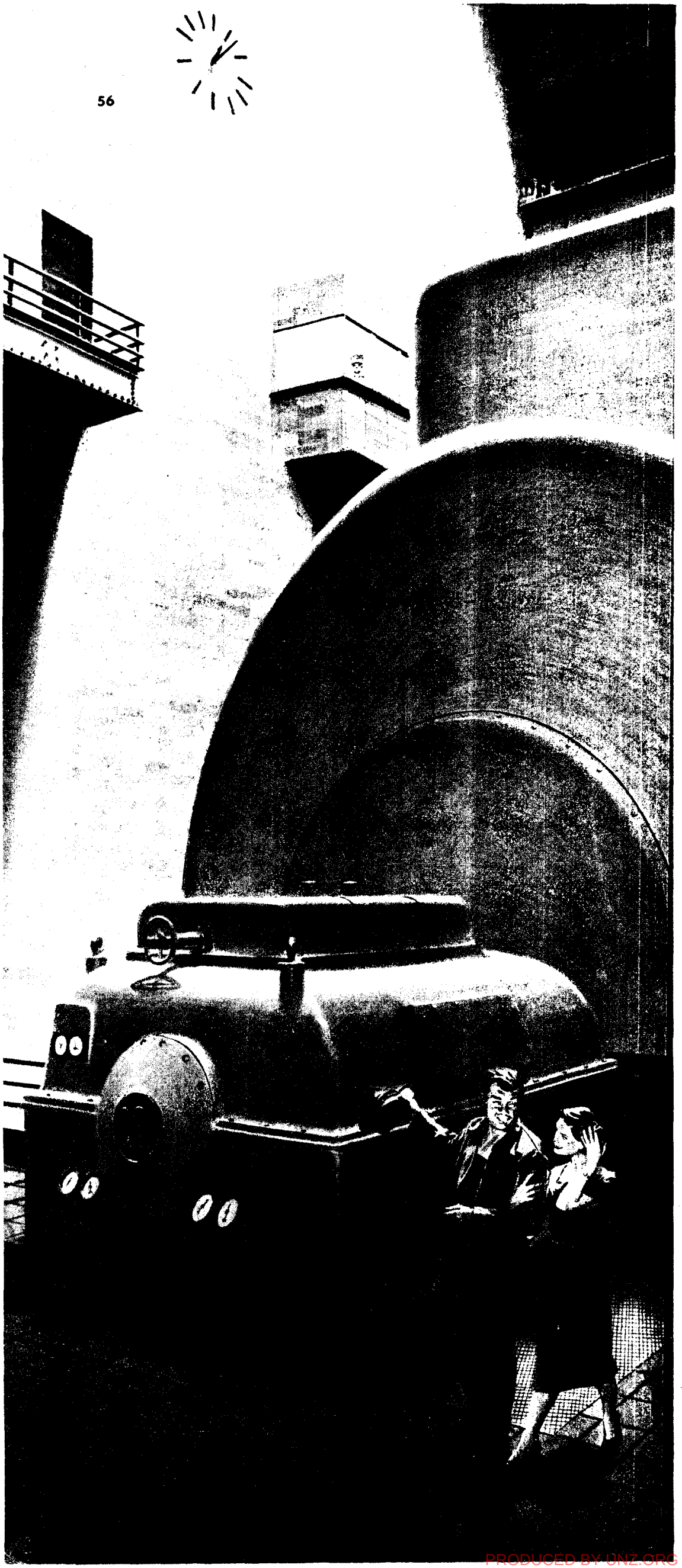

Mike could tame a loused-up power plant or a rampaging tornado, but he was no match for Maureen Connor

Get Going, O'SHEA

By GEORGE S. REEVES

THE lady was in a dollar mood again today, Mike O'Shea thought, and nothing, not even lunch, was going to distract her. "Just look at yourself, Mike," Maureen Connor said to him in a disapproving tone, "then look at the men around you. Look at how they dress and you can practically tell how much they earn."

The other men who were eating lunch in Haley Chemical's plant cafeteria wore the uniforms of executives: white shirts and four-in-hand ties with the ends even. And Maureen, who worked in Publicity, was wearing high-heeled shoes and a dark silk dress that, with her tawny hair, marked her as a beautiful member of the higher echelon. In the entire cafeteria, only Mike O'Shea, afternoon-shift steam engineer, was out of place. Because there wasn't time to change clothes between a lunch date and clock-in time, Mike was wearing blue denim, and on the chair beside him lay a shapeless boiler-room cap.

"Well," Maureen said, "do you see what I mean?"

"White collars don't make a man," Mike said, "and neckties only cover the place on a guy's neck where chest hairs would show—if he had any."

"Don't dodge the point," she said. "Mike, would you go to a doctor who operated in golf clothes, or to a lawyer who went to court in a sport shirt and waders? Of course not. And if you were John Gooch, would you promote a shift engineer to night superintendent if he dressed like a fugitive janitor? Or would you promote a man who already looked like a responsible executive?"

Mike eyed her sharply. So she'd heard the scuttlebutt, and it was giving her ideas. Unfortunately for her ambitious ideas, Mike was proud of the fact that he was a graduate of the coal-shovel school of engineering, and he wasn't about to risk his hard-won position in a game of plant politics. He said so.

Maureen ignored him. "Mike," she said firmly, "it's time you got on the ladder and climbed out of that stokehold."

Mike was mad in an instant. Stokehold was a fool's word for the clean and glittering South Station; and his responsibilities there were enough to gray the

The plant was Mike's pride, but it meant nothing to Maureen. She just said, "Mike, I'm thirsty"

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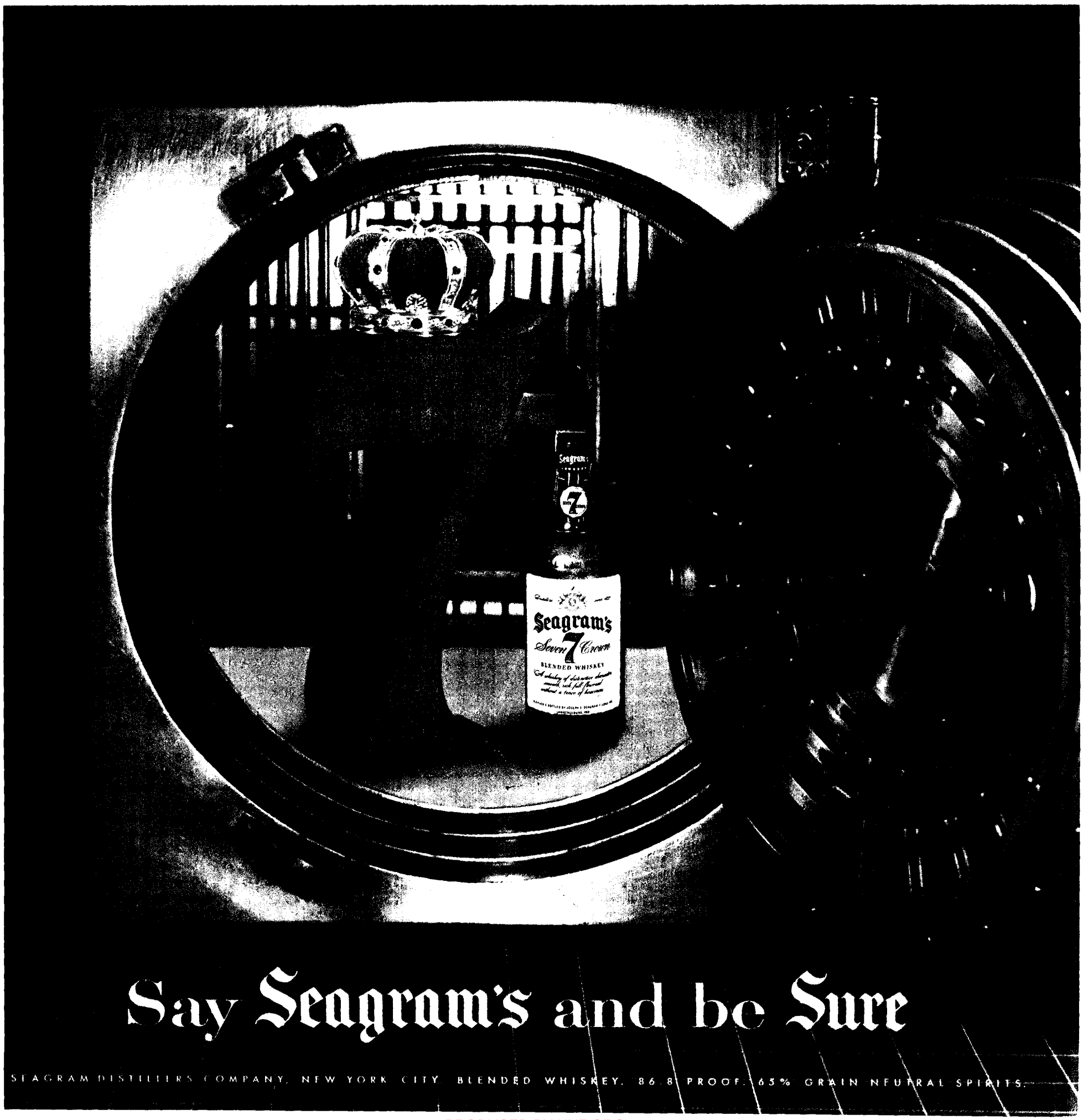

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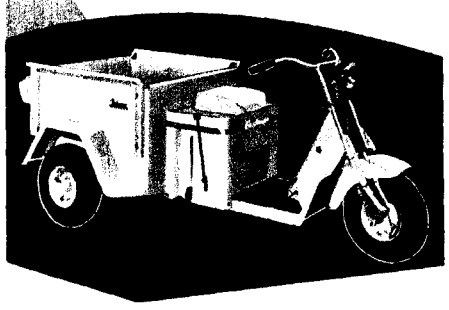

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hair of these fancy pencil pushers. He told her that and added a few choice comments on the windjammers who huffed and puffed in Publicity. And then he concluded: "Now, if you'll just come across the road to where the Other Half lives, I'll show you why a shift engineer's vest would make an overcoat for these office boys."

With a flash of Irish temper, she said, "All right, but it may be our last walk together, Mike O'Shea!"

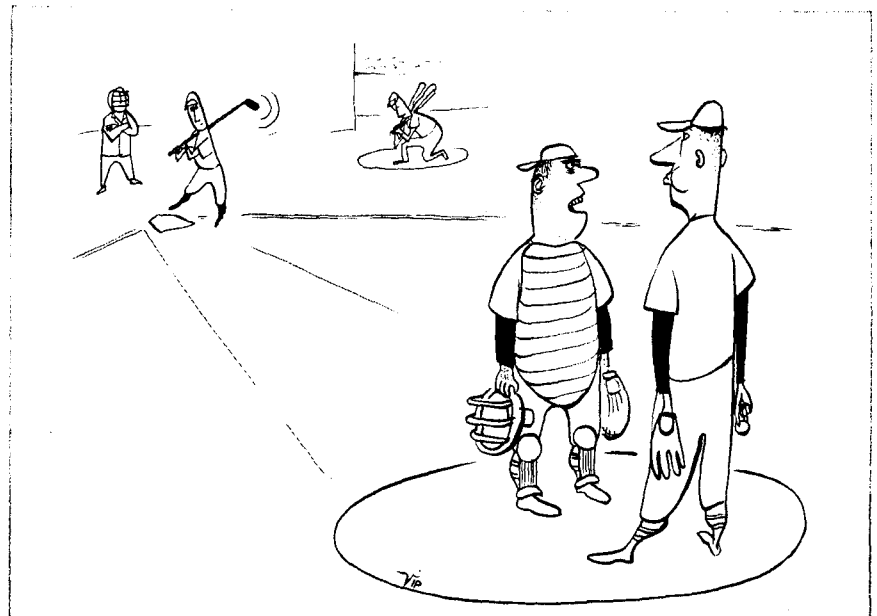
BY THE time they reached the street, Mike was sorry he'd lost his temper, and he was too immersed in his own mood to appreciate the apprehension with which Maureen eyed the jungle of metal across the road with its smoke and chemical stinks. Beyond the six lanes of traffic that separated the Front Office and Haley City from the three square miles of weird towers and factories and well derricks stood South Station. It was one of the four big power stations that kept the plant and the city operating.

South Station loomed ugly and tall above its immediate neighbors; its huge stack poured a dense rope of golden-brown smoke into the wind, and its vertical rows of windows revealed the dim but brooding shapes of the towering Cyclone boilers inside. A switch engine pulling a load of coal was chuffing noisily toward the grimy coal silos that stood south of the building. The Station looked for a fact like a place where stokers worked stripped to the waist with sweatbands on their foreheads. And the stench of chlorine, which one of the factories was producing, was strong enough to bleach a shirt. Mike glanced at Maureen and thought: The lady is regretting her bargain—and so am I.

But wasn't this what he wanted, to awe her with the rigors of the place? Not exactly. Actually he had wanted to get Maureen over to South Station for some time, so that she might come to share with him some of the pride he felt in the glittering and ingenious machinery with which the Station did its work. He wanted her to see how everything that moved at Haley Chemical was moved in one way or another by Haley Power.

South Station piped compressed air into the nearby factories, where the air might pump a tire or polish metal with a blast of sand. It also made steam to warm rooms and to cook chemicals at temperatures hot enough to melt lead. And, nearest to Mike's heart, South Station made steam, steam to twirl the turbines that generated current to light the plant, Haley City and the whole valley—current that was even for sale to other big utilities all over the state of Michigan. And only yesterday the newest and most exciting customer of all had been cut in: Atomic Research—here for some hush-hush purpose—had begun to use steam from South Station.

When traffic thinned, Mike took Maureen's arm and they crossed the road to Gate Three. As they went up the gravel drive, past the coal silos, Mike explained, in the mollified tone of one who has been angry and regrets it, how the coal was stored in the silos, how it was carried to powerful fans that blew the coal into the fires. He pointed to the squat Demineralization Plant on the north side of the Station and told her how water was pumped to it from the clear bottom of Lake Huron, more than fifty miles away, and softened still further before going into the boilers.



COLLIER'S **"Don't give him anything low"** VIRGIL PARTCH

As he talked he was touched by the way her brow was furrowed in her effort to understand what he said, and when their hands met by accident, he felt a shock stronger than anything Haley Power produced. . . .

They entered South Station through a vestibule from which two flights of stairs rose: one led up to the super's office, located on a mezzanine above the steam floor; the other led to the plumbing and repair shops, which were tiered four stories high along the south wall. On the ground floor, under the shops, was the compressor floor where a dozen cannonlike shapes, their spinning flywheels glittering, punched tiny bites of air under pressure into steel supply tanks. The central space, walled off from the tier of maintenance shops by solid brick walls, was filled from floor to roof girders by the Cyclone boilers. Opposite these, across a broad aisle of polished floor, were the control panels; and on the other side, under the super's office, were six long-bodied turbines, round-shouldered and flat-footed, all shining with blue-gray enamel. South Station, a cube of brick outside, was a Gothic cathedral inside.

But the central nave of South Station was not open, as in a cathedral; it was filled with six Cyclone boilers, each as big at the base as a city apartment house. Their aluminum-painted bulk rose sheer to the roof, cliffs of hot metal dwarfing the six firemen who tended them down on the floor below. Each fireman, his back to his boiler, steadily watched his control panel across the aisle, a panel that recorded in ink upon circular graphs every minute of the day and every beat of the pulse inside; and from within each boiler a single fierce red eye looked out at the backs of the men on the steam floor. Heat was a smell of scorched paint; coal was a rattling sound in the curved pipes that swirled the fuel down to the flaming jets behind each of the glaring eyes; and from that cyclonic spiral of flame, infernal heat surged up inside the walls of the boilers to attack the banks of water tubes in the regions above.

Mike tried to explain all this. He wanted Maureen to see how the water, pumped at the rate of 1,000,000 pounds an hour to each boiler, rose through the banks of slender tubes that lined the walls, rose to meet the focus of that infernal blast, where it was exploded instantly into steam, and was as instantly replaced. He wanted her to understand how the steam surged up into the powerful cylindrical drum at the top of each boiler and gathered there, always at a pressure of 1,250 pounds per square inch, before lunging forth to the turbine floor and the job it had to do.

He took her next to the turbines, and then to the point midway between the turbine wheels and the opposing dynamo, the point at which the nozzled steam of the turbines locked horns with the dragging magnets of the generator.

"Every light switch in the valley, every motor at Haley Chemical, is a brake pedal trying to stop that shaft," he said, "and it's our business, no matter what happens, to keep the steam stronger. These boilers and turbines"—he waved at them with pride—"can toss a lump of coal and a drop of water to the farthest light bulb on the property in a matter of seconds."

MAUREEN nodded and smiled, but what she said was: "Mike, I'm thirsty. Didn't I see a drinking fountain out in the hall?"

Discouraged by his failure to get through to her, but not defeated, Mike watched her exciting lips sipping daintily what his giants gulped in tons. As he looked at her he knew that all he had been telling her about steam had been born of a desire for her respect; and he also knew that he did not dare risk losing her—if he did that, some vital spark would go out of his life, leaving his job bleak and dull.

Then she straightened up from the drinking fountain, and in her eyes was neither awe of the Cyclones nor wonder at the magic electricity, but a woman's focused intention to have a man do something her way.

"The place is just as clean as you said it was," she said in the tone of a high-school debater who has just found the right rebuttal card, "and there's no reason at all why you, a salaried man, can't wear a necktie and a white shirt to work, no reason for you to dress like a coal heaver or a fireman."

"But I *am* a fireman," he said emphatically; "I came up that way. A stationary engineer isn't the same as a slide-rule engineer, Maureen. I'm on salary because in my ten years—from boiler operator to first-class license—I've had everything go wrong with boilers that can go wrong, and when something goes wrong here, I can help these fellows over the hump. When something goes wrong with the coal feed or the pumps, it isn't a necktie job. If I had a college degree, they'd

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probably take a chance on me upstairs, but, believe me, the stationary engineers I've seen promoted to super in ten years—well, I can count them on the thumbs of one hand. And that one was a politician with a glad hand and a smile like a sandwich sign! I'm not like that."

She sighed. "And who do *you* think they'll promote?"

"Barney Regan, perhaps," he answered. "He's had two years of college, or maybe they'll get a graduate engineer from off the street."

SHE was silent for a while, the expression on her pretty face enigmatic. Then she said, "Mike, I did what you wanted; I came over here across the street to see how the Other Half lives. Now will you do the same? Will you do what I want and wear a white shirt and tie to work tomorrow?"

Mike groaned, and then he said, "My firemen would laugh me right out of South Station! And Barney Regan, there on the turbine floor, and Jack White, over on the compressor floor, would wolf-whistle and say, 'Well, well, look who's bucking for the white-collar job!' "

"Aren't you?" she asked coolly.

"Aren't I what?"

"Bucking for the white-collar job?"

If he said he wasn't, he was licked. If he said he was, he was licked too. It beats hell, he thought, how an argument with a woman always has just the one outcome.

He looked at his watch and discovered his escape: it was time for her to get back to work. "We'll see," he said, "tonight when I get off work."

"No, Mike," Maureen said soberly, "we'll not dodge it any longer. I'll not marry a man who has no ambition. If you haven't the courage to take the first step now, you'll not have it tonight at eleven."

That was true enough, but the fact remained that she had tricked him into this, into doing something that could only damage his dignity. Yet, looking into her eyes, he knew that her good opinion of him was far more important than that of the men he worked with. "Okay," he said, "I'll do it, but only because you want me to. I'll do it—for one day." . . .

Mike had just left Maureen at the front door of the Administration Building, where Publicity had its offices, when a plume of waste steam from the exhaust stack at South Station rose, giving him something more immediate and pressing than white collars to worry about.

He knew what was causing that pop steam: the safety valve on boiler six, set to release steam pressure when the pressure rose toward the danger point, was acting up again—it was crying wolf again when there was no wolf. Twice in the last month it had cut loose with embarrassing vigor at 1,260 pounds, which was little above the operating level of 1,250. Unfortunately for Mike, the cost-accounting department was there in the Administration Building just across from South Station; and if that loudmouthed signal that steam and coal were being wasted continued for long, the Administration Building windows in cost accounting would be full of Dollar Mourners, their noses flattened against the glass. And when they saw what was happening, they would call the power superintendent, who would call South Station, and then boiler six would have to go down for two days to get cool enough so that a new valve could be installed.

And right now South Station could not spare one of its boilers. Two of the biggest steam hogs in South Station's family of factories were on seven-day weeks, and their demands for steam were so erratic that the flow-meter charts looked like pictures of roller coasters. At times the demands for steam were so low that the boilers would be below half fire, and then, suddenly, both factories would be yelling for steam so insistently that all six boilers would be simultaneously clawing for coal and water and air.

On top of this, it was summer, and the darkness that came with a sudden thundershower could send, within a few seconds, every electric-light user in the valley to the nearest lamp or wall switch. As if that weren't enough of a drain on South Station, the same thundershower would fall on the outdoor chemical cookers, cooling them off to the point where they would instantly double *their* demand for steam. No, Mike thought, boiler six can't go down for two days right now.

The combination of the two factories on seven-day weeks and what sudden thunderstorms could do were reason enough not to have boiler six down, Mike thought, but the clincher was the steam line running to Atomic Research.

Mike knew it wasn't his business to worry about the Atomic Research line because at South Station all such lines were taken from the turbine floor—Regan's department—and not from the boiler floor—his department. All of the six turbines were "bleeders," which meant that they were fitted to put out steam at three different pressures. Users who wanted 600 pounds piped it out of the front case of the bleeder, from the middle they got 400 pounds, and back near the dynamo end, 165 pounds. This was handy because, for most users, it meant they could hook right on, not having to bother with intricate and clumsy regulating valves. But, Mike thought, it was *too* handy for a snap-judgment expert like Barney Regan.

When the Atomic Research men had come in and asked for steam that would be constant at 400 pounds, Regan had said, "We've got it ready-made; I can hook you on in five minutes."

The word "constant" had meant something different to Mike than to Barney, and Mike had butted in and said, "Barney, wouldn't it be better to put them on six hundred and shape it down to four hundred?" Barney had told him the turbine floor was none of his damned business—which was true. Five minutes later Atomic Research was on the 400 line with no regulator.

True, the pressure from the bleeders was more constant than a wind-blown feather, but nevertheless, it could wobble over quite an arc, particularly if only five boilers were on the line.

Mike shrugged both these worries off: Atomic Research's pressure was Barney Regan's business, what to do about boiler six was John Gooch's, and nobody was paying Mike O'Shea to worry until three o'clock. He could surely take the sound of pop steam at this distance, if the day shift at South Station could stand it over there. He walked down to the Hiawatha Recreation Parlor; the job at hand was one quick beer, not South Station.

BUT South Station's superintendent, John Gooch, was standing just inside the door by the magazine stand. For policy's sake, Mike tried to grin, but it didn't work, and so he nodded and kept on going.

Gooch called him back and, clearing his throat importantly, said, "Mike, you heard about the planned change of personnel at South Station?"

"Just scuttlebutt," Mike said.

"Well, some promotions are due," Gooch said. "What do you think about young Regan?"

Mike had kept clear of politics for ten years, and he wasn't going to stop now. "He seems like a bright guy."

Gooch looked at him for a moment, sighed and said, "Well, I've got to be hustling if I'm going to get my wife to the dentist over in Flint and be back here by three."

Mike watched him go. He wondered why he hadn't told Gooch what they both knew: Barney Regan, with his snap judgments and eagerness to please everybody, was one lousy engineer.

Force of habit got Mike to Gate Three too early, and so he stopped in the shade between the Demineralization Plant and the next building for a cigarette. Leaning against the wall by an open window, Mike found he was shamelessly eavesdropping—but he'd heard somebody making a nasty crack about steam.

A man's voice, grumbling, had said, "I don't see why we have to put up with that damned steam line. It's hot enough without that. Couldn't they use electric pumps instead of that sizzling janitor's juice?"

"Don't sneer at steam, brother," another man said. "Suppose an electric motor conks out because of a thunderstorm. Every minute that it's out, the cooling system isn't working and that reactor is getting hotter and hotter. And when it gets hot enough, well, it

COLLIER'S "Well, it's about time" BILL HUTCHISON

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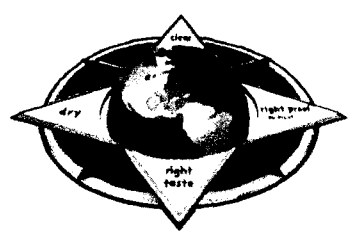

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could blow up Haley Chemical, Haley City—the whole valley! And that's why we've got steam pumps; they're not only steadier, they've got that extra push. The full four-hundred-pound pressure is always there."

Like hell it is! Mike thought. Not the way Regan's got you hooked on. If the load on the bleeder turbine drops, the pressure at the four-hundred-pound bleed point drops too—and this whole valley's going straight up!

WHOEVER had been talking inside walked away from the window, but they left Mike O'Shea scared white. Should he go to Gooch and say, "Regan's trying to blow us all to glory by hooking Atomic Research onto the four-hundred line?" No, he knew how it would go from there:

How do you know?

I was on the turbine floor when he did it.

What were you doing there?

Gadding.

How do you know the four-hundred line could blow us all to glory?

I heard some fellows talking.

Who were they?

I don't know.

Do you ever mind your own business?

Mike ground out his cigarette and started for South Station. From the ripping sound overhead he knew the day shift had left the pop steam for the afternoon shift to juggle or strangle. He went in thinking: Mike, boy, they're paying you to worry, now, so get with it.

The fireman going on duty on boiler six came up and said, "We're popping steam. Shall I shut down six so we can get at that damned valve?"

"Like hell you'll shut down," Mike yelled. "Six stays on the line until—"

Until when? Until Barney Regan blows us up? In a quieter tone he said, "I'll keep six alive for today. Meanwhile, if you'll step out of sight for a minute, I'll stop that pop steam from taking our ears off entirely."

When the fireman had gone, Mike punched the button that opened a surface blowoff, relieving the pressure on the faulty valve. The tattletale chart on boiler six's panel duly reported this crime in bright red ink, but the pop steam stopped and there was a blessed silence. Mike tried not to think how this maneuver would cost Haley Power just about two hundred dollars an hour; he thought instead how it might save the whole valley.

Gooch came in then, and Mike glanced at him guiltily. Gooch must know what Atomic Research was using South Station's steam for, but would he notice the way Barney Regan had it hooked up—and skin Regan alive as he deserved? Probably not. More likely Gooch would notice the red ink on boiler six's chart and descend on Mike O'Shea, roaring like a bull.

But Gooch noticed nothing. He motioned to Barney Regan, and the two of them, laughing at something, went upstairs. There on the mezzanine overlooking the steam floor, the two talked, buddy-buddy, for the better part of an hour, and Mike O'Shea kept an eye on the expensive red ink with which boiler six was reporting his abuse of it.

When the shift ended, Mike called Maureen, hoping that she would inspire either his courage or his intelligence. But when he asked her for a date, she said, "Save your white shirt and the crease in your best pants for tomorrow, Mike."

At home he couldn't sleep, so he turned on the radio. He heard about trouble in Europe, trouble in Asia and news of high winds moving northeastward from Kansas.

WHEN Mike woke up it was eleven o'clock in the morning and the radio was still on. It was broadcasting a tornado warning for eastern Michigan and northern Ohio. A tornado warning—well, that was excuse enough to keep boiler six alive just one more day.

Lunch with Maureen was a strained affair, not because Mike felt uncomfortable in his best suit, and not because of her attitude, which was sober

TIZZY

"I'm going to stop going steady with you, Harry, but I think it's only fair that I give you two weeks' notice"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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rather than triumphant, but because he was listening for the sound of pop steam. If he heard it, it meant that the day shift had undone his skulduggery. But not hearing it left him in the dark: Was boiler six running or shut off?

When Mike arrived at South Station, none of the firemen commented on his white shirt because they were all looking warily at boiler six. From the door Mike couldn't tell whether it was on or off, but as he got closer he saw what the firemen were watching. Regan was making a close examination of the charts on six's panel, and from the studious look on Regan's face, Mike felt sure that Regan was planning further research into the matter, research that, if carried back to yesterday's charts, would pin this crime on Mike O'Shea.

MIKE hung his coat on his desk chair, and Regan, turning, whistled at the white shirt, but Mike was saved by a commotion out in the vestibule. Then the Atomic Research men came in, yelling for blood, the leader waving a couple of rolled-up meter charts. Who, they wanted to know, was in charge of the steam floor?

When Mike told them he was, one said, "Mr. O'Shea, just how plainly do we have to talk to get constant pressure for our steam line? Look at this chart; it that your idea of *constant?*"

Mike looked at the chart and saw that on four occasions during the night the pressure line had sagged ten or twenty pounds. The plastic boys would have called it constant, but not the Atomic Research men.

"Well?" asked the spokesman.

"Pretty bad," Mike said, trying not to look too relieved. "If you fellows will make me out a work order giving me authority—by name—to put you on a six-hundred-pound line with a reducer and regulator, I can guarantee you'll get a constant four-hundred-pound pressure."

When the Research men had gone and the workmen from Maintenance arrived to make the installation on Barney Regan's turbine floor, Regan came to life—and with a lively sense of revenge. With yesterday's charts on boiler six in his hand, he settled himself to watch for John Gooch's arrival. Regan meant to talk first and loudest.

Gooch came in just as Mike was heading back to close down boiler six—it was safe to do it now. But instead of proceeding with that planned neck-saving maneuver, Mike stopped and stared at a cloud that was darkening the west window. The cloud was tall and broad and swirling, and it had dark nodules. Even if it wasn't a tornado, the cloud still meant one thing to Mike: a sudden big load. Instead of cutting boiler six, he undid the skulduggeries of the previous day and told the fireman to get it back on full fire.

The big load hit, pulled for half an hour, and then was gone—and pop steam ripped again from the exhaust stack. At that moment John Gooch came down the stairs two at a time and out onto the steam floor. He headed straight for Mike, and Mike saw that his face was white and distraught.

"Mike," Gooch said tensely, "you've got to take over. That tornado—it just hit Flint. Chopped hell out of the place, and my wife's over there. I'm going—"

When Gooch had gone, Regan came over from the turbine floor. "What's up?" he asked. It was plain that he hoped Gooch had nailed Mike's ears back for the boiler-six deal.

"He told me to run the place," Mike said above the rip of pop steam. "That tornado hit Flint—his wife's over there. You better get back to Dispatching; we may be getting a call any minute from Flint asking for all the current we can spare."

As he spoke, the pop steam unaccountably lessened, and then it stopped, although the boilers had at the same time leaped to full fire. Above the increased rattling of the coal through the pipes, Mike heard the phone ringing on his desk.

"Mike? Get Gooch on the line; there's hell to pay!"

Mike recognized the voice of Hackett at the Demineralization Plant. "Pay it to me," Mike said. "I'm in charge."

"Cut your boilers!" Hackett said. "Our pumping station was in the path of the storm. It's junk; we're not getting any water. I've called the other three stations. Cut your fires!"

So that was the load that had swallowed all his waste steam at a gulp and had put South Station on full fire: Haley Chemical's full load had landed on his neck—including an atomic reactor!

"I can't cut," Mike yelled, "and I won't! Get water from the river, and get it fast!"

"If we pumped water from the river we'd be all silted up in half an hour," Hackett snapped. "And if you use hard water in those Cyclone boilers, your tubes will be scaled up and your turbines fouled with silica in—"

Mike hung up—it was a useless conversation, with the whole valley in danger—and set out to find Jack White on the compressor floor. Jack had been a steamfitter here and he knew every pipe in the place, including the old lines that pumped river water before Cyclones were installed.

"Jack, the pumping plant's knocked out," Mike told him. "I've got to have water from the river. Can you get it?"

Jack nodded. "Sure. The old pump station down there's still working—one of the plastic plants is using it now. If you can get authority to risk that river gunk, I can put it in here."

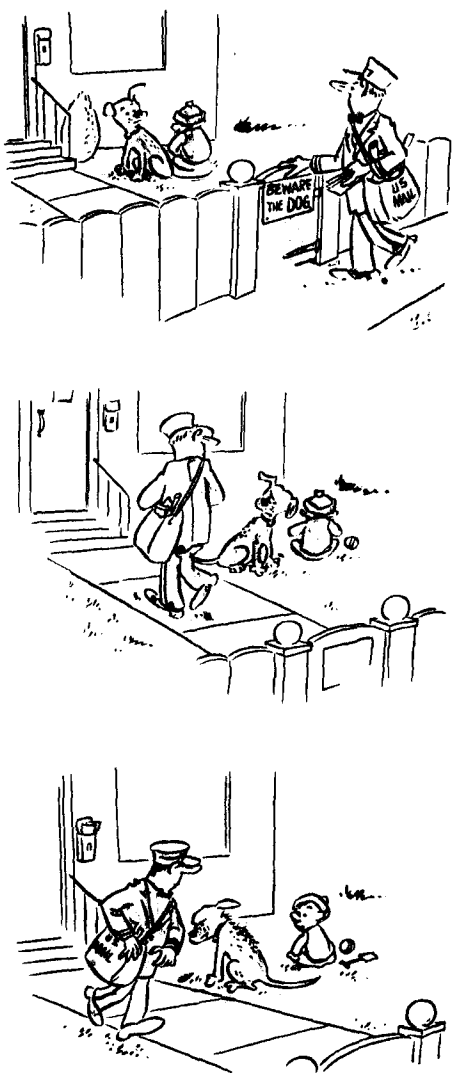
"Get started," Mike said.

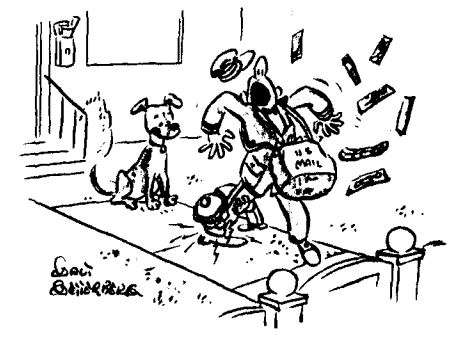
Jack made no move. "When Gooch okays it," he said.

"I'm Gooch," Mike said. "Get going, Jack."

Everybody and everything was damnably slow, and Mike, trapped in a white shirt and with a dozen places to be at once, was at their mercy. Was this the price a boss paid, having to wait for clumsy hands and slow brains to pick up what he could understand and do in the time it took to tell them? A dozen times before the river water finally reached the mains, he was tempted to say, "Give me that wrench and let me do it!" And each time he was glad he hadn't, because a telephone call or one of the firemen demanded his attention. At last, though, he and Jack White stood watching the pen on a Venturi chart climb as water from the river poured into the mains.

From Gooch's office they could hear a radio: "One hundred known dead . . . martial law . . . the whole north section of Flint leveled . . . please stay off the roads . . . please don't use unnecessary water or lights . . . bulldozer equipment urgently needed . . ."





COLLIER'S WALT WETTERBERG

All six boilers were humping now on full feed, the coal rattled like hail, the eyeholes were no longer red but blinding white, and the flow-meter pens were moving outside the printed chart lines, proving once again that strange capacity of steam to do more than it can do. And outside, the lights still twinkled from the towers and retorts, the factories still plumed exhaust, operating on what Mike was making from river water. How long would it be, he wondered, before the silt took over, and before the lime and silica clogged those slender tubes and delicate turbine vanes?

A blinding light flashed in his eyes. He jumped and covered his face, thinking that a Cyclone's wall was being blown out into the room. But when his vision cleared he saw the flash had been made by a photographer from Publicity, and Maureen was with the man. They were taking pictures so that Haley Chemical could brag of furnishing electricity for disaster-torn Flint—

They've sent Maureen into this place! Mike thought in sudden rage. But when he had driven the photographer out with a hard-and-fast account of the danger he was in, Maureen was still there, and nothing he could say would make her leave.

Then a police siren came wailing through Gate Three, and a moment later John Gooch was there. Obviously his wife was safe because it was clear the only thing on his mind now was something straight ahead of him. He ran to the Atomic Research bleeder line, and when he saw the changes Mike had made a few hours before, he sank weakly into a chair. "You changed the bleeder point," he said to Mike.

Mike nodded.

"You knew what was hooked onto that line?"

Mike nodded again.

Gooch closed his eyes and rubbed them, saying wearily, "Thank Heaven!" Then he opened his eyes and stared amazedly at the row of white-eyed giants. "The pumps are still out of commission," he said, puzzled. "What in the devil are you using for water?"

"River water," Mike said.

Gooch leaped up. "Balls of fire!"

"I had to," Mike said. "Maybe the Atomic Research men could have cut some switch, but Flint couldn't! They had to have power. Are you taking over now, Mr. Gooch?"

"Are you nuts?" Gooch asked. "The only man who can straighten out this wacky spread is the guy who dreamed it up. You're the super here until the pumps are working and these boilers are making steam again instead of turtle soup! And"—he paused and a nasty gleam came into his eyes—"maybe a lot longer than that.

"Mike," Gooch went on, sitting down again, "you've ducked every chance I've given you to ask for a promotion. But now you've proved you can run the place, and I've got you now where you can't hide under a fireman's cap. I'm being promoted to chief super at North Station, but not until I've found a successor I can vouch for. And you're it, Mike, and you have no excuse now for saying no."

HAVEN'T I? Mike thought, and he looked around and saw the firemen from his shift straggling off the steam floor as the new shift came in. Barney Regan was yawning, as though he were already sitting on the edge of his bed. Mike glanced up at the boilers, still running on river gunk and more dangerous now than they were two minutes ago, fouling every second with more silt and scale. And Mike thought of the men fifty miles away, sleepily dawdling as they repaired the pumping station, delaying his release.

And supposing I do get through this, Mike thought; while Publicity is honoring me in public, cost accounting will be cutting my heart out with a dull knife because of the repair bill. And the fellows I used to work with, who used to be my friends, will be turning this night into a barroom story. And just because I'll be wearing a white shirt, the whole world of Haley Power will have a perfect right to ride on my back, dragging its feet . . .

But at that moment Maureen's hand touched his arm gently, and Mike O'Shea began to feel the pride and understanding a woman can give a man. Pride came to Mike then. He glanced at the new shift of firemen, and then he looked down at Maureen, and he thought: I'm on the ladder—and she put me there. Well, I'll prove she was right.

—GEORGE S. REEVES

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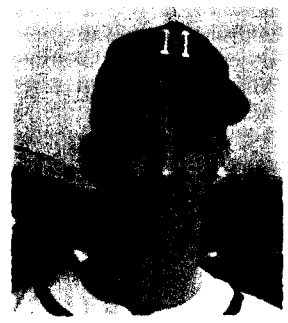
"You Can Fool Some of the Hitters

". . . and you can fool all of the hitters some of the time. But," declares pitcher Warren Spahn, "you can't fool all the hitters all the time." Here's how the Brave's ace tries to outfox the sluggers



CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

LIKE every other pitcher in the National League, I work extra carefully on big Ted Kluszewski, the slugging first baseman of the Cincinnati Redlegs. Klu topped the majors with 49 homers last season. He's got power. As sportscaster Dizzy Dean says: "When that guy hits the ball solid, sawdust comes out of the bat."

Kluszewski is especially tough in the late innings of a close game. Take what happened earlier this season when my team, the Braves, battled the Redlegs in Milwaukee. In the sixth inning, I worked up a ball-two strike-two count on Klu, then broke a pretty good curve over the outside corner, belt-high—and he popped out to Danny O'Connell near second base.

When Klu came up again in the eighth, I was nursing a 1-to-0 lead, and Cincinnati had a runner on first. I curved Klu into another two-and-two count; then, figuring I had set him up for the fast ball, I grunted one through, high and inside. But I figured wrong. Klu timed the fast pitch perfectly and drove the ball into the right-field stands to put Cincinnati ahead, 2 to 1.

Kluszewski's homer skyrocketed 425 feet; his earlier pop-up to O'Connell had traveled only 90 feet. Now, here's a question for you baseball fans: Was the difference between the homer and the pop-up 335 feet? Or only about three inches?

If you pick the obvious answer—335 feet—you're thinking like a hitter. You measured the distances that the balls traveled through the air.

But I'm a pitcher. From my viewpoint, the real difference between that 425-foot homer and the 90-foot pop-up was only three inches—maybe as little as an inch. Here's why:

A slugger like Kluszewski swings a heavy-handled 36-inch bat, but only a relatively small six-inch segment—the so-called "fat of the bat"—is good hitting surface. That handle extends about 28 inches; if Klu hits the ball anywhere on the handle, he's not likely to generate extra-base power. Similarly, the last two inches on the thick end of the bat are dead wood. If Klu hits the ball off the end, he won't get any distance. Consequently, Klu's job as a hitter is to put the "fat of the bat"—that six-inch segment between the thin handle and the dead end—on the ball. Conversely, my job as a pitcher is to keep the ball *off* the fat of Klu's bat and *on* the handle or the dead end.

When I pitched to Kluszewski in the sixth, my curve broke about three inches—just enough to slide off onto the end of the bat. Result: pop-up. In the eighth, however, my fast ball didn't get in on the handle. Klu timed the pitch, made a slight adjustment in his swing, and exploded the fat of the bat against the ball. Result: homer.

That's how it goes. Sometimes you fool the hitters. Other times you don't. If you can fool the hitters about one inch on most of your pitches, you won't lose many ball games.

Of course, some hitters are mighty hard to fool.

The most dangerous area for Spahn within the strike zone: six-inch, blue-shaded fat of the bat. If that part of the bat connects—wham!

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Spahn, here delivering to Bobby Morgan of the Phils, is great booster for change-up: "You can't fool the hitters consistently until you learn how to vary the speed of your pitches"

...at the time..."

By WARREN SPAHN

with BILL FAY

Take Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals. Stan is the hardest man in the National League to fool. I don't see the American League hitters enough to make fair comparisons, but I'll say this much: before the Braves moved from Boston to Milwaukee two years ago, I saw a lot of Ted Williams of the Red Sox in exhibition games. Musial is just as tough as Williams was in his prime.

What Musial can do with a bat is downright amazing. Stan swings a 34½-inch model with about five inches of good fat hitting wood. Home plate is 17 inches wide, so Stan can only cover about one third of the plate with good wood when I throw the ball. What's more, the strike zone extends from Stan's armpits to the top of his knees—roughly, three feet. Over-all, Stan has to guard a strike rectangle 36 inches high and 17 inches wide.

Any Pitch in Strike Zone Is His Meat

If I fire a fast ball on the outside corner, knee-high, Stan has to move the fat of the bat down and out about 12 inches to make a solid base hit—and he has to move the bat in a hurry because my fast ball, traveling upwards of 90 miles per hour, reaches the plate in half a second. Actually, the ball is over home plate only about 1/75 of a second. Unfortunately, speed doesn't seem to bother Musial. He's strong enough and quick enough to knock any ball in the strike zone right out of the park.

One way or another, though, you can soften the home-run punch of most sluggers. For example, Willie Mays of the New York Giants has lots of power, but Willie's power is mostly above the belt. If you pitch him below the belt, he'll get his share of base hits but he's less apt to ruin you with a homer.

Similarly, Hank Sauer of the Chicago Cubs is a tremendous low-ball hitter. However, if you pitch high and inside, you can keep the ball off the big barrel of Hank's bat. If Hank does come around fast enough to put the barrel on the ball, he'll pull it foul.

Invariably, sluggers are pull hitters. The right-handers like Mays and Sauer and Gil Hodges of the Brooklyn Dodgers generate their power by pulling inside pitches toward left; the left-handers like Kluszewski, Duke Snider of the Dodgers and Eddie Mathews of our Milwaukee club like to pull for the right-field stands.

When I face a pull hitter, I usually try to keep the ball on the outside corner. So far as I know, Musial is the only hitter who can pull the outside pitch. Stan (who's a left-hander) beat Milwaukee once last summer by pulling an outside pitch onto the roof of the right-field pavilion in St. Louis.

Of course, Stan doesn't have to pull that outside pitch to hit home runs. Two summers ago, I made what I thought was the perfect pitch to Stan. It was a fast ball, knee-high on the outside. Stan belted it on a line over Eddie Mathews' head at third and the ball fell into the left-field stands 375 feet from home plate.

How do you fool a hitter like Musial? Obviously, you can't fire the ball past him. Your best bet is to try to upset his timing with a variety of breaking stuff and change-ups (pitches thrown with normal motion but at less than normal speed).

When I face Musial, I generally mix a few fast balls with lots of curves (which I throw with identical motion). Since I'm a left-hander, my curve breaks down and away from Musial. If Stan misjudges the pitch, he'll hit slightly under or over the center of the ball. If he hits the top of the ball, he'll beat it into the dirt, setting up a possible play for our infielders; if he hits the bottom of the ball, he'll drive it into the air, setting up a chance for our outfielders.

The worst mistake any pitcher can make against Musial is to keep on throwing fast balls without changing speed. Once Stan times your fast ball, the lives of your infielders are in jeopardy.

I never throw two consecutive fast balls to Musial at the same speed. Instead, I change speeds by tightening or loosening my grip on the ball. When I loosen up—throwing "off the palm"—the ball leaves my fingers at a slower speed. Actually, that's all there is to throwing the so-called change-up.

When the slower change-up is thrown with your normal motion, the hitter has to make a split-second adjustment in his swing. Remember, I said the ball is over the plate approximately 1/75 of a second. If Musial swings even 1/100 of a second too soon or too late, he won't hit the ball solidly.

In my opinion, the change-up is the most valuable pitch in any hurler's repertoire. You can't fool the hitters consistently until you learn how to vary the speed of your pitches. Look at Johnny Antonelli of the New York Giants. Johnny had a blazing fast ball and a sharp curve when he broke in with the Braves as a bonus rookie seven years ago, but he didn't start winning consistently until last season, when coach Frank Shellenback taught him a good change-up.

To win in the big leagues, you've got to have confidence, control and at least three good pitches. Like most pitchers, I work with the three basic deliveries: fast ball, curve, change-up. However, there are other equally effective combinations.

Robin Roberts, the Philadelphia Phils' ace right-hander, fires fast balls, curves, change-ups and sliders. Bob Rush of the Chicago Cubs relies on a fast ball–change-up–sinker combination. Hoyt Wilhelm of the Giants uses his fast ball and change-up to set up his big pitch—a fluttery knuckler.

But no matter what combination you use, the big trick is to throw each pitch with the same motion. When you mask or "hide" the pitch effectively, the hitter can't anticipate the break on the ball, and it is that all-important break which moves the ball off the fat of the bat.

Now, here's a point which may surprise some of you: those big curve balls—the spectacular variety which "fall off the table"—are relatively easy to hit. It's those little "wrinkle" curves (which look like straight fast balls from a grandstand seat) that give the hitters fits. Here's why:

The faster you throw, the smaller the break on the ball. A fast curve may break two to four inches, while a slow curve may bend from eight inches to a foot. Obviously, a hitter has more time to adjust his swing on a big slow curve. As my teammate, Eddie Mathews, one of baseball's great hitters, explains:

"The slow curve breaks sooner—maybe a foot before the ball reaches the bat—and once the ball starts to break I can follow it pretty well. The

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tough curve is the fast curve which looks like a fast ball and breaks late—just before it reaches the bat. Maybe it breaks only a couple of inches, but that's usually enough to move the ball off the fat of the bat."

Speaking of moving the ball off the fat of the bat, here's how the various pitches behave at home plate (left-handed pitcher, left-handed batter; right-handed pitcher, right-handed batter):

Fast ball—sails any direction about an inch.

Curve—breaks down and away two inches to a foot, depending on speed.

Screwball—breaks in about three inches.

Slider—breaks out sharply two to four inches.

Sinker—dips two to six inches, depending on speed.

Knuckler—breaks unpredictably one to six inches. A real crazy pitch.

Robin Roberts of the Phils is a classic example of a pitcher who gets maximum deception with a minimum of break on the ball. Roberts' slider looks just like his fast ball. From the grandstand, you well may think he's throwing nothing but fast balls. Actually, Roberts throws almost as many sliders as fast balls, and both pitches explode just before reaching the bat. The slider jerks sideways; the fast ball hops about an inch.

Consequently, Roberts' pitches keep darting off the fat of the bat at the moment of impact. That's why Robin averages 20 victories per season. Incidentally, thanks to that great slider, the right-handed Roberts has remarkably little trouble with left-handed hitters. When he fires the slider inside, the ball moves in on the fists of left-handed swingers.

So much for the mechanics of pitching; now let's talk about what you've got to do to win in the different ball parks around the National League. Might as well start with Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. It's the toughest park in the league for pitchers—especially left-handed pitchers.

The Brooklyn line-up is packed with five strong right-handed hitters: Jackie Robinson, Gil Hodges, Carl Furillo, Roy Campanella and Pee Wee Reese. They clobber fast balls (all good hitters can handle speed). To win in Brooklyn, you've got to throw plenty of breaking stuff.

An Inviting Home-Run Target

However, when a southpaw throws a curve to a right-handed hitter, the ball breaks *in* rather than away. That's the kind of pitch a good right-handed hitter—say Gil Hodges—can pull with maximum power toward left field, and the left-field fence in Brooklyn is an inviting home-run target.

That left-center fence is also an attractive target for Duke Snider, the Dodgers' slugging center fielder. Snider, a left-hander, usually pulls for the right-field fence, but he's strong enough to slice the outside pitch over the left-center barrier.

By way of illustrating how rough the Dodgers can be on left-handers, let me make one personal reference: since 1945, I've won more games (169 as this is written) than any other National League pitcher. Even so, manager Charley Grimm hasn't used me as a starter against the Dodgers since the '53 season, when the Dodgers beat me twice against no defeats.

Of course, I think I can beat the Dodgers. I'd like to work against them. If I didn't think I could beat every club, I wouldn't be able to beat any club. Every pitcher feels the same way. If you ever lose that confidence, well—you're through.

I've never talked to Grimm about starting against the Dodgers. Charley's the boss. However, if I ever did talk to Charley, I know he'd say something like this: "Spahnie, your best pitch is a high fast ball. When it's jumping and you're firing it through at the letters, the Dodgers will pop it up and you won't get hurt. But if your control slips and you fire that fast ball around the belt, they'll knock it out of the park."

Charley's right, of course. When a club has good right-handed pitchers (as we do, it's smart baseball to use them against the Dodgers. Grimm usually starts Gene Conley, Lew Burdette and Bob Buhl in Brooklyn.

Conley beat the Dodgers five out of six last season. His curve breaks away from those right-handed sluggers, and they can't pull it toward left field. Both Burdette and Buhl have good sinker balls. When they keep the sinker low (away from the hitters' eyes) it's a great pitch because the hitters tend to swing over the ball and drive it into the dirt.

Recently a friend of mine who is a casual fan asked: "What about that 'book' on the hitters I keep reading about? You pitchers are supposed to know every hitter's weakness. Furillo is supposed to be strictly a high-ball hitter. Campanella is supposed to be a low-ball hitter. Why don't you follow the 'book' against the Dodgers—just pitch to their weaknesses?"

That's a good question. My answer, as I explained to my friend, is this: "You can't stop good hitters by pitching *exclusively* to their supposed weaknesses. Sure, Furillo hits high stuff harder than low stuff. That's because Furillo has to guard the whole strike zone between armpits and the top of his knees, and he reacts a bit faster on high balls. However, you can't throw everything low to Furillo. You've got to mix in some high stuff—enough to keep him guarding the whole strike zone. Otherwise, he'll set himself for the low stuff, and once he's set for a pitch—high or low—he hits it with plenty of power."

Speaking of Furillo, I've noticed this peculiarity. When Carl smacks a line drive, the ball invariably goes toward center field. When he hits on the ground, the ball travels toward the hole between short and third. That's why other clubs play their shortstop deep and swung toward third against Carl Furillo.

One other peculiarity about Ebbets Field: there's not much foul area along the base paths. Pop fouls which would be caught in other parks fall into the box seats. That's a big advantage for the hitters, and it makes Ebbets Field just so much tougher for pitchers.

After Ebbets Field, I'd pick the Polo Grounds, home of the champion New York Giants, as the second toughest park for pitchers. The odd shape of the outfield creates two problems:

First, the foul lines are the shortest in the majors; the left-field pole is 279 feet from home plate; and the right-field pole is only 257 feet away. Any pop fly directly down the line can fall in for a homer in the Polo Grounds.

Second, the fences angle sharply away from the foul poles, creating a huge center field (the fence is 480 feet from home plate in straightaway center). Any line drive hit sharply to right center or left center may roll all the way to the fence for a triple or inside-the-park homer.

Therefore, it's smart baseball to "bunch" the outfielders in New York. Your left and right fielders (who can't defend against down-the-line homers anyway) move over about 30 yards toward center. This shift puts them in better position to cut off line drives which could go through for triples and inside-the-park homers.

Naturally, when the outfield is bunched, the pitcher's job is to make the Giants hit straightaway toward center. In the Polo Grounds, I try to keep my pitches on the outside corner and on the end of the bat. When my control is sharp, those outside pitches keep the Giants from pulling the ball down the foul lines.

But even when my control is sharp, the Giants are hard to stop. They don't have the Dodgers' long-ball power, but they're a more versatile club. When they need a run to win, they can manufacture it by beating out bunts, stealing bases, using the hit-and-run play. As the ballplayers say, they find a million ways to beat you.

Leo's Four Hit-and-Run Stars

Manager Leo Durocher always has been partial to the hit-and-run [Hit-and-Run—Baseball's Perfect Play, in Collier's, June 24th], and he has four of the best hit-and-run men in the business: Whitey Lockman, Al Dark, Don Mueller and Davey Williams. Leo often calls the play on the first pitch following a walk.

In fact, Durocher never misses a chance to grab a little edge. When I walk out toward the mound to start an inning, Durocher (who's on his way to the third-base coaching box) always manages to intercept me near the foul line. As he trots by, he'll yell something like: "Gonna rip ya this inning, Spahn. Dark, Mueller and Mays coming up. Gonna rip ya."

As you might expect, Durocher's observations usually are much more pungent and personal. But Leo's purpose is always the same: he's trying to do something, anything, to upset the pitcher.

For a couple of reasons, I've had pretty good luck against the Giants. First, I've always had good control. I don't walk many hitters—which reduces the Giants' hit-and-run potential.

Second, I'm left-handed and face first base on windups. If there's a runner on first, I can watch him and keep him close to the bag—which reduces the Giants base-stealing and hit-and-run effectiveness.

[Editor's note: Spahn has probably the most deceptive motion of any National League pitcher. Standing on the mound in pitching position, he can fire the ball to the batter or flick the ball to the first baseman with an identical motion. As a result, the runner doesn't dare take a big enough lead to steal. Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers is the only base runner who ever has stolen second on Spahn, and Pee Wee has turned the trick just twice in nine years.]

The Giants have plenty of power. Willie Mays and Monte Irvin can hit the long ball. So can Durocher's ace pinch hitters, Dusty Rhodes and Bobby Hofman. I don't see much of Rhodes, a left-handed swinger. Durocher usually employs the right-handed Hofman against me. But I know this: both Rhodes and Hofman are great first-ball hitters.

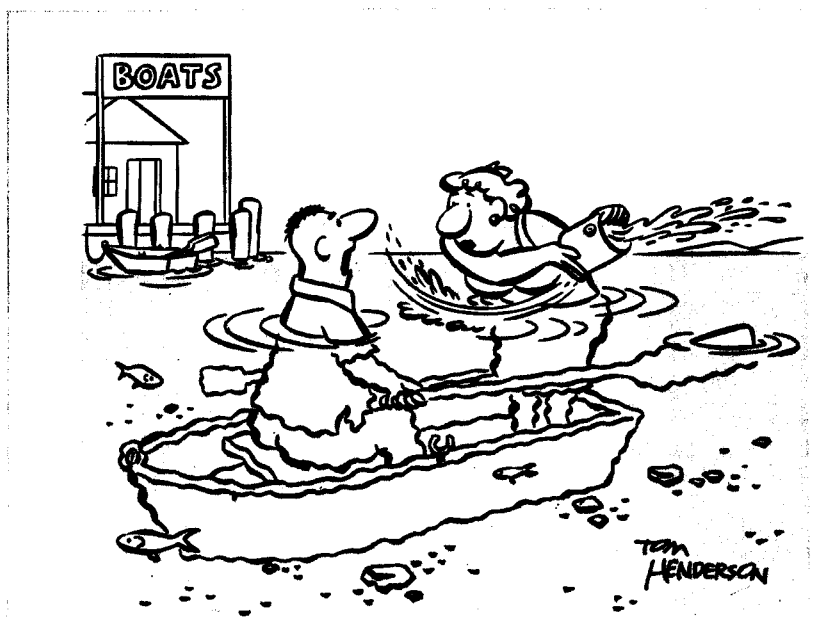
Here's how the Giants' top hitters shape up:

Willie Mays—great power above the belt; no setup on low stuff, but seldom socks it for distance.

Whitey Lockman—good wrist action; sprays hits to all fields; expert on hit-and-run; can go for the homer when Giants need it to win.

Hank Thompson—loves that curve ball; hits the breaking pitch—including sliders, sinkers and knucklers—as well as anybody.

Monte Irvin—good fast-ball hitter;



COLLIER'S **"Okay, Alice, you can stop bailing"** TOM HENDERSON

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hard to fool; you've got to move the ball around the plate and work on him with change-ups.

Don Mueller—best "choke" hitter in league; uses thick-handled bat with about 10 inches of good hitting wood. Hits line drives on pitches right on his fists.

Al Dark—excellent "bad-ball" hitter; can reach out and slap wide pitch into right field, a trick which comes in handy protecting the runner on hit-and-run plays.

If you analyze that line-up, you'll discover the big reason why the Giants are so tough. They're stocked with all kinds of hitters. No matter what kind of pitcher you happen to be, the Giants have somebody who is adept at hitting your favorite delivery.

Once you get away from Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds, you find some ball parks where a pitcher has more room to operate. My favorite parks are Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, Wrigley Field in Chicago and County Stadium in Milwaukee. All three parks have spacious outfields.

Right field in Pittsburgh is fairly short, but a high screen keeps fly balls from falling into the stand. Last season, Eddie Mathews socked a liner against the wire.

Jerry Lynch, the Pirate right fielder, played the caroming ball perfectly and fired a strike to second base. Mathews was out trying for two bases on a hit which would have been a homer by 150 feet in the Polo Grounds!

A Humane Society Waxes Bitter

Until this season, a similar high screen protected the close-in right-field stands at Busch Stadium in St. Louis. However, that screen has been removed. This development has produced bitter comment in the S.P.C.R.P. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Right-handed Pitchers).

Not quite coincidentally, the Cardinals possess one of the best left-handed one-two punches in our circuit. They have Musial and Wally Moon, both of whom dote on fast balls and treat right-handers' curves (which break in toward them) with cruel violence. Before the season is over, I have a hunch a record-breaking number of homers will be hit in Busch Stadium.

Summing up, I'd say there are four parks where the hitters have the edge: New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis and Cincinnati (where more home runs were hit last year than in any other field); and four stadiums where the pitchers have a slight advantage: Pittsburgh, Chicago, Milwaukee and Philadelphia.

In those last four parks, you can win by fooling the hitters about an inch or two on the big pitches—just enough to make them smack long-fly outs instead of homers. But in the other parks—New York and Brooklyn, particularly—you've got to fool the hitters more than two inches, or else they'll beat you with homers into the close-in stands. I remember Walker Cooper of the Cubs once broke his bat on an outside pitch in the Polo Grounds. The broken end rolled out to second base, while the ball drifted down the left-field line and into the seats for a 260-foot homer!

Of course, you're asking for trouble any time you make a general statement about baseball. Two seasons ago, for example, I would have classified Stan Lopata, the Philadelphia catcher, as an automatic out. Lopata, a big right-handed hitter, could smack low stuff hard, but he couldn't put his bat on a high, inside pitch. I never had any trouble with him.

But the situation changed radically last season when Lopata changed his batting stance. Instead of standing upright, Stan adopted baseball's lowest squat, suggestive of a man peering through a keyhole. This maneuver cut Stan's strike zone almost in half (his armpits were down where his belt used to be) and transformed my high-inside-strike pitch into a harmless ball. As a result I had to pitch lower to get down into the squatting Lopata's strike zone. This meant throwing to Stan's low-ball strength, and his batting average against me (and everybody else) jumped about 50 points.

Luckily, only a few hitters can swing effectively out of a squat à la Lopata. (Ernie Banks of the Cubs is one.) Lopata's transformation from an automatic out into a tough hitter demonstrates another point: the hitters are always trying something different in an effort to get an edge on the pitcher.

A few weeks ago, an infielder on another club—I'll just call him Joe—clouted everything I threw up to the plate. That bothered me because Joe is what pitchers call a "leg hitter"—that is, he's very fast and beats out enough infield hits to keep his average around the .250 mark. But Joe definitely is no Musial. If Musial or Snider or Mays or Kluszewski hits you hard in a game—well, that's different. You don't like it, but you don't lose any sleep over it because they figure to get their share of hits off anybody.

Figuring Out a Guy Called Joe

However, when a .250 hitter starts knocking your cap off with line drives, you can't help worrying. Something has to be wrong. First, I wondered if Joe had picked up a tip on my delivery. That happens. A batter discovers you're throwing your curve with a slightly different motion than your fast ball. So he sets himself for the fast ball and—WHAM!

I discarded the tip-off theory in a hurry. After all, if Joe did have a tip, he would have passed it around the line-up and everybody would have clobbered me. But that didn't happen. Actually, I had pitched a low-hit game and won easily.

There had to be another solution. I finally found the answer by jotting down a résumé of everything I threw to Joe. Here's how the chart looked, pitch-by-pitch. If you study it, you'll probably spot the answer too.

FIRST INNING: fast ball, change-up, fast curve, slow curve, fast ball (and Joe banged a double off left-field wall).

FOURTH INNING: slow curve, fast ball, change-up, fast ball, slow curve (and Joe slammed a 400-foot liner to left center on which Billy Bruton made a great catch).

SIXTH INNING: fast ball, change-up, fast curve, fast ball (which Joe fouled off), change-up, fast ball (and Joe hit a line-drive single through the box).

EIGHTH INNING: fast curve, fast ball, change-up, fast ball, change-up, fast curve (and Joe lashed a ground double down the left-field line).

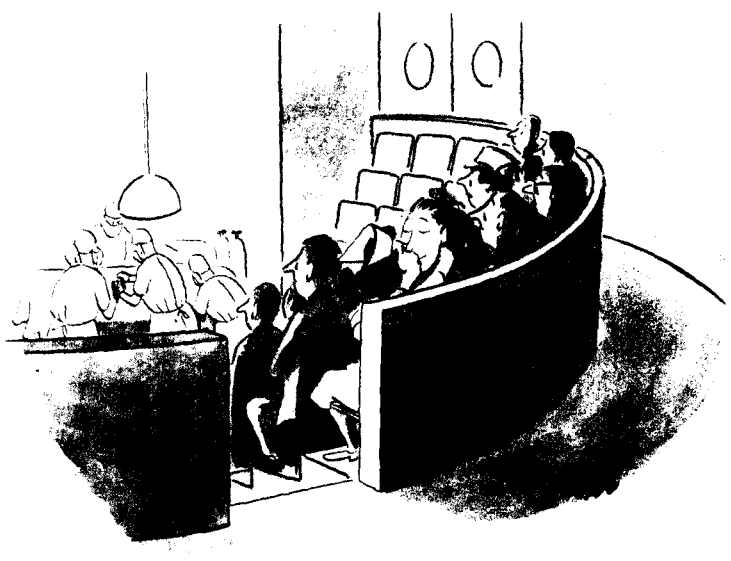
How about it? Did you spot Joe's system? If not, here's the answer: Joe never hit the first pitch. Instead, he "memorized" the speed of the pitch (curve or fast ball) and then waited patiently for another one like it. When the "memorized" pitch finally came through, Joe was ready for it.

Of course, Joe's trick wasn't anything new. Veteran catcher Walker Cooper used the trick when he was one of baseball's top home-run sluggers. Plenty of hitters are still using the trick, but they pick their spots carefully because of the risks involved. As Cooper himself remarks:

"It's a great system until the pitchers get wise. After that, you don't see that first pitch again. Instead, they slip two strikes past you while you're looking for the repeater. Then you're in the hole and they can work on you with their best pitch."

Joe had never tried the memory trick on me before. Undoubtedly, that's why it worked so well. If he tries it again, I'll give him a tough time. But next time, he may try something else. He may figure I'll be laying that first pitch in there—just to get him in the hole—and he may swing on the first pitch.

That's how it goes. You can fool some of the hitters all of the time; you can fool all of the hitters some of the time. But, unfortunately, you can't fool all the hitters all the time.



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM O'BRIAN

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GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!
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CRASH!!
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WILDROOT FOR THE HAIR CREAM-OIL

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Making MONEY by

SIX years ago Dave Margulies, like many other veterans of World War II, still hadn't made up his mind what career he wanted. He had just completed a semester as a GI Bill of Rights student at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, but had convinced himself that he didn't want to be a lawyer. Maybe, he thought, he was more the salesman type. But what to sell?

His venerable jalopy had been equipped by a previous owner with a back-seat clothes rack. Margulies had found it useful and had never seen another like it. He looked up the maker and quickly arranged to sell the device on commission. The reason for the manufacturer's willingness to make a deal soon became clear. None of the dozens of department-store and chain-store buyers on whom Margulies called was even faintly interested.

Somewhere he'd heard or read that items which couldn't be sold over the counter often sold well by mail. Feeling like a horse player, he risked $200 on an advertisement. Within two months, he had $5,000 worth of mail orders.

"I decided," he reminisced recently, "that I might be on the track of something big."

He was. In his first year he sold over $100,000 worth of the racks by mail. Today he sells some 1,000 different mail-order items, grosses more than $3,000,000 a year.

Six months ago an impecunious young Chicago artist, who prefers to remain nameless for reasons which will become obvious, heard the Margulies story from a friend.

"I thought: No more living in cold-water flats for me," the artist related afterward. "I went out and bought five gross of plain glass ash trays and spent a week painting designs on them. Then I talked an uncle of mine into putting up the money for an ad offering them for sale by mail at a dollar apiece. Uncle was quite happy about it. Said he was delighted that I was finally getting some business sense.

"He hasn't said anything to me since. I got exactly one answer. Fellow wrote that he was desperate, had ashes all over the place and I should send him two trays quick. But he didn't enclose any money. I sent him a dozen anyway, dumped the rest in the garbage can and retired from the mail-order business—permanently."

These two case histories bracket the extremes of experiences undergone by thousands of enterprising Americans in the last ten years. The practice of selling by mail is nearly as old as our postal system, and the two giants—Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward—have been at it with monumental success for most of a century. But only in the last ten years has this way of doing business really come into its own.

Last year the big mail-order houses had sales of $1,222,000,000—equal to more than one tenth the total sales of general department stores. No tabulation has ever been made of sales by the smaller mail-order firms, but economists agree that they are becoming an important part of retail trade. Moreover, every sign indicates that they will continue to grow in both numbers and sales.

Distributors of war-surplus goods helped start the ball rolling. Their phenomenal sales by mail of cartridge cases, parachute silk and thousands of other odd items demonstrated that a little capital and a lot of ingenuity could go a long way. The traditional American yearning for independence has done the rest. Today ambitious youngsters and

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MAIL

Some entrepreneurs go broke fast, but others get rich quick selling items from apples to zithers. One man peddles pre-cut houses that way. Or you can buy your own portrait (just send check for $2,500)

By ROBERT FROMAN

oldsters, men and women, the knowledgeable and the gullible, are trying to make their livings—and maybe their fortunes—through mail-order selling of everything from apples to zithers.

There may be as many as 15,000 mail-order firms in operation, according to Irvin Graham, editor of the trade magazine Mail Order Business and author of the book How to Sell Through Mail Order. The firms range from large corporations with multimillion-dollar payrolls to elderly spinsters who ship a few dozen jars of their special mincemeat at Christmastime. Nine tenths of them got their start during or after World War II, half of them in the last five years. And since eight out of ten who go into the business get out of it with alacrity, another 60,000 such enterprises probably have bloomed and faded in the last decade.

The Gimmick That Proved a Bonanza

More typical in terms of success achieved than either Dave Margulies or the hapless young ashtray-painting artist is Michael Keith, a New York corporation executive. A little over a year ago Keith made a long automobile trip with his wife and two young daughters. Like most children, his daughters insisted on taking along great quantities of toys, comic books and other impedimenta. Rather than have these items strewn all over the car, Keith and his wife devised a many-pocketed knapsack to be slung over the back of the front seat. It worked beautifully.

So many friends and travelers along the way admired the invention that the Keiths decided to try to sell it by mail. Dubbing it the Accesso Case, they persuaded a slip-cover maker to turn it out for them in quantity and started advertising. It sold quite well—so well, in fact, that they had to find another, bigger, manufacturer to handle their orders. But at the end of their first year recently they did a little book-balancing and discovered that their expenses almost exactly matched their profits. More experienced now, they've trimmed costs and expect to make a respectable profit this second year.

Mail-order firms do about 60 per cent of their business via direct-mail advertising, sending out uncounted billions of mailing pieces every year. Ninety-five out of every hundred such offers probably wind up in wastebaskets. But if the remainder intrigue the recipients enough to read on and eventually obey the injunction to "act now," the senders' trouble has been worth while. Most direct-mail advertisers need only a three to four per cent return to show a respectable profit, and some can get by on as little as one per cent.

Why are people willing to buy certain articles sight unseen? What kind of goods do they buy this way? I've put these questions to recognized authorities on mail-order selling and to scores of mail-order-business owners throughout the country.

"If I could answer specifically and with certainty," said John Shrager, head of an advertising agency which represents 241 mail-order firms, "I wouldn't be talking to you. I'd have a secret worth millions. The fact is, no one can be sure whether any given item will sell by mail until he tries to sell it that way."

There are, however, two general observations on which all authorities agree and from which certain deductions can be made. One big reason for the growing popularity of buying and selling by mail is that not even the biggest department stores today can carry in stock more than a small fraction of the staggering variety of consumer goods turned out by the nation's factories and farms. The other is that parking problems, the rise in train and bus fares and the shortage of well-trained salesclerks make many people reluctant to undertake shopping trips except for big and important purchases.

"In other words," says Shrager, "you probably wouldn't have much luck selling a plain, ordinary monkey wrench by mail. Anyone who wants one can easily pick it up in his neighborhood hardware store. But if you've got a new superwrench that can also be used as barbecue tongs, diaper pinner, tire jack and garden trowel—that might be worth trying.

"Also a dining-room set would seem a poor prospect. Nearly everyone making a purchase that important would take time to shop the stores. But a simple, do-it-yourself kit for putting together a coffee table might have a chance."

The experience of Frank G. Berlin, of Los Angeles, demonstrates why the experts are reluctant to go beyond these generalities. In 1952, after many years of retail merchandising, Berlin disposed of a chain of drugstores he had built up, and plunged into the mail-order business. His first offering was a gadget for reweaving holes in cloth, an item which looked like a good bet for mail-order success. He bought the patent and spent several thousand dollars advertising the gadget.

"Within thirty days of the appearance of our first ad," he told me, "it was clear that my Wonder Weaver was not going to make another Sears or Ward out of me. But I was in mail order and I wanted to stay in it."

A couple of years earlier he had inherited his father's old railroad watch. Rather than consign it to oblivion in the back of a drawer, he had it encased in a block of plastic and kept it on his desk. Many people saw it there and admired it. They remarked that they, too, had heirloom watches and would like similar plastic blocks. Berlin wanted to oblige, but such blocks had to be specially made to fit each watch and consequently were too expensive for most people.

For months the thought that there ought to be some sort of commercially feasible display case for old treasures nagged him. An idea for a simple Lucite bell with a hook for suspending the watch inside came to him at about the time the Wonder Weaver proved a disappointment. With no conception of how fitting the name would prove, he dubbed the bell "Treasure Dome" and placed a small ad. The bell was an immediate success; he has sold several hundred thousand to date and it is still going strong.

But that is barely the beginning of what the "Treasure Dome" has done for Berlin. Its success provided Carol Beatty, Inc.—as he named the firm, after his daughter—with a list of nearly half a million more or less steady customers to whom he regularly mails a catalogue of some 250 items ranging from belt racks and birdhouses to toothpick dispensers.

Suppose you should consider going into the mail-order business. How would you go about finding something to sell? Berlin's experience in merchandising obviously gave him a head start. But if you lack such experience, an alternative that has worked well for many is to offer something that you know intimately. Five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hagerty, of Cohasset, Massachusetts, tried this formula with great success.

New England born and bred, the Hagertys were colonial-furniture enthusiasts. Francis was running a small boatbuilding shop and had spent most of his adult life working with wood. When the mail-order fever infected him and his wife, they pooled their knowledge of antique furniture and woodworking—and founded the family's fortune. Their inspiration took the form of assemble-it-yourself kits for making copies of museum-piece colonial

MARVIN KONER

With this back-seat auto clothes rack, Dave Margulies (above) founded a $3,000,000-a-year mail-order business. He got $5,000 worth of orders for it within two months of placing ad

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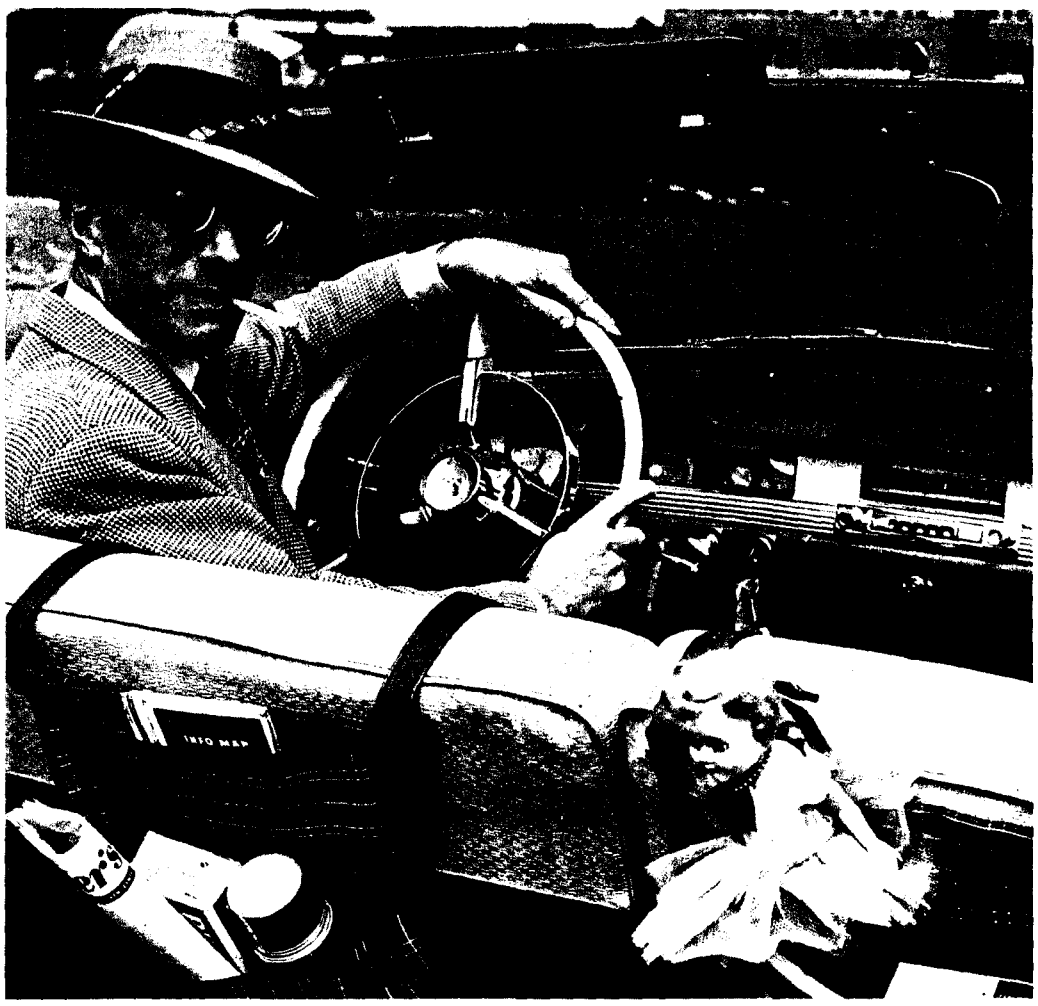

ERICH HARTMANN

Ever wonder where to put odd items on trip? Michael Keith (above) did—and designed this kit to hold them. It's a mail-order success

chairs and tables. They are now selling their captain's chairs, Windsor chairs, tuck-away tables and 23 other pieces at the rate of some 10,000 kits a year.

Sometimes a specialty has practically forced its possessor into the mail-order business. Take what happened to A. J. Rogers, of Nashville, Indiana. Sassafras tea is an old favorite in Nashville, and Rogers served it at his restaurant. Customers from out of town liked it so much that Rogers took to making little packages of the sassafras bark from which the tea is made and handing them out as souvenirs. When the customers reached home, they often wrote asking for more. Gradually, the requests became so numerous that Rogers had to charge a small sum to cover his costs.

Still the orders poured in, and Rogers finally set up a mail-order department to market his restaurant's specialties. "The Old Country Store," as he calls it, now has customers all over the country not only for its sassafras tea but also for apple butter, smoked hams, sorghum sirup, candies, cookies, fruitcakes and other specialties.

In the mail-order business, finding a salable product is only the first step. The second is finding customers to buy it, and the best way (as Berlin demonstrated after his initial success with his "Treasure Dome") is to solicit people who've already bought mail-order products from you.

Of course, that advice isn't very helpful if you're just getting started in the business—and the experts have no sure-fire formula to offer beginners. But whether you use a magazine or newspaper advertisement or send a direct-mail brochure to names purchased from a list broker, there is general agreement that a good photograph of the product is essential. Dave Margulies receives many offers of merchandise to be sold through his mail-order firm, Damar Products, Inc., of Newark, New Jersey, but he always asks to see a photograph before he will look at a sample.

"It's got to sell from the picture," he explains, "or it isn't a good mail-order prospect."

Some experts also say that a price of $5 seems to be the dividing line for volume sales. Items offered for less appear to attract proportionately larger numbers of customers. Why? Probably because many people regard buying by mail a gamble, and they're reluctant to risk a larger sum.

Not that higher-priced items cannot be sold by mail. They can. In recent years purveyors of some types of complex and expensive business equipment have discovered that they can sell better by mail order than any other way. Twenty years ago Israel Meizner, a New York mechanical engineer, went into the business of rebuilding calculating machines, comptometers and electric typewriters. Until a couple of years ago, he sold the rebuilt machines through department stores. Then he began offering them for sale by mail. Now he makes 80 per cent of his sales this way.

Even more startling is the story of Ralph Curtis, a Tulsa, Oklahoma, manufacturer of steel filing cabinets. Curtis' cabinets, specially designed for the geological maps used by oil prospectors, sell for $250 to $1,000 each. Until 1952 he sold them only through dealers in office equipment. When steel prices soared in the spring of that year, he refused to raise his own prices. Instead he took the drastic step of eliminating the dealers and, thereby, the middleman's profit. He offered the cabinets for sale by mail only. To the astonishment of all concerned, his sales climbed 35 per cent the following year, his profits 50 per cent.

In both cases, the prospective customers were comparatively few in number and easy to reach by direct-mail advertising. Also, the customers knew exactly what they wanted and could easily judge from the advertisements whether they would get it.

Want to Buy a House by Mail?

Still more exceptional is the mail-order business of the Aladdin Company, of Bay City, Michigan. It has been selling its Aladdin Readi-Cut Houses solely by mail for nearly 50 years. The products are houses, shipped in parts ready to be nailed together. To date the firm has sold some 250,000 kits at up to $8,677 each.

The marketing of high-priced items by mail is rare, however. If you want to enter the mail-order business, remember that there are a thousand or more under-$5 items sold successfully by mail for every one at higher prices.

Suppose you do take the plunge and turn up a profitable number of customers for your first item. Then you'll face a big question: Are you going to be content to keep the business a side line, or are you going to find other similar items to sell and go into the business in a big way? Your list of customers will provide prospects for further sales, but unless what you are selling is used up or wears out fairly rapidly you can't keep selling them the same product.

Even when the product is food, which can be sold to the same customers over and over again, the pressure to diversify and expand is powerful. The story of Raymond R. Kubly and his Swiss Colony mail-order firm in Monroe, Wisconsin, is typical. While in college in the mid-twenties, Kubly started writing letters to former residents of Monroe, a cheese-making center, offering special cheeses for sale by mail. In the first year he received some 50 orders, and in his second year he doubled that figure.

When he graduated and went to work for a big dairy-products firm, Kubly tried to keep the Swiss Colony going as a side line. But customers multiplied and kept demanding more and more different kinds of cheese. Meantime, Kubly had attained an important executive position in the big company for which he worked and didn't want to give it up. Fortunately, his wife, Maggi, volunteered to help with the mail-order work, proved to be a good businesswoman, and was able to keep the project going.

Through the thirties and early forties, the Kublys stubbornly stuck to selling only cheese, though in ever-growing varieties. But with the great boom in mail-order selling after World War II, the temptation to experiment with other items became irresistible. One by one they added candies, cookies, cakes, canned game, wild rice and other gourmet foods. Recently, they burst out of the food field to offer hampers, outdoor grills, trays and an assortment of imported gift items ranging from music boxes and wooden statuettes to hand-tooled leather goods.

There is, however, one practicable way to keep a single-item mail-order business going as a small side line. That is by selling the item by mail to people who sell by mail. The process is not as complicated as it sounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Fay, Jr., of Stamford, Connecticut, have taken this way out. A couple of years ago the Fays were about to depart on a vaca-

GENE TRINDL

Frank Berlin (above) made his mark in mail-order business with this treasure dome for showing heirloom watches. Now he sells 250 items

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tion when a friend who had volunteered to water their house plants fell sick. With no time to find a substitute, the Fays had a sudden inspiration. Placing a pot of water beside each plant, they braided together strips of gauze and stuck one end of each strip into the soil of the plant, the other into the pot of water beside it.

When they returned and found the plants well-watered and thriving, they decided that they had stumbled on something of value. They experimented with hundreds of materials until they found the ideal one for the Waterwick, as they named their invention. (The material they chose is a trade secret.) Then they arranged for a small firm to manufacture Waterwicks and placed their first advertisements in the mail-order and gardening sections of Sunday newspapers.

They received several hundred orders, but these were barely enough to cover the cost of the ads. Also, at this point Fay began to realize that the Waterwick was taking too much of his time from his regular work as a public-relations counselor.

Orders Barely Paid for Ads

Investigating other mail-order firms, he discovered that there were many which handled a diversity of items into which the Waterwick might fit. He circularized them and got replies from six. Last year the first of these firms included the Waterwick in its catalogue and sold some 2,000 sets. This year the other five will follow suit.

"We aren't going to get rich," says Fay, "but we think we have found the ideal way for amateurs like us to handle a mail-order business. We're letting the professionals do most of the work—and they pay us for their trouble!"

The part of the business which the Fays are happiest to leave to the professionals is the handling of incoming and outgoing mail. When they were trying to conduct the business by themselves from their home, they found they were working until 3:00 or 4:00 A.M. for weeks at a stretch in a futile attempt to keep up with the flow of letters.

The mail-order business obviously is not a chance at something for nothing. If you take the plunge, you'll either work hard or get out as fast as you went in. But beyond doubt it offers opportunities aplenty, including many in the most unlikely fields.

Until a few years ago, for example, only millionaires, dowagers and actresses ever dreamed of having their portraits painted. Then a group of hungry painters founded the American Portrait Artists and somewhat timorously sought to sell portraits by mail. Send us your photograph, they advertised, and we'll paint your portait at a price to suit your pocketbook. Most of their colleagues either laughed or sneered, but today the laughter is subdued. The A.P.A. has sold by mail more than 2,000 portraits at $100 to $2,500 each.

But even selling portraits by mail is not the most improbable mail-order success. In the opinion of many observers, that distinction goes to a side-line operation conducted by Dave Margulies along with his catalogue business. Having found his customers willing to buy sight unseen a seemingly endless variety of gifts and gadgets, Margulies a couple of years ago had a brain storm. Maybe, he thought, they'd pay him to send them surprise packages.

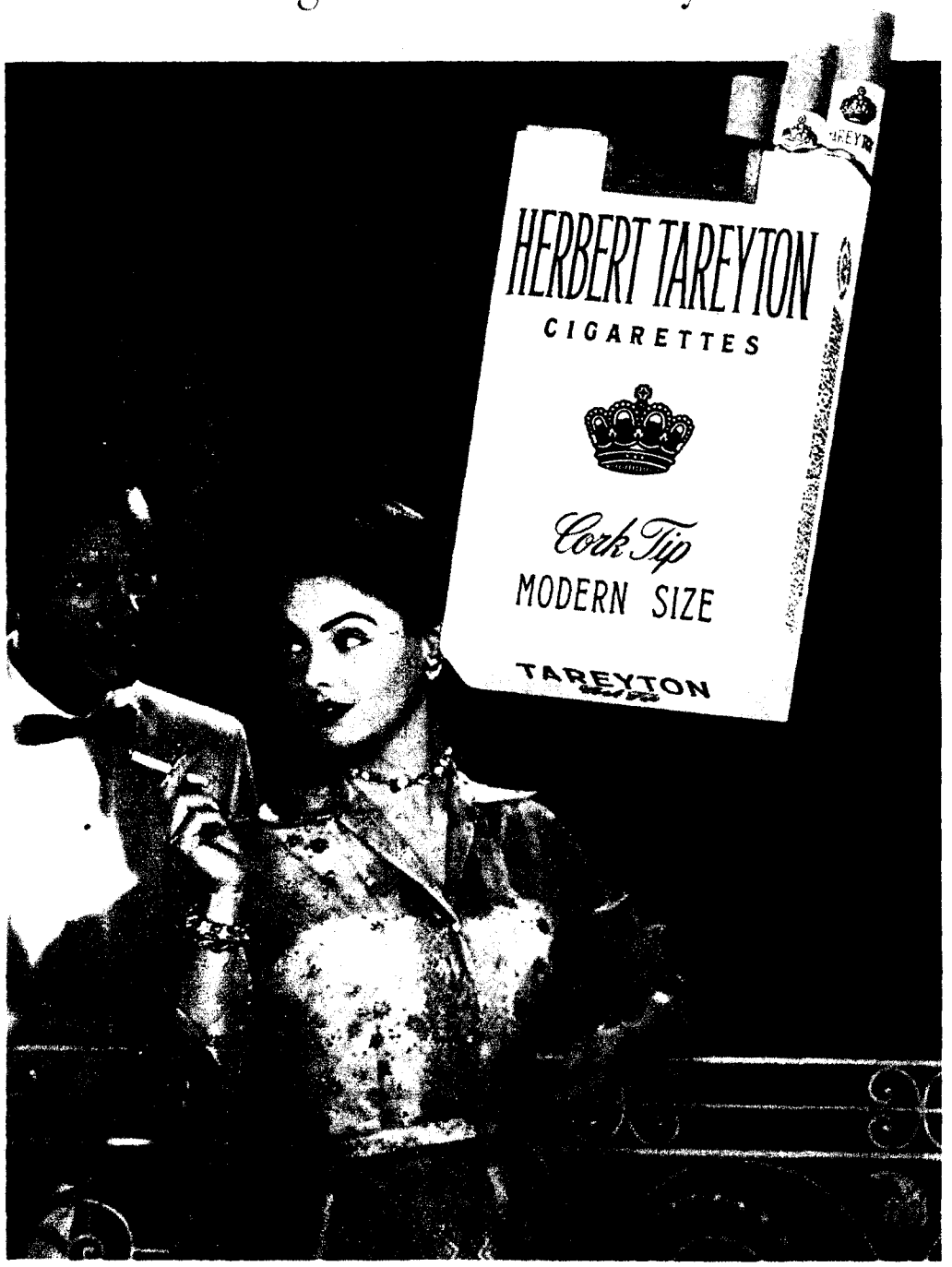
They would and they do. Margulies' Around-The-World-Shoppers-Club now has some 100,000 members who pay him $2 a month to send them from abroad gifts solely of his choosing.

"Whenever someone asks me what kind of thing sells best by mail," one slightly envious competitor of Margulies told me, "I tell him about that shoppers club. It's the only answer. It isn't the thing itself that sells. It's the idea behind it. And boy, do I wish I'd had that idea!"

ERICH HARTMANN

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Fay, Jr., (above) went into business after devising a wick to water their plants automatically during absence

Wherever good taste is a by-word...



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"I get angry too easily," Tom said. "Tonight I had an impulse to kill Edward—sometimes I feel the same about Ogden"

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

By SLOAN WILSON

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Tom wanted Betsy's help—needed it, but if he told her his secret, he might lose her, and everything he'd ever worked for

Synopsis of preceding installment on page 72

The Second of Three Parts

WHEN Tom Rath reported for his first day's work as assistant to the president of the United Broadcasting Corporation, he was assigned to a reasonably spacious office containing a fancily shaped desk. Experimentally he pushed one of the buttons on a small panel on the desk. Almost immediately a statuesque blonde girl came in. "You buzzed, sir?"

"Who are you?"

"I deliver the interoffice mail. Did you buzz for me?"

"By mistake," Tom said. "Thank you very much."

After a moment, he pushed the second button. This time his secretary, Miss Lawrence, came in. "Yes?" she asked.

"What's the third button for?"

"Nothing," she said, grinning. "It's for men who have two secretaries." Then she showed him how to use the interoffice communication system and went out.

Almost immediately his interoffice communication box uttered some ominous crackling sounds; he flicked a switch on it, and the voice of Bill Ogden, Hopkins' assistant, suddenly shouted at him so loudly that he jumped. "Are you there, Rath?"

Tom turned the volume down to make Ogden more polite. "Just got here," he said.

"Come up and see me in half an hour," Ogden almost whispered.

"I'll be there," Tom said, and then busied himself looking through the drawers of his desk, and signing papers that placed him officially on the payroll and insured him against almost everything in the world but getting fired.

Twenty minutes later Tom started for Ogden's office, got lost, arrived five minutes late, and was kept waiting an hour.

"Glad you're with us," Ogden said when Tom was finally shown in. "I suppose we should give you a title. You'll be responsible directly to me, of course, but I think we'll call you 'Special Assistant to Mr. Hopkins.' There will be times when that title will be useful."

Tom said, "That sounds like a fine title."

"Just remember that it doesn't apply to company business," Ogden said. "You're special assistant to Mr. Hopkins on this special project—nothing else. Now, can you have dinner with Mr. Hopkins tonight?"

"Yes." Tom tried not to sound surprised. "I think I can arrange it."

"Meet us at seven thirty at his apartment," Ogden said, and gave Tom

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

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Your thirst can "feel" the difference!

When your thirst cries out for a soothing, cooling glass of finest beer, there's no refreshment like Schlitz! For here is a beer with a difference your taste can actually "feel" all the way down.

No harsh bitterness! No disappointing sweetness! Let your thirst "feel" the light, smooth, dry refreshment that really hits the spot. If you like beer, you'll love Schlitz . . . The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous.

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a Park Avenue address. "The pitch is this: There's a big convention of medical men in Atlantic City on September fifteenth. Hopkins has been asked to speak, and he figures it will be a good time for him to send up a trial balloon on his mental-health-committee idea. We've got to help him with the speech."

"Does that mean you want me to write it?"

OGDEN looked at Tom with distaste. "We don't write speeches for Mr. Hopkins," he said. "He writes his own speeches. We just help him with the research and try to get something on paper for him to work with."

"I see," Tom said, feeling he had made a strategic error.

"Tonight we're going to kick the speech around," Ogden said. "You better be thinking about what he should say. He'll want your ideas. If the speech achieves our purpose one hundred per cent, the audience should rise as one man when he's through and demand that he start a national committee on mental health immediately. He shouldn't propose such a thing, understand—they should suggest it to him. If this is the kind of speech it should be, every newspaper in the country should have it on the front page the next morning."

"It'll have to be quite a speech," Tom said.

"Perhaps we can't expect to achieve our purpose one hundred per cent, but we ought to keep the goal clearly in mind. And we also must not forget the possibility of one hundred per cent failure. If the speech went one hundred per cent wrong, the doctors would all get together to *prevent* the formation of a national committee on mental health. Mr. Hopkins would be accused of meddling in things he didn't know anything about. He would be accused of being a publicity hound. Rumors would start that he had political ambitions. If that happened, the whole project would of course have to be abandoned."

And there goes my job, too, Tom thought. As soon as he got back to his own office, he telephoned Betsy. "I won't be home for dinner tonight," he said. "I'm having dinner with Hopkins in his Park Avenue apartment."

"You're going up in the world fast," Betsy said. "I haven't been moving so slowly, either. Since we're going to move into Grandmother's place, I've put this house on the market. The agents are sure we can get at least fifteen thousand for it. And I've checked our mortgage—we've paid off all but about seven thousand of that."

"Don't commit yourself without talking to me," Tom said nervously.

She laughed. "I don't guarantee anything," she replied.

That same evening Hopkins himself opened the apartment door when Tom arrived. He was smiling and looked more affable than ever. "Come in!" he said. "So nice of you to come!"

Tom stepped into a high-ceilinged room. Two walls were entirely lined with bookcases. A third wall had glass shelves holding a collection of hand-painted lead soldiers. The fourth wall had a large window and two glass doors leading to a neatly kept lawn on the roof, twenty floors above the street.

"Won't you sit down," Hopkins said "What can I get you to drink?"

"Anything. What are you having?"

"Scotch on the rocks. Okay?"

"That'll be fine," Tom said, figuring he was getting served by the highest-paid bartender in the world. "Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked.

"Just sit down and make yourself comfortable. Bill Ogden will be along any minute."

Hopkins poured the drinks, acting for all the world like an anxious housewife entertaining the rector, fussing about the room, offering Tom first a plate of crackers spread with caviar, and then a porcelain box of cigarettes. Finally he sat down near Tom. "This is an exciting new project we're going to be working on together," he said, making Tom a partner. "I think there's a real need for it!"

Tom, feeling called upon to match his enthusiasm, said, "I can't think of anything more needed!"

Luckily, there was a knock on the door before he had to elaborate on that theme. Hopkins dashed to the door and let Ogden in. "*Hello,* Bill!" he said, as though he hadn't seen Ogden for three months. "*So* good of you to give up your evening for this!"

"Glad to, Ralph," Ogden said urbanely, nodding to Tom. "How are Helen and Susan?"

"Fine! Susan is entering Vassar this fall!" Hopkins said.

Tom glanced around the apartment. It didn't look like a place where a family lived. Then he remembered that Hopkins had just built a place in South Bay, where he himself had just inherited his grandmother's white-elephant mansion. Hopkins must keep this place just for business meetings, he figured.

Ogden glanced at his wrist watch. "I've been giving a good deal of thought to this speech you've got scheduled in Atlantic City," he began, and for half an hour elaborated on what he had told Tom that morning. Hopkins sat listening and nodding his head.

All through dinner, Ogden kept talking about the speech. When they returned to the living room, Hopkins cleared his throat and said, "That's very helpful, Bill. Now let me see if I can draw some of it together."

"Take notes," Ogden hissed at Tom.

"Point number one," Hopkins said. "The medical profession has done a wonderful job on mental-health problems. Point number two: the public must supply more money and understanding. Say too few realize there's no special fund for research on mental illness and that the mentally ill fill more than half the hospital beds. Talk about the amount of money a mentally ill patient costs the state a year. Say someone should start a national committee on mental health, use the phrase 'some fully qualified person'. . ."

There was a knock at the door, and Hopkins leaped to his feet to open it. Two imposing-looking men carrying brief cases entered. "*So* nice of you to come!" Hopkins said heartily. "Sit down! We'll be through here in just a minute. Brandy? A liqueur?"

After brief introductions, and after everyone had a drink, Hopkins said, "Now, Tom, would it be putting you to too much trouble to ask for a rough draft in, say, three or four days?"

"I'll have something," Tom said.

"Fine! Thanks *so* much for coming up. I know how it is to stay in town late when you live in Connecticut."

It turned out that Ogden lived in Stamford, and he rode to Grand Central Station in a taxi with Tom. "I can't help being curious," Tom said. "Does Mr. Hopkins live there alone in that apartment and have business appointments every evening?"

"Oh, he goes out to his place at South Bay quite often," Ogden said. "He sees a lot of his family—especially around Christmastime."

Tom shook his head.

"He never gets tired," Ogden said. "Lots of guys work hard, but he's always fresh. I've never seen him tired in my life."

WHEN Tom got back to Westport, Betsy was waiting. "How did it go?" she asked.

"Fine," he said. "I've got to write a speech. I mean, I have to help Mr. Hopkins with a speech. I might as well get the terminology of this thing straight from the beginning."

To his surprise, Betsy looked hurt. "I wish you'd stop being so damn' bright and cynical," she said. "It's no way to start a new job. You ought to be enthusiastic. Damn it, Tommy, try being naïve!"

"What's got into you?" he asked.

"I'll bet Hopkins doesn't go around making wisecracks!" she said. "Nobody does who gets anywhere. You've got to be positive and enthusiastic!"

"How come you know so much all of a sudden about how to get ahead?"

"I just *know,*" she said. "I'm sick of being smart and broke."

"Okay," he said. "I'll be owl-faced. My whole interest in life is working for mental health. I am a dedicated human being."

"Stop it, Tommy! I've been worried about this for a long time. You always talk about Hopkins' mental-health project with your tongue in your cheek, and if you feel that way about it, you ought not to work for the man. You ought to be thinking it's the best idea in the world! Why do you have to be so damn' *cynical* about it?"

"From now on I'll be pious," he said, "if you'll stop being insufferable."

"I just want you to start off on the right foot," she said. "You should *try* to like Mr. Hopkins! Give him the benefit of every doubt. Or quit working for him right now!"

"I love him," he said. "I adore him. My heart is his."

"You scare me, Tommy," she said. "You scare hell out of me when you're like that. To me it means you're going to be unenthusiastic about everything for the rest of your life."

AT TEN THIRTY, just as Tom and Betsy were preparing to go to bed, the telephone rang. It was Lucy Hitchcock, who lived next door. "Hi!" she said. "Could you and Tom come over for cocktails tomorrow night? Bob just got a wonderful raise, and we're going to celebrate."

"Congratulations," Betsy said. "Of course we'll be there."

"I've got to call twenty other people," Lucy said. "Good-by!"

Filled with sudden distaste, Betsy put the telephone down. In this invitation, Betsy found concentrated everything she disliked about Greentree Avenue. The intensity of her displeasure surprised her, and after she had gone to bed she lay awake trying to analyze it.

It's not that I'm a snob—it's more than that, she thought fiercely. There are all kinds of reasons. Slowly she counted them off.

On Greentree Avenue, cocktail parties started at seven thirty, when the men came home from New York, and they usually continued without any dinner until three or four o'clock in the morning. Somewhere around nine in the evening, Martinis and Manhattans would give way to highballs.

And few people considered Greentree Avenue a permanent stop—the place was just a crossroads where families waited until they could afford to move on to something better. The biggest parties were always moving-out parties, given by those who finally were able to buy a bigger house. On Greentree Avenue, contentment was the object of contempt.

No one here is evil, Betsy thought defensively. In spite of all the drinking, the young couples were usually well enough behaved at the cocktail parties. Sure, there were a few kitchen kisses and an occasional high-pitched argument, but usually the men and their wives just sat talking about the modern houses they would like to build, or the old barns they would like to convert into dwellings. As the evening wore on, the men generally fell to divulging dreams of escaping to an entirely different sort of life—to a dairy farm in Vermont, or to the management of a motel in Florida—but for the most part, the cocktail parties simply gave everyone a chance to prove he considered Greentree Avenue no more than a steppingstone to the same kind of life on a bigger scale. There's noth-

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

Synopsis of preceding installment

The Story: Ever since returning from World War II, TOM RATH had found himself growing more and more disillusioned. He was constantly harassed by the financial responsibilities of marriage and family; he and his wife, BETSY, were drifting apart. Finally Tom decided the only hope for the future lay in his becoming one of the eager young men desperately pursuing large salaries in New York's high-pressure radio and advertising world. And so he applied for a job as special assistant to RALPH HOPKINS, president of the United Broadcasting Corporation. This job was to assist in the formation of a committee that would appeal to the public for funds to combat mental illness. Tom had no real convictions about the job with Hopkins, but viewing it with a cynical eye, he could not deny that it might lead to a more comfortable way of life. Then, just before he got the job, two crises arose in his life: FLORENCE RATH, his grandmother, died and left him with a hopelessly tangled, nearly valueless estate; and CAESAR GARDELLA, a man from Tom's paratroop outfit in the war, turned up as an elevator operator in the United Broadcasting building, and recognized Tom. Tom was immediately afraid Caesar might reveal a secret Tom had kept for ten years: in Rome, during the war, Tom had lived with a girl, MARIA, for several weeks. Tom looked back on that period with Maria as one of the best of his life—he had lived for each moment, not for an insecure, uncertain future. But what Caesar Gardella might reveal was the fact that Tom had left a child with Maria—a child whose existence, if it should be brought to light, could ruin Tom's marriage and his chance at the new job.

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ng wrong with that, Betsy told herself. This isn't a bad place to be, it's just—

Dull. That was the word she usually ised for Greentree Avenue, but tonight he rejected it. If this were just a dull place, I wouldn't mind it so much, she hought. The trouble is, it's not dull enough—it's tense and it's frantic. Or, o be honest, Tom and I are tense and rantic, and I wish I knew why.

Why? she thought.

It probably would take a psychiatrist o answer that. Maybe Tom and I both ought to visit one, she thought. What's he matter? the psychiatrist would say, ind I would reply: I don't know—nothng seems to be much fun any more. All of a sudden the music stopped, and t didn't start again. Is that strange, or loes it happen to everyone about the ime when youth starts to go?

The psychiatrists would have an explanation, Betsy thought, but I don't vant to hear it. People rely too much on explanations these days, and not enough on courage and action. Why nake such a complicated thing out of selling this house? We don't like Greenree Avenue, so we'll move. Tom has a good job, and he'll get his enthusiasm back, and be a success at it. Everything's going to be fine. It does no good to wallow in night thoughts. In God we trust, and that's that. . . .

Four days after he had visited Hopkins' apartment, Tom typed for the ifth time his final draft of a first draft of Hopkins' speech. From the first senence (It's a great pleasure for me to be here this evening.) to the last senence (It's a job that *can* be done.), it eemed to Tom to go quite well. True, t all had a rather otherworldly ring to t, but no matter how hard Tom tried, ie couldn't make it appear quite natural for the president of United Broadcasting to be talking about mental ıealth at all.

WHEN he took a copy of the speech to Ogden, he didn't expect Ogden o read it and cheer, but he was totally unprepared when Ogden, after finishng the first two pages, slammed the peech down and said, "This is awful! t isn't what we want at all!"

For the first time in years, Tom felt his face turning red.

"You can do better than this!" Ogden said contemptuously. "Take it back and do it over. See if you can have something ready by tonight. Mr. Hopkins wants to see you at eight thirty. And this time, really try."

"I'll try," Tom said in an unnaturally quiet voice. He had a sudden, immediately controlled impulse to kill Ogden.

At eight thirty that night he knocked clearily at the door of Hopkins' apartment, clutching the retyped speech in a Manila envelope in his hand. Hopkins let him in, again thanked him for coming, and gave him a drink. Tom handed him the speech and, unable to watch him read it, walked self-consciously across the room to inspect the lead soldiers. Behind him, Tom heard a page rustle, and Hopkins cleared his throat. He must be half through it by now, Tom thought.

"Wonderful!" Hopkins suddenly boomed. "*Marvelous!*" His whole face was beaming with satisfaction. "You've really got the feel for it!"

"I'm glad you like it," Tom said modestly. "It's a second draft. Mr. Ogden gave me some suggestions."

"The *heart* of the thing is just right!" Hopkins said. "Now let's just go over it together." Sentence by sentence Hopkins took the whole speech apart. When he finished, he had asked for changes in almost every paragraph. "Well!" he concluded. "You certainly did a grand job! Just fix up the details we've worked out and let's see it again in a few days. Would Wednesday be too early?"

"No, plenty of time," Tom said.

There was a knock at the door, and Hopkins rushed to open it. "Good *evening,* Bruce," he said. "So nice of you to give up your evening!"

A WEEK later just when Tom was forgetting his apprehension about meeting Caesar Gardella, it happened. He had been working late on the speech, and it was about seven thirty when he rang for the elevator. When the doors rumbled open, there was Caesar, his round face impassive. "Going down," he said. Tom stepped into the elevator. Then Caesar turned toward him. "You're Captain Rath, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," Tom replied, and trying to feign surprise, added, "Why, you're Caesar Gardella!" He wanted to say, *Did you go back to Rome? Did you ever hear what happened to Maria?* But instead, sounding foolish to himself and talking very fast, he said, "It certainly is nice to run into you, Caesar! It's been a long time! I guess it's been almost ten years! You're looking good, boy! Sure looks as though civilian life is agreeing with you!"

Caesar smiled. "You're not doing so bad yourself," he said. "I seen you riding down with Mr. Hopkins. You an assistant of his or something?"

"Yes," Tom said. "I'm working for him." The elevator came to a halt at the ground floor and the doors opened. "I've got to be running," Tom said, edging toward the door. "Got a train to catch. Sure is nice to have seen you."

"Could we get together sometime?" Caesar blurted out quickly. He suddenly seemed nervous. "Just for a drink. I'd kind of like to talk to you."

"Sure," Tom said hesitantly. "Any time! Give me a call!" He walked rapidly toward Grand Central Station.

He wants to see me, he thought. What about? To talk over old times, perhaps—that's a perfectly normal thing to do. That's all there is to it. What else could he do?

Blackmail. The word flashed into his mind suddenly. That's absurd, he thought. Caesar would never do a thing like that. He was always a decent guy. And besides, Maria wouldn't turn on me now. Still, Caesar could make things rather awkward for me. Publicity—if he made any charges, the publicity alone could ruin me. And he probably thinks I'm rich, seeing me with Hopkins and all. I wonder what he's got on his mind. Maybe he knows something about Maria, something he wants to tell me.

No, Tom thought, it's not that. Two old buddies meet and have a drink together, that's all—that's the convention, and Caesar's just trying to play it according to the script. It's ridiculous to worry. I've got to learn simply to relax and take things as they come. Probably he never will call me, Tom thought—probably the poor guy was just trying to be polite.

During the next week, Tom did four more drafts of the speech, each of which Ogden vilified and Hopkins praised highly before asking for a rewrite. Tom got to the point where he mumbled phrases from the speech in his sleep. The fear that he was proving an utter failure in his new job grew, but there was just one comforting thought: the speech would have to be

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WHO WON THE RACE HORSE? Winner of prize filly in 1955 Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest was Walter Mills, Jr. of Cincinnati, Ohio, who submitted prize-winning name *Delphidessa*. Congratulations to the 500 winners in this exciting contest, and thanks to all who entered.

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completed before many weeks went by. if Hopkins were going to give it at all—it wouldn't really be possible to go on rewriting it forever.

Then, when Tom was in the middle of his sixth draft of the speech, and apparently no closer to an acceptable final draft than ever, his mind was distracted by a simple event: Betsy sold the house in Westport for sixteen thousand dollars and agreed to get out of it within two days.

THAT evening when Tom got home from New York, he looked around the disordered house, and suddenly it was unutterably dear to him. The shabby furniture, the worn linoleum on the kitchen floor, all seemed part of something precious that was slipping fast, something already gone that never could be retrieved.

"That man who wanted to buy Grandmother's house called again today," Betsy said. "I told him we were moving into it. He seemed quite disappointed—and no wonder. I found something out about him."

"What?" Tom asked.

"He's a professional real-estate man—that's a lot of malarkey he gave us about wanting to buy the place for his own use. He probably wanted to subdivide just the way we're going to do. I think that's a good sign."

A good sign, Tom thought—that's what I need. The old wartime premonition of disaster was sneaking up on him. I'm doing all right on my job. Hopkins likes me. We're really being smart to sell this place and move to Grandmother's house.

He couldn't convince himself. Suddenly he had a picture of himself hanging around his grandmother's house with nothing to do. He glanced down and found that, just as he had done before a jump in the war, he was gripping his right thigh so hard that his knuckles were white. Why the hell should I get scared in peacetime? he thought. Deliberately he stood up.

"Betsy!" he said. "Is there any packing I can help you with?"

"Not a thing! But you could keep the children out of the way."

"Daddy," Janey said, "tell us the story about Bubbley."

"All right," Tom said. "Once upon a time there was a little dog named Bubbley. He swallowed a cake of soap, and—"

"Don't tell it so fast!" Barbara said.

"I don't like Bubbley," Pete said.

Tom told the story well and repeated it twice upon request. . . .

It was late Saturday afternoon when they drove from Westport to South Bay, the car packed tight with suitcases and paper cartons of clothes. The engine of the old sedan was knocking, and the indicator on the dashboard showed it was heating up. Tom slowed down to twenty-five miles an hour, and by the time they reached the winding road leading up the hill to the big house, it was almost dark. Ahead of them the old mansion loomed, silhouetted against the sky. Tom parked the car near the house and cut off the tired engine. Old Edward opened the front door of the house and stood framed in it. "Good evening, Mr. Rath," he said.

Ever since he could remember, Tom had taken old Edward for granted—he had to think hard to remember his last name, which was Schultz. What kind of life had he led? Tom wondered. What has he done all these years when the supper dishes were done?

Now Edward stood holding the front door open, his face stern and unwelcoming. The children, tired of being in the car, dashed ahead of their parents into the big house. Tom and Betsy followed, carrying boxes and suitcases. Edward made no motion to help them. When they got inside, he let the front door close softly behind them. "I would like to talk to you, Mr. Rath," he said.

There was no deference in his manner, no friendliness. His voice was cold, almost supercilious, Tom thought, wondering if it were simply his imagination.

"As soon as we get these things put away," Tom said. Edward stood watching him and Betsy as they carried their bags upstairs.

SEVERAL minutes later, Tom said, "I think I'll go down and talk to old Edward now."

"What are you going to tell him?" Betsy asked.

"I don't know—that we won't know what we can do for him for some time, I guess."

Edward was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs. "Let's go into the living room and sit down," Tom said.

The old man followed him silently. Tom sat in an armchair, and Edward sat in the rocking chair old Mrs. Rath had always used. Somehow he looked shockingly incongruous there.

"When are they going to read the will?" Edward asked.

"I don't know that they are. Mrs. Rath's lawyer has it. Why do you ask?"

"Do you know what she left me?"

"Mrs. Rath spoke to me about you shortly before she died," Tom said. "She asked me to do what I could for you, and I intend to try. You weren't mentioned in the will specifically."

"I wasn't *mentioned!*" Edward said.

"I intended to talk to you about it," Tom said. "Mrs. Rath did not leave a great deal. It will be some time before I know just what I can do for you."

"I don't believe it!" Edward said. "She said she'd remember me in her will. I'll go to law! I've got proof!"

"I don't think that will be necessary," Tom said. "I don't want you to worry. I don't have much to give, but—"

"I don't need your charity!" the old man said. "I've saved my money. I only want my just due! I want to see the will! She promised me the house."

"The *house?*"

"That's right—I've got proof!"

"You must be mistaken," Tom said. "She spoke to me often about leaving me the house. Are you sure you aren't imagining all this?"

"Of course I'm sure! Why do you think I've stayed here all these years? Why do you think I took her orders, and cooked her food, and did her laun-

Figures on promontory (top) and canyon floor (bottom) give clue to the size of Providence gully

Georgia's Little Grand Canyon

DOWN a side road off U.S. Route 27 in Stewart County, Georgia, is one of the most spectacular natural wonders in the United States. Yet tourists rarely visit it, for it is little publicized.

This little-known work of nature is Providence Canyon, some 40 miles south of Columbus. Still growing, it already has gobbled up 300 to 400 acres of farms and woodland and at places is 250 feet deep. Into the multicolored maw of Little Grand Canyon, as it is sometimes called, have vanished houses, barns, trees, a small church, and a cemetery in which Negro slaves and Indians were buried.

Right now a road that runs along the northern rim of the canyon is threatened. The canyon is gradually encroaching on the road and eventually is expected to sever it altogether to merge with another gully that has opened up farther north. It seems likely, too, that the parishioners of Providence Church, whence the main canyon got its name, will have to move their edifice once again to prevent it from toppling into the ever-expanding fissure.

Erosion from heavy rains is responsible for the canyon's steady growth. But what started the erosion in the first place? No one knows for sure, and there are two schools of thought locally. A popular legend has it that water dripping from the eaves of a barn some 90 years ago cut the original gash in the clay surface. But other local inhabitants say that the crack was worn by the tread of many feet 150 or more years ago; they believe it was the site of heavily traveled Indian footpaths, and trickling water did the rest. —BERN KEATING

BERN KEATING

Favorite climbing spot in Providence Canyon is erosion-carved knob about to be tackled by sixteen-year-old Harvey Dunnaway, Jr., of nearby Lumpkin, Georgia. Canyon, still growing, already has swallowed 300 to 400 acres of farms and woods, is 250 feet deep

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dry and cleaned up her dirt? Do you think I loved the old woman?"

There was an instant of complete silence. When Tom spoke his voice was soft. "Don't talk like that about Mrs. Rath again," he said. "I frankly don't believe she ever promised you anything. She didn't make promises like that, and if she had, she would have told me."

"I'll get a lawyer!" Edward said. "I've got proof that she meant the house for me!"

"The will leaves it to me," Tom said. "The only question now is whether you're going to be reasonable and take what I can give you, or whether you're going to keep on like this and get thrown out of here tonight."

I mustn't get angry, Tom thought. He had a right to expect something.

"You're cheating me!" the old man said. "Either you are or she did! She was crazy! She was filthy! She was—"

"Stop!" Tom said. His voice was like the report of a gun. "Now get out of here. If you're not gone in an hour I'll throw you out."

"I'll get a lawyer," Edward said. "The house is mine; I've got proof."

"Get all the lawyers you want," Tom said, and went upstairs.

"What happened?" Betsy said. "You look upset."

He told her about everything as he got undressed and got into bed. As he talked, Betsy's indignation grew. "Of course you got mad!" she said. "I would have hit him."

Tom didn't move. "I get angry too easily," he said. "Tonight I had a real impulse to kill Edward. Often I feel as though I'd like to kill Ogden, at the office. It's strange that I am permitted to kill only strangers and friends."

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm awfully tired."

"That was odd, what you said about killing strangers and friends."

"I meant the war," he said, and tried not to think of the accident that had resulted in Hank Mahoney's death.

"Did you ever kill anyone? You've never talked to me about it at all."

"Right now I'm too tired. I want to go to bed."

Betsy sat looking at him for several minutes. How strange, she thought, to know so little about one's husband. I wish he would talk to me about the war, but I should know better than try to make him. After all, a good wife isn't supposed to ask her husband questions he obviously doesn't want to answer.

THE next morning, when they got home from church, Tom called Mr. Sims, his grandmother's lawyer in New York. When Sims heard about Edward, he swore.

"Do you think he can make any trouble for us?" Tom asked.

"It depends on what he calls 'proof.' If he tried to contest the will, it could drag on for months."

"If it were a long delay, it could break me," Tom said. "I've got to turn this place over fast—the longer we hold it, the less money anybody's going to have. Could I settle out of court?"

"Maybe that's what he's counting on," Sims said. "I wouldn't consider it. I know damn' well your grandmother meant you to have everything."

"Is there anything we can do?"

"Not much," Sims said. "Actually, I won't be able to help you much from now on. The whole thing will be up to the probate judge. He'll have to rule on any claims Edward puts in."

"Who is he?"

"Bernstein—Saul Bernstein. He has an office on Main Street. He's lived in South Bay all his life. It might pay you to drop in and see him."

Tom thanked Sims and hung up. It was curious to think that so much depended on a man he had never met.

IT WAS nine o'clock Tuesday morning. Judge Saul Bernstein, a small, stout man, climbed the stairs to his third-floor office. He smiled at his secretary. "Good morning, Sally," he said, and sat down behind his scarred pine desk and looked at the morning mail.

The top letter asked for an appointment the following Saturday or any evening, if that would not be too inconvenient. *I'd like to talk to you about settling the estate of the late Mrs. Florence Rath. I have also been told that you might be able to advise me on the possibility of subdividing her land into one-acre lots eventually. . . .* The letter was signed, *Thomas R. Rath.*

Bernstein had just finished reading the letter when the telephone rang. His secretary answered and said, "It's for you, Judge. He won't give his name."

"This is Judge Bernstein. Who is this calling?"

"Judge, my name is Schultz, Edward Schultz," a voice said, "and I have a claim to make . . ."

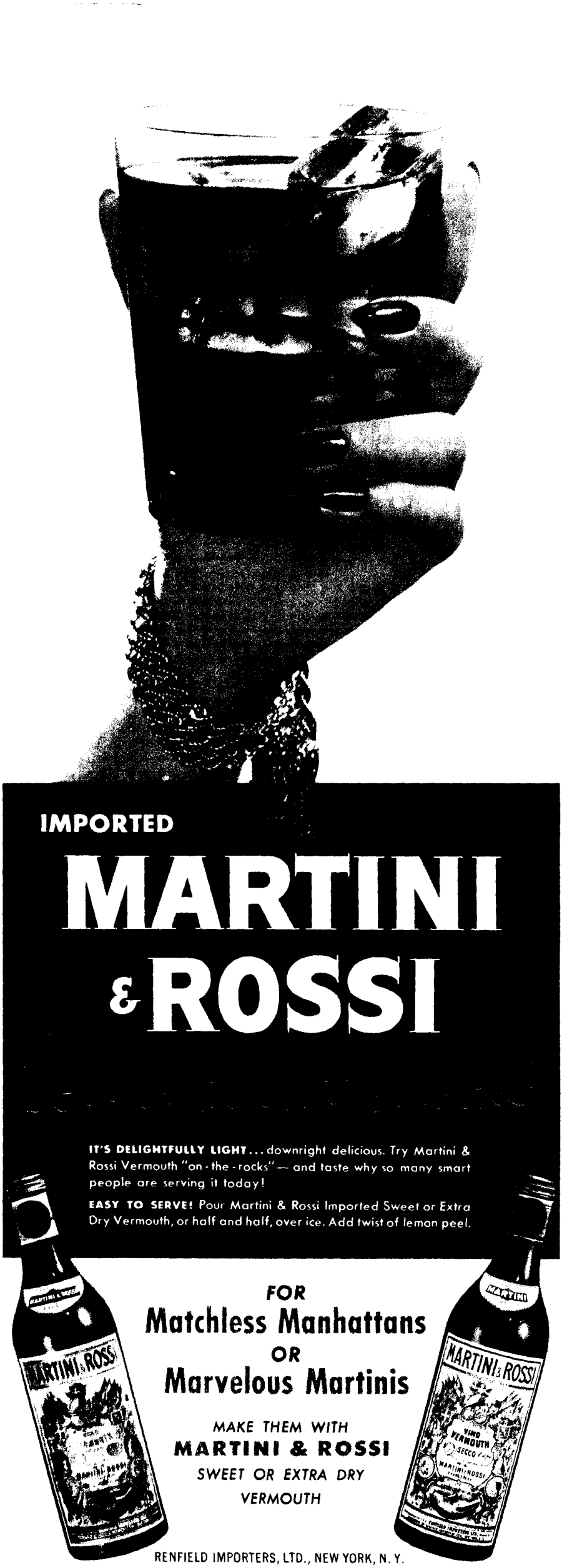
Bernstein listened to Schultz for a long time. When he had hung up, he picked up Tom's letter and reread it. His stomach was beginning to hurt, as it always did when he saw he was going to have to arbitrate a fight.

Thomas R. Rath—he thought—the grandson of the old lady. Saul Bernstein remembered old Florence Rath well. He had first seen her long ago, when his own father and mother had moved from a tenement in Brooklyn to open a delicatessen in South Bay. Florence Rath had often telephoned the store on Sundays to ask casually for a small jar of cheese or a can of anchovies to be delivered to her house, which had been more than six miles from the store. More than once Saul Bernstein had bicycled up the long, steep hill to deliver some item that brought a profit of about a nickel, and often the servants who received the delivery had never bothered to tip him.

He also remembered when he had been a young lawyer, only a year out of school, and a hardware merchant had come to him and asked him to collect a bill from Mrs. Rath for some expensive garden tools which the merchant said she had ordered and never paid for. He had almost gone charging to the top of the hill to berate her, but an innate caution had stopped him, and, instead, he had made inquiries around the town and discovered that Mrs. Rath was famous for paying her bills the day she received them. He had found from the hardware merchant that a gardener of Mrs. Rath's had bought the tools, and further investigation had shown that the gardener had been discharged by Mrs. Rath two days before the purchase of tools had been made. And so Bernstein had turned the case over to the police, who eventually had extracted payment from the gardener, and he had felt that on his first case he had learned a lesson: to investigate thoroughly.

All this had happened long ago. Since then Saul Bernstein had prospered in South Bay. He had grown reasonably rich and respected.

Now Judge Bernstein reread the letter he had received from Tom Rath and recalled the conversation he had just had over the telephone with Edward Schultz. Disputed wills were al-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ways painful, almost as painful as divorce cases. They brought out the worst in everyone, Bernstein knew from experience. On the surface this case was simple: a rich young heir was apparently trying to cut out a faithful old servant. Usually things turn out to be exactly as they appear on the surface, Bernstein knew, but not always.

But more than a dispute over a will had been dropped on his desk that morning, Bernstein reflected. If Rath got the land, he apparently intended to try to subdivide it into one-acre lots, according to his letter. The Rath estate was in a triple-A zone, where no estate of less than ten acres was supposed to exist. That meant that if Rath got the land, there would be a zoning fight. Bernstein had lived in South Bay so long that he could predict the intensity of any dispute, if not its outcome, and he thought: Not a zoning fight now—that's all we need!

Sometimes it was almost a disadvantage to have lived in a town so long, because Bernstein knew all the people in the local government so well that he could foretell how they would answer almost any question; and on a question of revising the zoning ordinance, the board would divide two and two.

If there had been a fifth member of the Zoning Board, Bernstein could have foretold how the case would go with little possibility of error, but there was no fifth member. The post was vacant and seemed likely to remain vacant for a long time. Sooner or later a new member would have to be named, but meanwhile even Bernstein couldn't predict how zoning cases would be decided. All he knew was that there would be a bitter fight, the very thought of which made his stomach ache even worse.

THAT Tuesday morning Tom perfected the latest draft of the speech he was writing for Ralph Hopkins. The whole text, which was now about thirty pages long ("We can cut it later," Hopkins said), had come to seem to Tom to be a sort of penance from which he would never escape, an endless tract, a meaningless lifework.

At noon Tom took his latest draft of the speech up to Bill Ogden. He thought he knew precisely what would happen next. Ogden would read it and say it was terrible. Tom would then rewrite it again and be asked to dinner in Hopkins' apartment. Hopkins would say it was wonderful and tell him to do it over again.

But it didn't happen that way at all. Ogden laid the speech to one side without even glancing at the first page. "Thanks, Tom," he said casually. "We're going to take you off this now and give Gordon Walker a crack at it."

Tom waited, thinking there would be some other assignment for him, but apparently there was none. Ogden picked up his telephone and placed a call to someone in San Francisco. Tom got up and went back to his own office. Why had they taken him off the speech? Did that mean he had failed at it? Or was it normal procedure to pass the speech around among several of Hopkins' assistants? Tom didn't know.

There was nothing for him to do. Only a few minutes ago he had dreaded the prospect of coming back to his office and starting to rewrite the speech, but now he would have welcomed it. How long would Hopkins pay him to sit in a neat little office, with a secretary outside, with nothing to do? Maybe that was the way Hopkins got rid of people. In this strange, polite world high in the sky above Rockefeller Center, maybe

COLLIER'S **"Well, now, what seems to be the trouble?"** GAHAN WILSON

nobody ever really got fired. Maybe all Hopkins did was to give a man nothing to do, absolutely nothing to do, until he started to go out of his mind sitting uselessly in his office all day, and resigned. Maybe that was the polite way to get rid of a nine-thousand-dollar-a-year man nobody wanted.

No, Tom thought, it's merely that they're clever enough to know that a man goes stale on a speech after he's worked it over a few times. This is probably routine, and because this mental-health thing is a new project, they just don't have anything else for me at the moment. It's just routine.

I wonder if old Edward really has any proof, he thought; I wonder if Grandmother did write a later will and give it to him—but that's impossible. I wonder if we really will be able to sell off the land in small lots. This man Bernstein will be able to tell me—I wonder what he's like.

I shouldn't be thinking of private business, he thought, I should be showing initiative on this mental-health project. I shouldn't expect Ogden to keep giving me assignments, I should dream up assignments of my own. If we're going to figure out a program, we ought to have a list of what the experts think the basic problems are. I ought to interview the top medics. I ought to see what the public library has on the subject. I ought to become well informed.

I can't start interviewing people without Ogden's permission, he thought—that might be tipping Hopkins' hand too soon. But I can start getting books to read, and I can ask Ogden for permission to interview people—that at least will let him know I'm on the job.

Tom pressed a button on his desk, and when his secretary came in, he dictated a memorandum to Ogden.

He had just told his secretary he was going out to lunch, and that he would spend the afternoon at the public library, when the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver. A familiar deep voice said, "Is this Mr. Rath?"

"Hello, Caesar," Tom replied with sinking heart, and he thought: Here it comes. So Caesar wasn't just embarrassed at seeing me—he was biding his time. I wonder if he's been in touch with Maria.

"I'm off duty now, and I thought maybe we might have lunch together," Caesar said.

"Sure!" Tom replied with forced cheer. "Where will I meet you?"

"In the lobby?" Caesar asked.

"I'll be right down," Tom said.

Caesar, still dressed in his elevator operator's uniform, grinned diffidently when he saw Tom.

"This is a swell idea!" Tom said heartily, ashamed that he should find it awkward to have lunch with a man in an elevator operator's uniform. "I know a swell little place on Sixth."

"Fine," Caesar said.

Actually, Tom had no restaurant clearly in mind—he simply wanted to find a place where they wouldn't be seen. When they finally came to a dingy little bar on Sixth Avenue, Tom said, "This is the place."

They went in and Tom said, "The drinks are on me."

"Funny, the way we just happened to run into each other," Caesar said.

When the waiter put their drinks before them, Tom lifted his eagerly.

"You've sure done all right," Caesar said. "Assistant to Ralph Hopkins!"

"The breaks," Tom said. "It isn't as much of a job as you might think."

"I'm not complaining," Caesar said. "Things have gone pretty good for us."

"You married?"

"Sure. Are you?"

"Yes," Tom said. "I was married before the war. Did you go back to Rome and marry that girl?"

"Yeah. Gina and I got married in 'forty-seven. We got three kids now," Caesar said. "But we're making out all right. Gina's working too, and we got a nice apartment. It's a hell of a lot better than if we'd stayed in Rome, the way Gina's folks wanted us to."

"I guess things are pretty tough back there." Tom took a long sip of his drink. "Caesar," he said, "did you ever hear anything about Maria?"

Caesar looked down. "I did," he said. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I haven't heard anything lately—not for more than a year. You knew she married that guy who had the bakeshop, Louis Lapa?"

"No!" Tom said. "When?"

Caesar seemed embarrassed. "She married him about two months after we left," he said. "You knew she had a son a little while later?"

"No," Tom said. "I didn't."

"She's got a boy," Caesar said. "Anyhow, things weren't going so good. Louis had a bad leg and was in the hospital for a long while and they lost the store."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Tom said.

"Gina's folks helped them out for a while," Caesar said. "I don't know how you feel about these things, Mr. Rath, but when I saw you, and saw you were doing so well and all, I got to thinking about Maria and her boy, and I wondered whether you could do anything for them."

Tom said nothing.

"What I mean is," Caesar continued earnestly, "things are so much easier for us here than they are for them. Gina and I send a little back every month. And I thought the way things worked out for you and Maria—"

"I've got a wife here!" Tom said. "A wife and three kids!"

"I'm not trying to make any trouble for you," Caesar said hastily. "I just thought that if you had a little money left over . . . Well, anything you could do would be a blessing."

"But I don't even know whether Maria would want me to do anything! Maybe Louis wouldn't like it."

"I'm not even sure Louis is still alive," Caesar said. "And if he is, it's hard for a sick man to get work."

"You don't understand," Tom said. "I'm practically broke. And I never could send Maria much of anything without my wife finding out about it, and how could I ever expect her to understand a thing like that?"

"I'm not trying to make trouble for you," Caesar said. "I just thought I'd talk to you about it."

"I can't promise anything," Tom said. "I'd like to hear how they're doing, but I can't promise anything."

"I'll write a letter," Caesar said. "It may take a little time to hear—"

"All right!" Tom agreed. He was breathing hard. "Let's not talk about it any more now. Let's eat."

An hour later Tom returned to his office, feeling exhausted. "Mr. Ogden called while you were gone," his secretary said. "He's got your memo, and he wanted you to know right away that he doesn't want you to talk about the mental-health committee with anybody. Not now, he said."

"All right," Tom replied. "Thank you." He sat down at his desk and stared out the window. In spite of everything, it was necessary to succeed at his job, he thought—maybe it would be more necessary than ever now.

WHEN Betsy met him at the station that night, she asked, "How did it go today?"

"Fine," Tom said, just as he always did. There's no point in carrying your troubles home, somebody had said. Leave them in the office.

"There's a man named Bugala coming to see you," she said. "He's a contractor. He spent all morning looking at the property. He looks to me like a man who can get things done."

When they got back to the house, Antonio Bugala, a stocky, dark-haired young man, jumped out of his pickup truck and walked cockily over to Tom. "I'm Tony Bugala," he said. "I hear you got some building and road work to be done."

"How did you hear about it?"

"Friend told me," Bugala said.

"I just want some estimates," Tom said. "If we divided this land into one-acre lots, how much would it cost to run in a road that would give access to all of them?"

"You got permission from the Zoning Board?"

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"I haven't even asked. I don't have title to the place yet."

"Well, let me take another look," Bugala said. He wanted time to think, for he had immediately perceived there might be more to do here than run in a road. He walked away, taking in everything—the astonishing view of the Sound, the gradual slope of the land which would provide a view from every lot. With a view like that, why sell acre lots? There was no place else in South Bay, almost nowhere else within commuting distance of New York, where a man could buy such a view of the Sound. Why not put up a whole housing project on quarter-acre lots? All right, you'd have to jump over the Zoning Board somehow, but if it could be done—the prospect was fantastic!

THE houses wouldn't have to be fancy —what you'd be selling would be the view. With just an adequate house, you might get twenty-five thousand dollars for a quarter acre of that view. If you brought in your materials and heavy machinery to build all eighty houses at the same time, you might be able to put up something pretty good for a base cost of no more than fifteen thousand dollars per unit, for labor and materials.

Tony Bugala began to sweat. That meant there was a potential profit of ten thousand dollars on each quarter acre of land, he figured—a possible take of $800,000 before taxes, if it were handled right, and if you could raise the initial money for labor and materials. He wondered how much money Tom Rath had, and whether Tom had any clear idea of the potentials of the place. Quickly a lot of facts came together in his mind. Tom drove an old car; the land was obviously run down; people were saying old Mrs. Rath had died broke. Obviously Tom Rath didn't have much.

The thing to do, Bugala decided, was to talk the whole idea over with Rath, try to form some kind of partnership. There was a big profit to be made here —for five years he had been looking for something big, and this was it. There would be lots of talking and fussing around and figuring and paper signing, but if the Zoning Board didn't block them, this was it.

The three of them, Tom, Betsy and Bugala, sat in the kitchen of the old house talking until midnight. Bugala described the houses he wanted to build so minutely that Tom could almost look out the window and see them. Betsy leaned forward, her face flushed and her lips parted, drinking it all in. "Eight hundred thousand dollars!" she said.

"Wait a minute," Tom said. "First there are a few hard facts we've got to take into account. The estate isn't settled yet, and the will may be contested. In the second place, the whole plan depends on our getting permission from the Zoning Board. Saturday I'll see Judge Bernstein, but meanwhile I wouldn't count on anything too much. In the third place, we're going to have to look for somebody to put up more cash. Even if I can raise fifty thousand on the land, and even if you can throw in twenty or thirty thousand, we've still got twenty or thirty thousand to go—and that's assuming that a hundred thousand is enough to start a project like that. And in the fourth place, Mr. Bugala, I don't mean to be discourteous, but I just met you for the first time tonight, and I don't want to commit myself on going into a venture like this with you. Have you ever done anything like this before?"

Bugala said, "I'll tell you something I've done. You know that big place a guy named Hopkins just put up down where the old yacht club used to be? I built almost half of that. I did most of the outside construction work, and damn' near all the landscaping. You just go down and look at the place."

"Okay," Tom said. "But what if you run into unexpected delays? What if you can't get your materials on time, or a storm washes us out when everything's half done, and what if a depression sets in, and we can't sell our houses when we finish them? This might be an easy way to make a pile, but it's also an easy way to go bankrupt!"

"Tom always looks at the dark side of everything!" Betsy said. "Tommy, sometimes I think you just look for reasons why nothing can ever get done."

Bugala laughed and stood up. "We'll get it done!" he said confidently. "Get in touch with me after you've talked to Judge Bernstein about the zoning."

The next morning on the way to the train, Tom asked Betsy to circle around by the water front, so he could look at the house Hopkins had built. Involuntarily, Betsy stepped on the brakes when they saw it. Hopkins' house was low, long and enormous. One wing of the house reached out over the edge of the harbor. At least twelve acres of green lawn separated the house from the road. Betsy whistled. "You mean you work for *that* guy?" she said.

THAT same morning, at precisely seven, Ralph Hopkins awoke in his Park Avenue apartment. He had been working on his speech about mental health until after midnight, and as soon as he opened his eyes, his thoughts were full of it again. The latest draft written by Ogden wasn't right, and Hopkins was beginning to wonder whether he was ever going to be able to devise a speech on mental health he wanted to give. Maybe the whole idea of starting a mental-health committee was a mistake. Glancing at his wrist watch, he saw it was quarter after seven. He jumped lightly out of bed, stepped briskly across his small, simply furnished bedroom, and slid open a door leading to a large tiled shower room. Thirty seconds later he stepped out of the booth. From a special slot in the wall he drew an enormous, warm Turkish towel and stepped onto a set of scales. He weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, including the towel. That was three pounds too much, he figured, and made a mental note to cut down on his eating.

At quarter to eight Hopkins walked downstairs to the living room of his apartment, just as his personal secretary, Miss MacDonald, an elderly gray-haired woman, was arriving. She always began her working day at a quarter to eight in Hopkins' apartment and then went to the office with him.

"Good morning, Miss MacDonald," he said cheerily. "What have you got on the docket for me today?"

"Mr. Albert Pierce is coming in to have breakfast with you," she said. "Mr. Pierce owns three television stations in Texas. He has some programming suggestions he wants to discuss with you—remember his letters?"

"Yes," Hopkins said.

The breakfast business appointment was routine; it had been routine for ten years. So many people wanted to see Hopkins that it was necessary to fit them in wherever possible. In addition to all the people from the United Broadcasting Corporation who wanted to see Hopkins, there were executives

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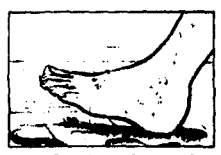

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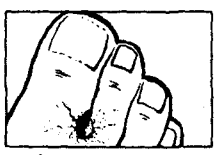

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of the many corporations of which he was a director, and the men and women connected with the good works of which he was a trustee.

"After Mr. Pierce, Dr. Andrews is coming up—it's time for your quarterly checkup," Miss MacDonald said.

Hopkins frowned slightly. It was only common sense to have a quarterly checkup, but he detested it. "All right, what next?" he asked.

"Because of Dr. Andrews, I haven't scheduled you for anything at the office before ten o'clock—"

She was interrupted by the doorbell. Hopkins opened the door. Albert Pierce, a large potbellied man wearing a cream-colored sombrero, walked in.

"Hello!" Hopkins said, shaking his hand heartily. *"So* good of you to come so early. I had hoped to have lunch with you, but my board is meeting today, and you know how it is! I *certainly* appreciate this chance to see you!"

The big man beamed.

Throughout the meal Pierce expounded his views on television programs, which consisted mostly of the thought that more *old-fashioned* shows, such as square dances and rodeos would be welcomed by rural audiences. Hopkins agreed with him heartily.

AT A quarter of nine, the doorbell rang again. Hopkins jumped up to answer it. That was one of the advantages in not having a servant open the door—it gave Hopkins an opportunity to conclude interviews without being impolite. Dr. Andrews, an urbane man with prematurely white hair, walked in, carrying a small black bag. *"Thank* you for coming up," Hopkins said. "I'll be with you in a few moments. Mr. Pierce, this is Dr. Andrews—*don't* go, Mr. Pierce—I had hoped to chat with you longer. Well, if you *have* to go, I understand. I *certainly* do appreciate your advice on the programs, and you can be sure it will have effect!"

When Pierce had left, the doctor opened his bag.

"I'll say it to satisfy my own conscience," he said when the examination was finished. "You ought to take a long vacation—a couple of months, just lying in the sun. There's no reason why a man in your position can't do that. In the long run, you'd be ensuring yourself more working hours. And cut out all these outside activities of yours. You've got to slow down!"

"Are you advising me to retire, Doctor?" Hopkins asked dryly.

"No—I'd be satisfied if you just followed a normal, human routine!"

"I will," Hopkins said courteously. "I certainly appreciate your advice, Doctor, and I'll take it. Thanks *so* much for coming up so early this morning!"

When the doctor had gone, Miss MacDonald called Hopkins' chauffeur to bring the car around. Before they had gone three blocks the car got caught in a bad traffic jam. Hopkins put his head back and closed his eyes. "You've got to slow down!" the doctor had said. It seemed that people had been telling him that all his life.

It had started when he was a boy in public school and had been a leader in every activity. The teachers had said, "Take it easy, boy—you'll wear yourself out!"

At Princeton, where he had gone on a scholarship, it had been more of the same. But he had not slowed down. And then, a year after going to the United Broadcasting Corporation, he had met Helen Perry, who had at the time been a fashionable beauty in New York. He had pursued her with all the zeal he always devoted to anything he wanted, and on June 3, 1921, he had married her. Up to that time, Hopkins had never had a failure in his life.

"You've got to slow down!" Helen had started saying, even before they were married, but unlike the teachers and faculty advisers, she had not let it go at that. As she discovered that it was Hopkins' habit to spend most of his evenings and weekends at his office, she had become first annoyed, then indignant, and, finally, hurt.

"Life isn't worth living like this," she had said. "I never see you! You've got to slow down!"

He had tried. Especially when their first child, Robert, had come, during the second year of their marriage, he had tried. He had come home every evening at six o'clock and conscientiously played with the baby and sat talking with his wife, and he had been genuinely appalled to find that the baby made him nervous, and that while he was talking to his wife, it was almost impossible for him to sit quietly. Gradually he had started staying late at the office again—by that time he had already held a fairly important job at the United Broadcasting Corporation. Helen had remonstrated with him. There had been recriminations, arguments and threats of divorce.

To Helen he had said, in a quiet voice, "I don't want to have any more scenes—they wear us both out. I'm prepared to admit that whatever is wrong is entirely my fault. I am preoccupied with my work—I've been that way all my life, and it is nothing for which you should blame yourself."

"Do you want a divorce?"

"No," he had said. "Do you?"

"No."

They had never talked about divorce again.

It had been shortly after this that he had become the youngest vice-president of United Broadcasting and had rented an apartment to use for business meetings in New York. He had soon drifted into the habit of staying away from his home for weeks at a time. His wife had not objected. She had gone in for horses for a while and, tiring of that, had become a relentless giver of parties. After Susan had been born in 1935, Helen had thrown herself into motherhood with abandon.

Things had gone pretty well until 1943, when Robert, their son, had been killed in the war. Hopkins had hurried home when his wife telephoned to tell him, but all she had said was, "You never knew him! You never knew him!" Hopkins had stayed with her for three days, at the end of which time he had returned to his office and thrown himself harder than ever into his work. And Helen had started to give parties again, and had begun to plan the great show place in South Bay, and had seemed happier than ever before.

"This traffic!" Hopkins said now, as he sat in his limousine. It was ridiculous to worry. It would be better to think of the future. There was, for instance, the mental-health speech to revise. "Miss MacDonald," he said, "would you mind taking dictation?"

EVERY night that week, Tom had lain awake worrying about Maria, about old Edward's claim in the estate, about zoning laws and the meeting he was to have with Bernstein on Saturday. When the day finally arrived, he awoke so irritable that the high-pitched voices of the children at the breakfast table annoyed him. "Be quiet!" he said sharply to them, and they looked so hurt that he hastily added, "I'm sorry," and said nothing more.

"I'll drop you off at Judge Bernstein's," Betsy said. "I'll take the kids and enroll the girls at school."

"I don't want to go to school," Janey said. "I *never* want to go."

"It's not so bad," Barbara said thoughtfully. "I only hate it a little."

"Can I go?" Pete asked.

"Nobody has to go for another month," Betsy said. . . .

"Now don't take any nonsense from the judge," Betsy said as Tom got out of the car. "We ought to have our first ten houses for sale next spring, and if we're going to do that, we should start right away."

BERNSTEIN was sitting behind his scarred pine desk when Tom came in. "Sit down, Mr. Rath," he said cordially. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get some idea of how long it will take for Mrs. Rath's estate to go through the probate court," Tom said, "and I want to learn about zoning laws around here. We've got an idea we may want to put up some kind of a housing development."

"I see," Bernstein said. "About the will, a man by the name of Schultz was in here to see me a few days ago. Edward Schultz. He believes Mrs. Rath meant the entire estate to go to him."

"That's absurd! My grandmother talked to me about taking care of him shortly before she died."

"Mr. Schultz claims that he asked Mrs. Rath for a salary increase about a year before she died, and that she said she couldn't afford to give him one, but that if he'd stay as long as she lived, she'd leave everything to him."

"I want to try to be fair about this," Tom said. "But there's no proof whether she said that or not. She was old and confused, but I suppose it's possible she said that and forgot it."

"Mr. Schultz seems to feel an attempt is being made to cheat him."

"I can't help the way the old man feels!" Tom said. "I can't afford to have the settling of the estate delayed indefinitely! He hasn't got any proof!"

"He told me he has everything in writing, postdating the will Mr. Sims sent me. I have asked him to have a Photostat of his document sent to me."

"I can't understand it!" Tom said. "She wasn't like that. She never would have done that without telling me!"

"The court will have to examine both documents and make a decision. It may be necessary to get a lot of information together. It could be a matter of months, or even more."

"Meanwhile, I'm living in my grandmother's place," Tom said. "What would happen if the court awarded it to him?"

"He could dispossess you, and perhaps charge you rent retroactively. But I don't think Mr. Schultz is trying to dispossess you before the court makes a decision."

"That's nice of him," Tom said bitterly. "I guess I'd better ask Mr. Sims to represent me. Has Edward, I mean Mr. Schultz, got a lawyer?"

"Yes. A big outfit in New York is representing him. Frankly, I don't think he could have got them to take the case if he didn't have a legitimate claim in their opinion."

Tom looked at the judge helplessly for an instant before getting to his feet abruptly. "I guess there's nothing more I can do," he said. "There doesn't seem to be much point in asking about zoning laws now."

"You're in a ten-acre zone," Bernstein said. "If you wanted to put a housing development there, you'd have quite a fight on your hands."

"Thanks," Tom said, and he left. . . .

"Why, that school is *terrible!*" Betsy said as soon as Tom got into the car. "I don't think it's safe. When we get going, I'm going to send them to a private school."

"Betsy," Tom said, "I've got some news that isn't very good."

"What?"

"Edward has put in a claim for the whole estate, and he says he has a will Grandmother signed after she wrote the one we have. He's got a big firm of lawyers working on it."

"Oh, no! She *told* you—" And then the children commanded her attention.

WHEN they got home, he didn't want to go into the dim old house. Instead, he walked alone into the tall grass toward the distant row of pines. It's funny, he thought. I'm always sure things are going to turn out badly, and, damn it, they usually do.

"Everything's going to turn out all right!" Betsy always said.

Sure, he thought, we'll live here a year or so while this case is being decided, and then Edward will get the house and slap a bill for back rent on us. And we'll have lawyers' bills and court costs to pay. And the only job I've got now is sitting all day behind a desk doing nothing.

What will happen if we lose this place, and run up a lot of bills, and I get fired? he thought. And what will happen if Maria makes trouble?

If Hopkins fired me six months after I was hired, people would want to know why. And if there were any publicity about Maria—if she made any charges—none of the foundations would touch

COLLIER'S "Can we play through?" JOHN GALLAGHER

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me. And what the hell other kind of work am I trained for?

This is ridiculous, he thought. Money isn't that important. I'm tough. I can always get a job. I can go back to the Army: travel, education, security. If worst came to worst, I could dig a ditch, I could operate an elevator like Caesar, and in heaven Grandmother could say, "My grandson is in the transportation business."

I shouldn't get excited, he thought. Maybe it will turn out all right. Betsy says you have to believe everything will turn out all right, even if it doesn't. You can't go on worrying all the time; it has to stop someday. You can't really believe the world is insane; you have to believe everything's going to turn out all right. I shall grow old gracefully, and my children will all grow up happily and healthily, and everything's going to be fine—it is ridiculous that optimism should always sound false.

He felt someone pulling his trouser leg and looked down. Janey was there, telling him that lunch was ready. Her hand was soft as a dove in his as he led her into the house.

THE important thing is to make money, Tom thought as he took the train into New York on the following Monday. The important thing is to create an island of order in a sea of chaos—somebody very bright had said that, somebody whose name he had forgotten, but whose writings he had studied at college. And an island of order obviously must be made of money, for one doesn't bring up children in an orderly way without money, and one doesn't even have one's meals in an orderly way, or dress in an orderly way, or think in an orderly way without money. Money is the root of all order, he told himself, and the only trouble with it is, it's so damn' hard to get, especially when one has a job that consists of sitting behind a desk all day doing absolutely nothing.

In the elevator that morning, on his way up to his office, he did not see Caesar—he was grateful for that. And he hadn't been sitting at his desk doing nothing for more than fifteen minutes when the interoffice-communication box buzzed. He switched it on.

"Rath?" Ogden's voice asked.

"Good morning," Tom said. "What can I do for you?"

"Can you fly down to Atlantic City this afternoon—the Stockton House Hotel? I want to make sure we have the proper accommodations for Mr. Hopkins on the fifteenth."

"Sure I can go," Tom said quickly, grateful to be given something to do.

"Check the speaker's platform. Find out just what room his speech is scheduled for, exactly where it is, and what door he should enter."

"I will!" Tom said, speaking with exclamation points, like Ralph Hopkins.

"Check the amplifying equipment. Be sure there's a lectern—Mr. Hopkins likes a lectern with enough space on it to open a ten-by-twelve-inch notebook. Are you taking notes?"

"Right!" said Tom.

"He likes the lectern four feet five inches from the floor. And he likes the mike the same height, to the right of the lectern, not in front of it. There will be only the mike for the loudspeaker—this won't be broadcast."

Tom was not surprised at that. The executives of broadcasting companies yearn for space in magazines and newspapers, and the publishers of magazines and newspapers yearn for radio and television coverage.

"I've got it," Tom said.

"Now about his rooms. Get a suite of three. He likes a hard mattress. Don't hesitate to make the hotel get you a good one—hard but smooth."

"Check," Tom said.

"Immediately after the speech, a bartender should be on duty in the living room of Mr. Hopkins' suite, and he should be equipped to serve fifty people anything they want."

"Got it," Tom said.

"Now about flowers. Mr. Hopkins sometimes gets hay fever, so be sure there's no goldenrod or anything like that around. He likes roses—long-stemmed roses. Be sure there are several dozen around his rooms."

"Right," Tom said.

"And be sure he gets rooms facing the sea. We'll also need single rooms for you, me and Miss MacDonald on the same floor, all reserved for September fifteenth."

"Fine," Tom said.

"Another thing. Mr. Hopkins will want an electric refrigerator and a few bottles of Scotch in his bedroom. He doesn't like to have to keep calling room service. There should also be a large-screen television set and a radio in his bedroom."

"I'll get them."

"We'll want a man with a wire recorder to record Mr. Hopkins' speech—he likes to hear it played back. And make sure the local press is alerted. It helps to drop in and chat with them."

"I'll do it," Tom said.

"I guess that's about all—in general make sure everything's set for Mr. Hopkins. Call me when you get back."

Tom started to telephone Betsy to say he wouldn't be home that night, but before he got the call through, the voice box sputtered again. This time it was Hopkins. "Tom," he said, "could you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Bill Ogden just asked me to go to Atlantic City to arrange for your speech," Tom said.

"Oh, fine, but see me when you get back, will you?"

"Sure," Tom said, hoping Hopkins would tell him what he wanted. Instead, Hopkins said cheerily, "Have a good trip," and the box was silent.

THAT afternoon Tom boarded a plane for Atlantic City, and by seven o'clock in the evening he had completed his arrangements. He went to the hotel bar and ordered a Martini. The sight of the young couples sitting there and the sound of the dance music made Tom feel suddenly old. He looked at the couple nearest him. They're not more than twenty or twenty-one, he thought. When Betsy and I met, back in 1939, they were seven years old!

The band in the next room began to play a waltz. It had been in a hotel that Tom had met Betsy, just a few weeks before the Christmas holidays, in the best hotel in Boston, in the grand ballroom of which Betsy had had her coming-out party.

Tom had received the formally engraved invitation about three weeks before. *Mr. and Mrs. Mathew A. Donner cordially invite you to a dance in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth A. Donner*, it had begun, and he had accepted. Dozens of such invitations had arrived every month during those years at college, because his name had been on the right lists—old Florence Rath had seen to that.

He had never met Betsy when he got the invitation and never had heard of the Donners, and he had gone just to get some free champagne.

The hotel had been crowded when he came in and he had stood just inside the door to the ballroom surveying the dancers in a mildly predatory way. His eye had skipped over the professional beauties, and the plain girls sitting on the side lines. His glance had traveled across the dance floor until he saw Betsy.

HOW strangely comforting it was to look back now and realize that the enchantment he had felt that night at the first sight of her had been, after all, as unsentimentally real and factual as any ugly emotion or truth he could recall. It was also comforting to reflect that what he had felt that night still defied analysis. The moment he had seen her he wanted to marry her. But that night he had felt so bewildered that he stood for a long while watching her dance with others before mustering the courage to make his way across the dance floor and cut in on her.

"Who are you?" he had asked.

"Betsy Donner."

"The lady of the evening!" he had replied, hoping that his voice sounded sophisticated. "It's a nice party."

"It's a *beautiful* party! I suppose I shouldn't say that, but it is."

She had seemed to be floating, and he had felt suddenly graceful. Then a hand had touched him on the shoulder, and she had gone to someone else.

That was when it all had started. For three years after that they had gone to movies and football games and college dances and night clubs, and performed the whole ritual of entertainment preparatory to marriage. They had talked. They had kissed. At the time, they had known much less about each other than any personnel man knows about a prospective stenographer, but almost casually, certainly without anything that could be described as thought, on the strength of a kiss, she had agreed to marry him and had not considered it strange at all.

How strange it is to remember, he thought. Poor Betsy, she could have married somebody with money, but she had chosen him on the strength of a kiss.

I wonder if she's sorry. Tom thought. It isn't just the money—I wonder if she wishes she had a husband who could be cheerful around the house.

It's funny what happens to people, he thought. We were alike in those days, Betsy and I, all our experiences had been the same, and there was nothing we found impossible to explain to each other. With the whole war in front of us, we never worried at all. The future had seemed perfectly predictable in those days. Betsy would weep in a genteel way when he sailed overseas, but he would come back unhurt and march up Fifth Avenue, and she would throw herself into his arms and say, "Darling, you have come back to me!" and it would all be sad and brave and happy, like a movie of the first World War.

And the funny thing was, it had all happened that way, more or less. He had come home a hero, all right, and had been awarded three medals to prove it. He had not been wounded. And Betsy had met the transport at the wharf. She had run out of the crowd as he came down the gangplank, thrown her arms around him and said, "Darling, you have come back to me!"

She had kissed him passionately, and he had felt precisely as though a beautiful woman he had never seen before had rushed out of the crowd and

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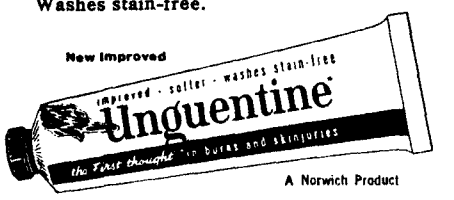

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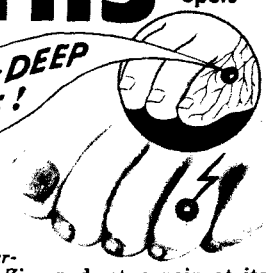

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begun making love to him. He had felt incredulous, awkward, abashed and unwillingly lustful. The feeling of lust had appalled him, making him feel unfaithful to Maria, and also to Betsy as he remembered her from long ago, a young girl to be taken in love, not with the sort of feeling he would have for a pretty stranger unbelievably embracing him in the street.

They had gone to a hotel, and later, when they were sipping drinks, she had leaned back and said, "Do you mind talking about the war? There are all sorts of questions I'm dying to ask."

"There's not much to tell," he had said. "What shall we do tomorrow?"

BETSY had never been insensitive. She had not pursued the matter, and with gratitude he had felt he would never have to tell her anything about the war, not about Maria, not about anything. It would be better that way, he had thought, far better for both of them. He had changed; she had not.

That night he had talked to her almost paternally.

"I don't know what I want to do," he had said when she asked if he had any definite ideas about a job. "We'll have to figure that out."

"I know you'll succeed, no matter what you do," she had said, her whole happy dream of the future hanging almost palpably in front of her, like the dreams people have in cartoons.

But of course her dream had not come true. I hope Betsy isn't sorry, he thought now. If I lose this job and have to take whatever I can get, I hope she still won't be sorry. I hope she never has to learn about Maria.

"Hi," said a dark, pretty girl sitting at the bar next to him. "My name's Marie. Come to our party."

"Thank you, Marie," he said. "No, I can't." He got up and walked out of the room, feeling oddly perturbed. . . .

After dinner that night, Tom went up to his room in the hotel and lay down. It isn't fair to Betsy, he thought, to keep remembering the weeks with Maria as the happiest of my life. It wasn't the difference between two women—it was simply the difference in circumstance. When he and Betsy had first met back in 1939, they had been children. And after the war, there hadn't really been time for happiness—there had been budgets and bills from obstetricians and frantic planning for the future. That had been the trouble with him and Betsy: what with his brooding about the past and worrying about the future, there never had been any present at all.

But with Maria it had been different; they had both been reconciled to having no future, and the past had been something that had to be forgotten. With Maria there had been only the moment at hand, completely unshadowed, unexpected, something to be grateful for.

Lying there in his hotel room, Tom suddenly remembered the day of the picnic with Maria, and he smiled—even the distant memory made him smile. It had been a ridiculous day from the beginning. After having wangled the use of a jeep, he and Maria had started from Rome with a large basket full of groceries and a bottle of wine. At nine thirty, just as they got outside the city, it had begun to rain. It had been a ridiculous day for a picnic, but the thought of going back had not even occurred to them. He had stopped, and she had helped him to put the side curtains on the jeep, and it had been snug and warm inside, with the world appearing eerie through the dripping windshield.

He had sung all the songs he knew that day while they drove aimlessly around in the rain. She had not tried to sing with him—she had just sat there and from time to time had put her hand on his knee with curious hesitation, almost as though it were dark and she were trying to make sure he was still there. Once, when he stopped at a crossroad, she had leaned over and kissed him on the mouth with almost painful intensity. Physical love was the only form of reassurance she knew, and she was completely happy and sure of him only when she was caressing him and giving him pleasure. It was chiefly this that caused her constantly to entice him. She was scared, just as scared as he was, he had realized.

On that day while they were driving in the rain she had told him a little about her past, about the day her parents had refused to go to a bomb shelter for fear that their house would be looted if left empty, but had forced her to go. Crawling up from the shelter after a bomb had burst nearby, she had seen her house in flames, seen her father stagger out carrying her mother, both their bodies enveloped in flames.

As she told Tom about this, she had been objective, almost matter-of-fact. The tears had not come until he had impulsively stopped the jeep and put his arms around her. She had cried hard for about ten minutes, and her sobs had been all the more agonizing because they came silently through clenched teeth and taut lips.

After that they had driven for perhaps an hour before coming to an abandoned villa, the east end of which had been destroyed by artillery fire. He had stopped, and carrying their picnic basket, they had walked through enormous, shattered rooms until they had found what must once have been a small library, with a white marble fireplace at one end. There had been only two windows in that room, and, miraculously, only a few of the lower panes had been broken.

"Here," he had said, putting the picnic basket down. "We'll see if the chimney works." Gathering some book leaves that lay on the floor, he had ignited the paper and dropped it into the fireplace. The smoke had gone straight up. "We can build a fire," he had said.

After he had built a fire from pieces of splintered furniture, Maria had knelt and held her hands out to it, and he had noticed for the first time that she had bitten her fingernails to the quick. She had glanced up at him, and upon seeing that he was looking at her hands, she had quickly doubled them into fists. Then she had stood up, looking flustered. Impulsively he had taken her right hand, smoothed it in his own hands, and kissed it.

"You're too beautiful to worry about your hands," he had said.

When they were through eating, she had packed the remnants of the picnic away in the basket. Carefully lighting two cigarettes, he had handed her one, and she had sat down comfortably, edging a little toward the fire and holding her hands out to the flames, this time unabashed. Outside, the rain had started coming down faster, and far overhead a squadron of bombers had droned, going somewhere, high above the clouds.

Glancing at his wrist watch, he had seen it was not yet two o'clock. That meant they would have eighteen more hours until eight o'clock the next morning, when he would have to check in with the sergeant at the transportation desk, when he might have to leave. He had glanced at her and to his surprise had found her looking hurt and forlorn. Suddenly he had realized that she had expected him to make love to her long before this, and that she was afraid he had grown tired of her, or that she had displeased him.

"Come over here," he had said. Quickly she had gone to him and lain with her head in his lap, looking up at him, his smile mirrored on her face. He had stroked her hair, feeling, for a moment, oddly calm. He had kissed her then, the kiss beginning almost as an act of kindness, but quickly becoming much more than that. "Maria, I love you," he had whispered.

They had left the villa just in time to get back to Rome before dark. When they had returned to her room, it had been only six o'clock—still fourteen more hours before he had to check in. He had stretched out on the soft bed, full of an incredible sense of luxury, thinking of the minutes ahead as a king might think of his empire. . . .

Now, lying alone in his hotel room in Atlantic City, Tom involuntarily glanced at his watch. It was just youth, he thought, and the war, which, if it did nothing else, taught the value of time. Somebody should make me and Betsy check in at a transportation desk every morning and give us just one more day—that might teach us not to waste time. How different Betsy and Maria are, he thought. Nobody whom Betsy loved had ever died or left her for long. Ever since she was twelve years old, Betsy had been told she was beautiful—she did not like to hear it any more. I wonder if anyone tells Maria she is beautiful now, he thought. I wonder what kind of word Caesar will bring me about Maria after his wife writes her family in Rome. I wonder what Maria will do if Caesar tells her where I am, and that I look rich.

THE first thing Tom did when he got back to his office the next day was to call Hopkins on the interoffice-communication box.

"Glad you're back!" Hopkins said cheerily. "Have a good trip?"

"Fine. Did you want to see me?"

"Yes," Hopkins replied. "I'll send a girl down with the latest draft of my speech for Atlantic City. Let's have lunch tomorrow, and you can tell me what you think of it. Would one o'clock be all right?"

"Fine!" Tom said. "I'll meet you in your office tomorrow at one."

An hour later the speech arrived. It had grown and changed since he had

Sound Reasoning

The neighborhood we live in
Is full of dogs and kids,
And the din is so terrific
That we almost flip our lids.

But there's no point in moving
For investigation's shown
That most of the disturbance
Is created by our own.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

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worked on it. *It's a real pleasure to be here this evening,* he read. *I tremendously appreciate this opportunity to discuss with this distinguished gathering what I believe to be the most crucial problem facing the world today.*" Having made this point, the speech went on—in fact, it went on and on and on for thirty pages, saying over and over again in different ways that mental health is important. *Our wealth depends on mental health,* it concluded. *Yes, our wealth depends on mental health!*

TOM put the speech down, feeling slightly ill. "Of course I'm just talking off the top of my head, but I think this draft has some fine things in it, and, on the other hand, I have some reservations," he imagined himself saying. That was the way it was done—always feel the boss out to find what he thinks before committing yourself.

"I'm sorry, but I think this speech is absurd. It's an endless repetition of the obvious fact that mental health is important. If you want to form a mental-health committee, why don't you find out what needs to be done and offer to help do it?"

A few years ago I would have said that, Tom thought. Be honest, be yourself. If the man asks you what you think of his speech, tell him. Don't be afraid. Give him your frank opinion. That sounds so easy when you are young. It sounds so easy before you learn that your frank opinion often leads directly to the street. What if Hopkins really likes this speech?

That night when Tom went home he took the speech with him and gave it to Betsy. "This is Hopkins' speech," he said. "I'd like you to read it and tell me what you think of it. Hopkins wants me to have lunch with him and give him my opinion on it tomorrow."

After they had had dinner and the children were in bed, she sat in a chair across the room from Tom and read the speech. Her expression was serene. At first she read slowly, but soon began to flip rapidly through the pages.

"Did you write this?" she asked when she had finished.

"I helped. Do you like it?"

"It's kind of boring," she said. "It seems to keep saying the same thing over and over again. Is this what Hopkins wanted you to write?"

"I didn't really write it," Tom said. "I think Ogden did most of it, or maybe Hopkins himself. And now Hopkins wants me to tell him what I think of it."

"What are you going to say?"

Tom laughed. "There's a standard operating procedure for this sort of thing," he said. "You make a lot of highly qualified contradictory statements and keep your eyes on the man's face to see which ones please him. That way, if you're clever, you can always end up by telling him exactly what he wants to hear."

"Is that what you're going to do?" Betsy asked. She wasn't smiling.

"As I say, it's the first thing the young executive must learn."

"I think it's sickening," Betsy said.

"Have a sense of humor! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me. I'm just interested in knowing the answers to a few questions. What do you really think of that speech?"

"I think it's terrible," Tom said. "My business education, you see, is not complete. In a few years I'll be able to suspend judgment entirely until I learn what Hopkins thinks, and then I'll really and truly feel the way he does. That way I won't have to be dishonest any more."

Betsy put the speech neatly back in its envelope, handed it to Tom, and without a word went upstairs. "Betsy!" he said, following her. "You're angry with me. Can't you take a joke?"

"I don't think you were joking."

"Of course I was. I was knocking myself out with humor."

"What are you going to tell Hopkins tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Why's that so important all of a sudden?"

She turned toward him suddenly. "I didn't like the look of you sitting there in that big chair talking so damn' smugly and cynically!" she said. "You looked disgusting! You looked like just the kind of guy you always used to hate. The guy with all the answers. The guy who has no respect for himself or anyone else!"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked quietly. "Do you want me to go in there tomorrow and tell Hopkins I think his speech is a farce?"

"I don't care what you tell him, but I don't like the idea of your becoming a cheap, cynical yes man and being so self-satisfied and analytical about it. You never used to be like that."

"All right," Tom said. "I'll tell him I think his speech is absurd. And he'll decide I'm a nice honest guy who just happens to be of no use to him at all."

"How do you know? Maybe he doesn't like the speech either."

"Sure, it might turn out that way. I've got a fifty-fifty chance if I play it straight, but if I feel my way along, I have a ninety per cent chance of giving him what he wants."

"Maybe he just wants an honest opinion. What's he ever done to convince you he's dishonest?"

"I didn't say he is dishonest."

"He is if you have to agree with him all the time to keep your job."

"Don't be so righteous." Tom said. "If you really want to know, I'm not too damn' sure of either him or myself. I *don't* really know whether that speech will do whatever he wants it to do or not—and I don't know how he'd feel about a guy who disagreed with him. The point is, you'd have to take an awful chance to find out."

"And you don't want to take a chance. So you're going in there tomorrow and lie to the man if you figure that's what he wants."

"You're damn' right I am."

"How long will it be before you decide it isn't necessary to tell the truth to me?"

THE truth, Tom thought. The truth about what? The truth about Maria? Shall we all sit down now and tell each other the truth? Suddenly he felt immensely angry. "You've had an easy life, Betsy," he said in a deadly quiet voice. "You just stay here and take care of the kids and enjoy your moral indignation while I go into town every day and wrestle with guys like Hopkins. But don't read me lectures. The truth is I'm doing the best I can with the world as I see it."

"Go to hell!" she said with passion.

"Thanks," Tom replied. "Is that the last of your moral advice?"

Betsy didn't answer. She stood pale and quiet for a moment, and then Tom said contritely, "Haven't we been making an awful lot out of nothing?"

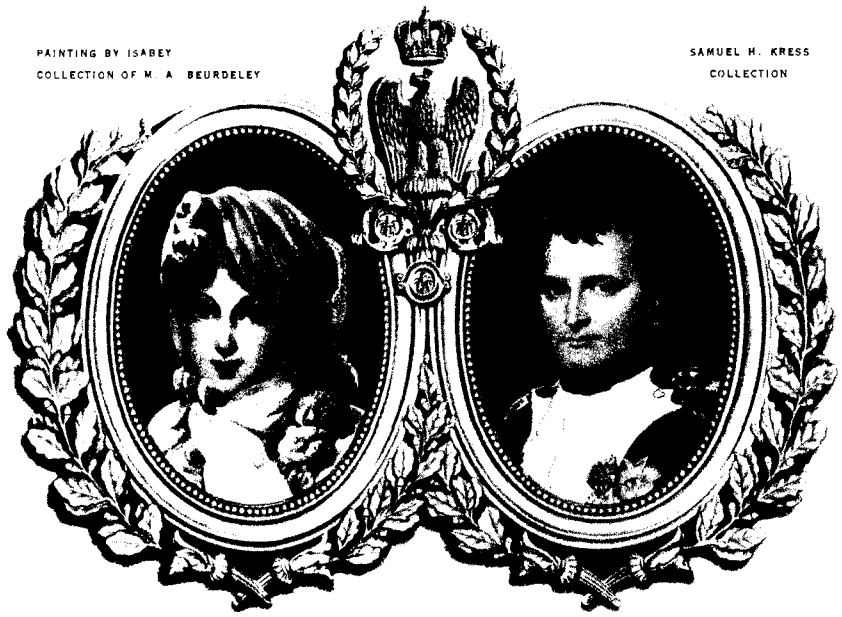
"Perhaps," she said. "If you don't mind, I think I'll turn in. And if you're going to see Hopkins tomorrow, you'd better get a good night's rest yourself."

—SLOAN WILSON

(This is the second of three parts)

EXCLUSIVE IN NEXT ISSUE

The Lost Letters of Marie-Louise to Napoleon



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Out of the archives of the Swedish Royal House comes a rare find: the letters of Empress Marie-Louise to her husband, Napoleon, written during one of history's most chaotic years. For the first time, this woman, whose true character has eluded scholars for more than a century, reveals herself. She comes alive in all her many roles—dutiful daughter, faithful wife, devoted mother and, ultimately, furtive mistress.

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ON NEWSSTANDS JULY 21st

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IKE and ZHUKOV

MINUTES OF THEIR LAST MEETING

By PAUL P. ROUDAKOFF

Just before the meeting, at the big Soviet recepti

Until the current summit meeting, Dwight Eisenhower's last face-to-face talks w

It was the night of November 7, 1945. Brilliantly lighted Cecilienhof Palace cast an eerie, reddish glow upon the gloomy, bombed ruins of Potsdam. Several hundred heavily armed Soviet security troops vigilantly patrolled along the massive walls. Inside, in the flush of his great victories over the Nazi armies, Marshal of the Soviet Union Georgi K. Zhukov—now the U.S.S.R.'s Minister of Defense—was entertaining senior officers of the Allied Occupation Forces.

Gold-printed invitations had described the affair as "a solemn reception on the occasion of the 28th anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution." But the word "solemn" hardly fitted this reception. Nearly 1,000 guests jammed the huge palace. Songs rang out in four languages; there were loud toasts and laughter. Good fellowship was spontaneous and genuine. The Allied honeymoon was in its warmest phase.

But away from this noisy, milling crowd, behind guarded doors in a luxurious private room, sat five sober-faced officers, engaged in a long conference. Three were Soviet: Marshal Zhukov, his deputy, General V. D. Sokolovsky, and their interpreter, Major Boris Prischepenko. The other two were American: General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower and his interpreter, Major Paul P. Roudakoff. This is the story of that conference—the last time Ike negotiated directly with the Russians prior to the "meeting at the summit"—as told by Roudakoff, then deputy chief of Liaison and Protocol for the U.S. Military Government.

THE historic final meeting between General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov was held at the request of the American general, amid rumors that he was about to leave Germany to become Army Chief of Staff. A great Soviet reception had been scheduled for the afternoon of November 7th, the anniversary of the October Revolution; when word was sent to the Russians that the general wanted a private talk with the marshal at about that time, Zhukov promptly suggested that they hold the conference that evening while the party was in progress ("It will last all night," he predicted confidently).

The reception was scheduled to start at 4:30 P.M. at Cecilienhof Palace in Potsdam, the former residence of the German crown prince and site of the Big Three Conference which had evolved the so-called Potsdam Agreement. I proceeded to the party ahead of General Eisenhower. At the bridge linking the American sector with the Soviet zone, a smart-looking detail of Soviet guards carefully checked my invitation before I was permitted to enter the "forbidden zone." Even during those days of Allied good feeling, special passes were required to enter the Soviet zone, and they were seldom issued. At the heavily guarded gates of the Cecilienhof my invitation was checked again, and it was examined a third time before I entered the palace (this double- or triple-check system was followed at all Soviet receptions in Berlin during my eight-year tour of duty there).

A Soviet escort officer led the way into the palace and through the maze of corridors into the main reception hall. Despite my early arrival I discovered that the party was well under way. A large group of Soviet officials was already there, evidently to lend the proper background for the glittering reception line headed by Marshal Zhukov and his wife. Soviet generals wore brilliant dress uniforms —the Western Allies still had on regular wartime garb—and Marshal Zhukov's chest was generously covered with ribbons.

I had hardly finished expressing felicitations to Marshal Zhukov on the occasion of the Soviet national holiday, when he anxiously inquired, "When is General Eisenhower coming here?" He appeared relieved when I told him that the general would arrive in half an hour.

Shortly before five o'clock I went outside to meet General Eisenhower. Two Soviet generals and a dozen lesser officers were waiting there. It was quite cold and they were passing around some vodka. Exactly at five o'clock four automobiles drew up in front of the palace and Soviet officers rushed to greet General Eisenhower. Smiling and brisk, he shook hands all around. When he entered the main hall Marshal Zhukov abandoned his place in the reception line and, broadly smiling, advanced toward the general, extending his hand. A hush settled over the guests as two of the most celebrated generals of the two most powerful nations exchanged greetings. Then, spontaneously, there was a roar of applause.

Affectionately putting his hand on General

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sdam. L. to r., Gen. Eisenhower, the author (then a major), Mrs. Zhukov, Marshal Zhukov and the Russian interpreter, Major Boris Prischepenko

p Russians were in 1945. A participant tells for the first time what went on then

Eisenhower's shoulder, Marshal Zhukov introduced him to Mrs. Zhukov and some of the others in the reception line who had not met the general before. Then he took us on a short inspection tour of Cecilienhof. It was obvious that Marshal Zhukov held General Eisenhower in high esteem and was extremely pleased to entertain him.

The tour ended in a special room reserved for VIPs, several of whom were already being served from a single large table, beautifully decorated and liberally loaded with cold buffet items and drinks. Wives of Soviet officers acted as waitresses.

Before we sat down Marshal Zhukov informed the general that they would have their private chat right after we had our *zakousska*, or snack. It was some snack! Toast followed toast: to the heads of state, to the victorious armies, to Eisenhower, Zhukov, British and French generals. The vodka was served in large wineglasses and the toasts were drunk, in accordance with Russian custom, bottoms up.

I began to wonder about the forthcoming private chat as the rounds of toasting progressed. At one point General Eisenhower proposed a toast to the ladies, but when he sat down there was some vodka left in his glass. Mrs. Zhukov protested, "Why, dear general, you can't do this to us ladies! You are drinking to our health and you simply must finish your vodka." And finish it he did.

At last Marshal Zhukov announced that he must have a little talk with his "dear friend and colleague General Eisenhower," and promised to rejoin the other guests as soon as possible. We then moved to the luxuriously furnished conference room, also guarded by two Soviet officers. Much to my astonishment Marshal Zhukov did not take along his political adviser, as he had at previous meetings. There were only Marshal Zhukov, General Sokolovsky, their interpreter, Major Prischepenko, and on our side General Eisenhower and I. All participants had obviously passed the "vodka test" with flying colors and were now ready for the business part of the evening.

General Eisenhower expressed his appreciation that the conference had been made so convenient for him, even though he felt embarrassed at keeping the marshal away from his guests.

Guests Needed Respite Between Toasts

"Don't you worry about them," said Marshal Zhukov, chuckling. "They need a respite before another round of toasts. In any event, I wouldn't want to miss an opportunity to talk to you privately. There are just too many large quadripartite meetings in the glare of publicity and not enough small heart-to-heart talks, which are generally more productive. Moreover, I enjoy your company."

"I'm leaving for Washington in a few days," said General Eisenhower, "and I am not sure that I shall be back. However, I will be seeing the President, General Marshall and some of the leaders of Congress. They will be asking me questions about what goes on here in Germany; for this reason I should like to discuss with you several items of common concern which are not clear to me. If any of my questions go beyond your authority, just say so and we shall move on to the next one."

Marshal Zhukov said that he would try his best.

General Eisenhower went on, "During the past two months a number of American newspapermen here have asked for passes to visit the Soviet zone, and invariably their requests have been denied without explanation. I must tell you frankly that this ban of our journalists from your zone is being interpreted in America as a desire on your part to conceal something and as such is bound to create suspicion. How can I try to explain this to our people?"

Marshal Zhukov interposed earnestly, "I should like to please you, General, but this is not a one-sided argument. We have a problem, too. Among your newspaper people here you have representatives of such reactionary organs of the press as the New York Daily News, The Chicago Tribune, the Hearst newspapers and so on. These people would never give an objective account of the conditions in my zone of Germany. They would harp on things which are not yet right and I am the last one to claim that everything is in perfect order. It takes time to get things organized. But these men will never give us credit for what has been accomplished, they will only criticize and blame us. I don't want people like that around my zone."

"Personally," replied General Eisenhower, "I don't worry about things like that. Any newspaper-

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men, whatever their convictions, can look around my zone. Some will give a distorted picture, others a fair one. I am willing to accept the bad with the good. You ought to read some of the stories written about my zone by our own correspondents."

Marshal Zhukov said: "Let's do this. You know who these reactionaries are. Why not give me a list, omitting them, and I will clear the rest of your people into my zone."

Each in Turn Was Shocked

General Eisenhower was genuinely shocked. "I can't do that, Marshal," he said, "and even if I could I wouldn't. I can't discriminate among the properly accredited members of our corps of correspondents."

It was Zhukov's turn to be shocked. A note of suspicion crept into his voice as he said, "You mean that you, General of the Army and American Military Governor of Germany, cannot tell your newspapermen what to do? Surely you must be joking."

It was obvious that he took General Eisenhower's statement as a tricky evasion. With the general's permission I proceeded to explain to Marshal Zhukov how the American press works; it took me nearly five minutes to convince him that the general's statement was sincere and true.

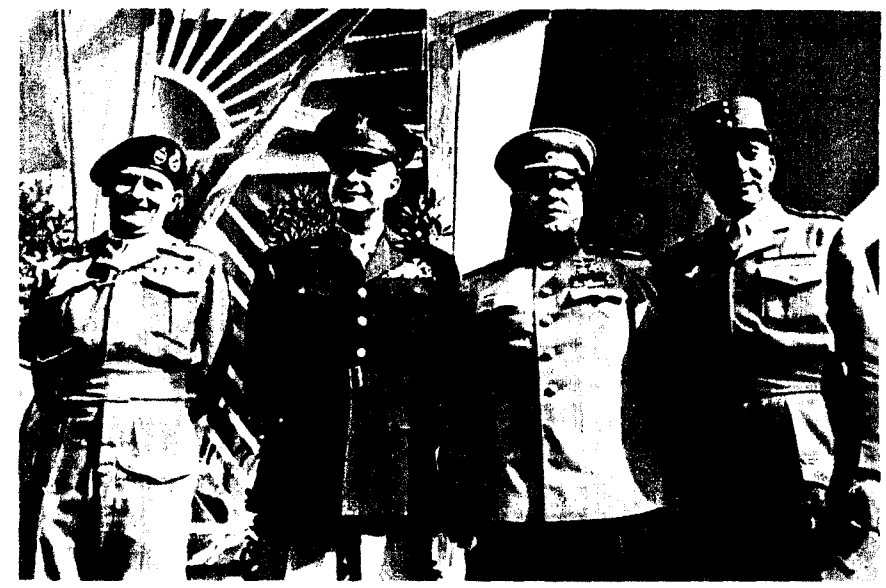
"I must confess that I find all this rather complicated," declared Marshal Zhukov finally. "However, if you, General, want me to permit these correspondents to visit my zone, I will do it. To hell with it! Let them all come."

"It is not a question of what I want, but rather what is sound for your country and mine," General Eisenhower said. "We need better understanding of each other's problems and intentions, more candor to allay suspicion. To illustrate how easily little problems can become a source of irritation, I will mention your recent letters to me alleging violations of your zonal boundaries and digressions from the air corridors leading to Berlin by our aircraft.

"Are you actually astonished that, mainly through human error, our planes occasionally stray out of the air corridors? Do you really suspect me of ordering these brief interludes over your zone? Of course not! To me these are purely technical violations which should be settled by our administrative people as they occur. But what happens? You protest to me in writing, I write back, and so forth, and so forth —all at the top level. Before we both know it the issue will be magnified beyond all reason. Your people at home will charge us with spying, our newspapermen will accuse you of a bellicose and unreasonable attitude. Result: suspicion.

"Why can't you instruct your liaison people to handle these matters with our liaison officials? A telephone call giving the necessary data is all that is necessary. We'd have these charges investigated and give your people the result of our action, also by phone. Let us stop this silly letter writing."

Marshal Zhukov replied: "All these violations are spotted and reported to me and to Moscow by our security agencies. While they are administratively attached to my headquarters in Germany they are actually responsible to the security headquarters in Moscow. When I receive these reports I am compelled to take action in written form, eventually forwarding to Moscow copies of our correspondence, yours and mine, to indicate that I did take appropriate steps.



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Allied commanders in Berlin at war's end. Marshal Montgomery, (l.), Gen. Eisenhower, Marshal Zhukov and (r.) Gen. de Lattre de Tassigny

"As to the question of suspicion," continued the marshal, "I must say that it works both ways. Over a period of years there have been so many hostile and inflammatory public statements and newspaper comments in the United States that some of our people believe we must be on the constant alert. How can we forget the theory held in some of your reactionary circles, before this last war, that it was highly desirable to maneuver Nazi Germany into war with the Soviet Union and have them both bleed to death?

"Small wonder that we concluded a nonaggression pact with Germany, for we desperately needed time to prepare our defenses, only to be bitterly criticized now for our pains. Even today I can quote to you passages out of some of your reactionary newspapers and magazines, which will indicate why so many of our people believe that in the final analysis we must rely strictly on ourselves. We have no real guarantee that even your country may not suddenly turn against us. Suspicion works both ways!"

U.S. "Guarantees" Explained

"Yes, you do have some real guarantees, Marshal," replied General Eisenhower earnestly. "Our American way of life, our day-to-day constitutional processes, yes, even the fact that any fool can shout his pet theories to the four winds are all an indication of the basic give-and-take which prevents hasty, untoward action in our country. Our treaties are publicly debated, budgets argued about, military appropriations minutely analyzed and approved by Congress. Congress can even deny funds to the President—who, incidentally, has no power to tax.

"Every increase or decrease of our armed forces is subject to a public debate and approval. You, Marshal, can read in our press all about the strength, composition and location of our armed forces, which is quite different from what I can learn by reading yours. We are not a militant nation and your real guarantee lies in the fact that it is impossible for our government to conceal its policies, plans and intentions either from our own people or the outside world. You have no reason to fear us."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Marshal Zhukov, "because your people should certainly have no reason to fear us."

Several minor problems were discussed then, and in nearly every case Marshal Zhukov either agreed with General Eisenhower or presented cogent reasons why he could not.

The Marshal's Final Accusation

Then, when the general indicated that he was finished with his problems, Zhukov said, "I also have one important question to ask you, General. Why is it that at the various meetings and conferences of the Allied Control Authority we so frequently find your people on the side of England and opposing us?

"At the recent deliberations of the Economic Directorate, the question of the quota for future German steel production has found the British proposing twice the amount of steel that our experts think safe. Your delegates supported the British figure, even though yours is somewhat lower. Do you want Germany to rise again as a military menace after all the destruction and death caused by their war machines during the past thirty years?" Marshal Zhukov was obviously concerned and apprehensive.

"We are not dancing to anyone's tune," replied General Eisenhower. "I give you my word that our figures have been worked out by our economic experts independently. They represent *our* point of view in the light of *our* policy.

"I don't want to slur over this question, but I'd like to take a long-range view of this entire German problem —and I should emphasize that what follows is my personal opinion. Quite frankly, I don't believe that this great problem will be resolved by limiting Germany to this or that amount of steel. The solution hinges on one truly important point: *Can the East and West reconcile their differences, their*

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points of view, honestly or can we not? Because if an honest meeting of minds is evolved, the Germans will never again rise as a military threat, regardless of how much steel they produce.

"You and I are soldiers and we fought here in Germany. We know and appreciate the natural resources and the vital geographic position of Germany in the heart of Europe. We know that even if Germany produces nothing, so long as East and West are hostile Germany as a geographic unit could be easily regarded as a threat to the side which fails to control it. And this has little to do with its production—or even with its people!"

And the General's Rebuttal

At this point General Eisenhower spoke with much emphasis and earnestness.

"I sincerely believe, Marshal, that right here in Berlin our solution of the German problem—our ability to reconcile our differences—may well determine the future course of history. It is here in Germany, where the basic issues are clear, that the integrity and good will of the victorious Allies are being put to the acid test. Let us never forget how, during the war, we all spoke about peace and the freedom from fear.

"The whole world—a hopeful world—is watching us here in the hub of Europe, watching for a genuine indication of our generosity, of our ability to compromise and settle issues of far-reaching consequences. Day by day, month by month, we must manage to agree here—not only for the benefit of the victorious Allies, but for the sake of all nations involved. Yes, including the Germans, who eventually must be given an opportunity to develop for themselves a healthy, normal way of life. For if we fail here in Germany I can see little hope for success elsewhere.

"You, Marshal, your top leaders and your people ought to know by now that America seeks no spoils and that traditionally our two countries have had no clash of basic interests. We Americans view our role today as that of a moderator, a good, helpful neighbor. Your gallant people, who suffered so much during the war, have never enjoyed so much good will among us Americans as they do right now, and I earnestly hope that we shall not be disappointed.

"I wish you would convey these basic ideas to Generalissimo Stalin and your other top men at the earliest opportunity. We must pull together toward a genuine settlement. We must play aboveboard or Germany will become a political football, with all the ugly consequences."

Contrasting sharply with the merry goings on outside our doors, General Eisenhower's gravity and obvious sincerity made a great impression on the Soviet marshal. He leaned back in his chair reflectively and said, "I fully agree with you, General. I will remember every word you said and will be sure to report our entire conversation to our highest authorities."

Thus ended the final meeting between these two famous soldiers, who had grown to respect and like each other during their tour of duty as military governors in Germany.

As I stepped out to order General Eisenhower's automobile, I saw in the hallway two British and two Soviet officers carrying a large man toward the exit.

On my way back I bumped into one of the two Soviet officers. "Tsk, tsk!" I said. "People getting drunk already! Too bad!"

"Too bad?" he repeated, surprised. "Not at all. They are having a wonderful time. People are flopping like flies." And he dashed away happily.

Marshal Zhukov personally escorted the general to the car and expressed his hope that they would "meet again and soon." Then, with one military police jeep ahead of us and one directly behind us, we dashed on, across the Soviet zone, to Helmstedt. General Eisenhower and I reviewed carefully his conversation with Marshal Zhukov. We were both astonished that Zhukov had disposed of every question on his own, without passing the buck to the higher echelons in Moscow—particularly the question of clearing our press representatives into the Soviet zone.

It was during this long ride that I learned firsthand that General Eisenhower was quite unhappy about a number of issues which had developed with the Soviets. While he had high regard for Marshal Zhukov personally, he was seriously questioning Soviet integrity and willingness to live up to agreements.

When our conversation shifted to more personal topics, I asked: "What do you really want to do, General? Stay here with us or try your hand at the job of Chief of Staff?"

General Eisenhower looked ahead into the darkness for a long time and I thought he did not wish to answer. Then he chuckled and said, "I guess I am just another GI. I want to go home, retire and fish. An officer's life is a hectic, hard life in many respects. You never get out of school. You're shifted from post to post. Your family life is limited. During the war you have to send nice young men over the top, trying not to think about the families of those who will never return. It is a hard life! What would I really like to do? Retire and fish."

Coffee and Cake with the MPs

We arrived in Helmstedt after eleven o'clock. Our MPs, after their long ride in the open jeeps, were obviously cold and the general invited them into the train for some hot coffee and cake. The train commander protested, saying the train was already 40 minutes late. But the general was adamant. "Now, now!" he said. "We are already late, so we will be a little later. But these boys will have their coffee and cake."

We sat around the same table, the five-star general, the major and the buck privates, enjoying hot coffee and cake. It was quite obvious that the general's friendly, unaffected manner was admired and appreciated by the "boys." General Eisenhower had to go to his compartment for some papers and when he returned the MPs were gone.

"Where are the boys?" he asked. "I want to say good-by to them." Hastily he left the train and went looking about the darkened station until he found them. Then he boarded the train and left.

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Integration: An American Doctrine

IN TWO GREAT DECISIONS requiring the integration of white children and black in our public schools, the Supreme Court has restated a shining principle and returned to the smallest communities the challenge of living up to it. By ruling on May 17, 1954, that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal," the highest court set the record straight for ourselves and the world. To the Communist charges in Asia and Africa that we are insincere in our pledges to our own colored citizens, we have said they lie. At home, the decision swept away the legal struts by which twenty states and the District of Columbia had permitted or required separation of school children according to race or color. In one stroke, the court destroyed the jerry-built house of legalisms that had protected our prejudices for nearly a century. It got down to the clean granite of what we believe.

Now, after a year of further hearings and argument, the court has reminded foreign tyrannies of another underlying democratic principle—we don't like to shove people around. In its second unanimous decision, the Supreme Court placed on local communities and lower tribunals the responsibility of carrying out the original decree. The court set no deadline; it knew that the change would be neither easy nor simple, that conditions varied widely from place to place. In some states new laws would have to be passed to replace existing discriminatory legislation. Many faced the problem of rearranging administrative staffs and altering present school facilities. In some areas the abandonment of generations-old attitudes would come reluctantly and painfully.

In its decisions the high court has followed its instructions to the lower courts. It has moved with "deliberate speed." That this is a wise course is shown, we believe, by the transition which already has happened. At the time of the original ruling everyone looked instinctively to the South, fearful of violence. Actually, surprisingly little violence has occurred. True, such deep South states as South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana have not yet begun implementation and are seeking legal alternatives to integration. True, some of the bitterest opponents of the court's decision have repeatedly vowed a last-ditch fight against any change, have even made the questionable threat of closing their public-school systems as a last resort.

But their outraged cries have sometimes sounded hollow, as if spoken for political effect. The plain facts show that the tide is against them. In many of the so-called Border States, Negro and white children now for the first time are seated on adjacent benches learning their ABC's together. Here integration is proceeding for the most part quietly and unspectacularly, particularly when public officials have given an example of calm compliance. Even in the deepest South there long has been a growing body of citizens who have foreseen that ultimately integration must come, that by depriving the Negro of equality under the Constitution we also were depriving ourselves of the full benefit of his immeasurable gifts. Here, we believe, is a far truer index of the South's steady growth toward full maturity.

The most recent decision, of course, did not please those who wished integration to come overnight. Some of these eager minds feared that by failing to set a deadline for compliance, the Supreme Court had opened the way for years of delay while a multitude of individual legal actions would have to be carried upward through the courts all over again. Yet the court's decision should give little comfort to those who would destroy its meaning. It has ordered that good faith compliance be undertaken promptly, and that those asking delays must prove the delays are necessary. It stated clearly that the principles which guided its ruling "cannot be allowed to yield simply because of disagreement with them." In short we do not believe the court's decision opens the way for protracted evasion. We do believe it clears the way for a difficult accommodation of mind and heart by those who most fear integration.

Implementation would come more quickly perhaps if it were left to the nation's children. In Washington, D.C., and other localities where integration already has been largely accomplished, it has been found that in the elementary grades particularly, Negro child and white child accept each other simply, find nothing astonishing when a little Negro girl is elected to play Goldilocks or the fairy princess. For youngsters have an easy way with truth, a direct and casual acceptance that *all* children are created equal. They have not yet had laid upon their free minds the deadening weight of old prejudices and old fears. The adults who most oppose integration could find worse examples of democracy in action than on the playgrounds where white and Negro children mingle.

Yet the court's decision for the most part will have to be implemented by the parents. For many, it will require an act of courage; it is not easy for any man to alter abruptly the beliefs by which he has lived a lifetime. It is here that the highest court has served us well. It has recognized that its decision will stir a struggle in many an individual conscience, that to impose an arbitrary deadline might only inflame resistance to the change that must come. The court's decision has emphasized that in a free society it is far better for compliance to come from below, than to be enforced from above. Prejudice cannot be erased by an edict, or enlightenment created by law. The court has preferred to challenge us, North and South, Negro and white, to be the kind of citizens that a free society must have—and not having them, dies. For ultimately the law must be enforced not by a man with a gun, but by recognition in the heart. This is the immeasurable strength, the enduring secret, of free men.

The Court's Decision

Here are the key lines of the two historic decisions in which the United States Supreme Court held that separation of school children according to race or color is unconstitutional:

May 17, 1954—

Education is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments . . . It is the very foundation of good citizenship . . . In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education.

To separate them (*Negro children*) from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone. . . . Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

May 31, 1955—

Full implementation of these constitutional principles may require solution of varied local school problems. School authorities have the primary responsibility for elucidating, assessing, and solving these problems; the courts will have to consider whether the action of school authorities constitutes good faith implementation of the governing constitutional principles. Because of their proximity to local conditions and the possible need for further hearings, the courts which originally heard these cases can best perform this judicial appraisal.

Traditionally, equity has been characterized by a practical flexibility in shaping its remedies and by a facility for adjusting and reconciling public and private needs . . . Courts of equity may properly take into account the public interest in the elimination of obstacles in a systematic and effective manner. But it should go without saying that the vitality of these constitutional principles cannot be allowed to yield simply because of disagreement with them.

The courts will require that the defendants make a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance. Once such a start has been made, the courts may find that additional time is necessary to carry out the ruling in an effective manner. The burden rests on the defendants to establish that such time is necessary in the public interest and is consistent with good faith compliance at the earliest practicable date.

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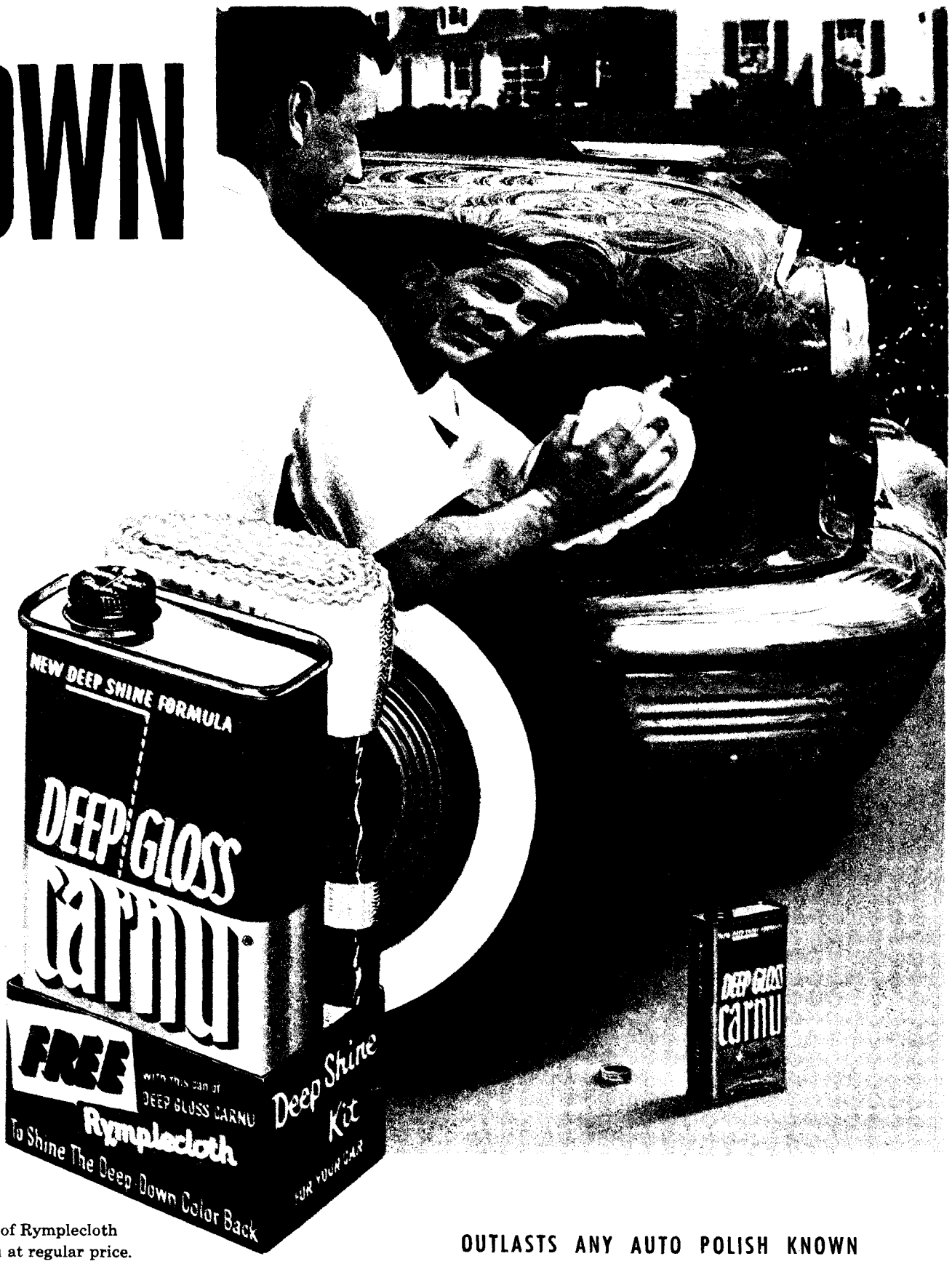

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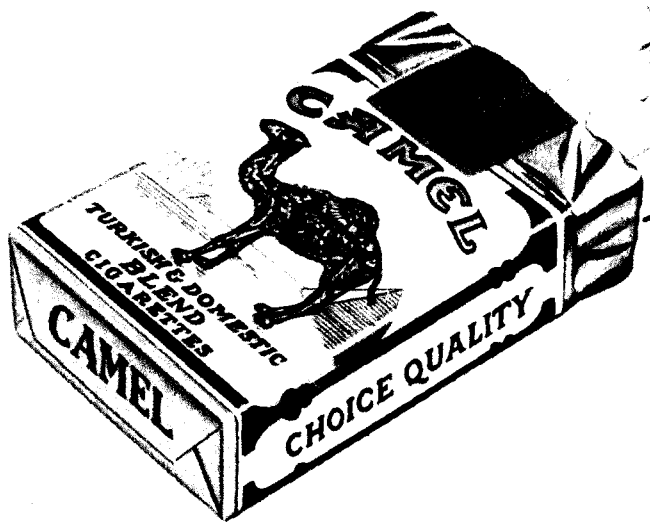

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